

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

November 19, 1938

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3D



*Authors in
This Issue:*



I. A. R. Wylie
James Bellah
A. J. Cronin
Faith Baldwin
Dana Scott

Famous Artist Picks Seven Types of National Beauty

Virgil Searched Australia for Representative Girls

Australia should adopt the slogan — Land of Beautiful Women, says Virgil, leading Australian painter of Australian girlhood, in this article.

He has just completed a new series of seven pictures depicting seven types of Australian girlhood. These will appear on the cover in future issues of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

The series is the result of many years' observation by Virgil, both in city and country, in all States of the Commonwealth.

By VIRGIL

As an artist, I suppose my first consideration is beauty.

Yet I believe that when I choose a girl to be painted because of her beauty, I've chosen more than that.

Three things constitute the ideal Australian girl—health, charm and beauty. The first two are the essentials, beauty is one of the natural results of possessing them.

Yet it is not the inevitable result, for health and charm often exist without beauty. That's why I look for beauty first, but hold the firm conviction that when I find it I also find personality and glowing health.

And that's what I like to paint, the rich combination of all three attributes.

I think I can claim to know the Australian types thoroughly. I have seen women and girls all over Australia. I have judged many a beauty competition and for years have ob-



KITTY GREEN, chosen by Virgil for his "Outdoor Girl" study.

GLORY PRES-
GRAVE. Vir-
gil's choice for
"The Blonde,"
one of the loveliest
of his new
series of types
of Australian
beauty.



PETAH KING, original of Vir-
gil's striking "Redhead," from
his seven paintings of types of
Australian girlhood.



Brilliant Officer

TO Lieut.-Colonel John Austin Chapman, D.S.O., has fallen the distinction of being the first officer of any Dominion to be appointed Instructor at the Staff College, Camberley, England.

Lieut.-Colonel Chapman, who is the younger son of the late Sir Austin Chapman, attended the Staff College, Camberley, and the Small Arms School in England, and returned to Australia to take up the position of Chief Instructor at the Australian Small Arms School. He is now en route to England.



Bulgaria's Queen

QUEEN JOHANNA OF BULGARIA, the former Princess Giovanni of Italy, photographed on her arrival in London recently, when she and King Boris paid a visit to England. They spent part of the time at Balmoral with the King and Queen.

To me, the drawback to the development of personality in the majority is a certain timidity and shyness. This retards the expression of individuality.

The Seven Types

IN a few words, I can describe the outstanding attributes of the seven types I chose for my interpretation of Australian girlhood—what they've got to make them characteristic of the types they represent.

Each one is individually lovely.

1. **The Outdoor Girl.** She's tall and blonde, brown and straight-limbed with blue eyes that see far. She's game and honest.

2. **The Social Girl.** Poised and sophisticated, groomed to perfection and polished in personality. She is essentially adaptable.

3. **The Office Girl.** Calmly efficient, blondes in the majority—you notice her good hands and groomed nails. Average age nineteen.

4. **The Brunette.** Celtic influence appears here. Her eyes are warm dark brown, her mouth generous. The forehead is broad, she's ambitious and gets on better with men than women.

5. **The Redhead.** That gorgeous hair, fiery dark eyes, high cheek bones—she's analytical, capable yet impatient, critical but generous. Why does she so often go blonde? Is it glamor or fashion?

6. **The Blonde.** Her line is beauty rather than glamor—tip-tilted nose, clear blue eyes, perfect skin and a lovely throat. Irresistible.

7. **The Surf Girl.** Active and vital, a grand companion, she has straight limbs, strong teeth, rather big mouth and is brown and firmly built.

They're girls we can be proud of.

Why don't our overseas posters have the slogan, Australia—the land of beautiful women?



Secretary of Safety Council

MR. J. C. HOWARD, secretary of the National Safety Council in South Australia, is in constant touch with England and America to obtain the latest ideas and devices for all branches of safety.

He is now working for the Safety Week to be held in S.A. beginning on November 18.

S. 406.27

Woman Who Conducts Carnival of Cookery

Here's What
Miss Thompson,
World Expert,
Says About
Tasty Food . . .

The homely art of cookery has made a magic carpet of travel for Miss Frances Thompson, internationally famous home economist, who is now visiting Australia.

DIRECTOR of the Canadian School of Home Science, Miss Thompson has demonstrated cooking in three years before a total of a million women in Canada.

She radiates efficiency. Moderately tall, slim, with neat dark hair and fine, well-kept hands, she exemplifies capability combined with charm and a sense of humor.

In a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, this home science expert disclosed some of her general views on cookery.

On one point she is most emphatic.

"It is absolute nonsense for women to say they cannot cook," she said. "Although most take a pride in it, one still hears girls say 'Boiling an egg is the best I can do.'

"I heard of one society girl who, the day before her marriage, admitted that she had never made a cup of tea!"

"Any reasonably intelligent woman can, with the use of common sense, a good cookery book, and a little practice and care, provide a good plain meal."

"I am quite ready to admit that some people have a natural flair. Some cooks are possibly born rather than made. But we can acquire the art."

"I am not a born cook. I am a made one."

"Like most things the essential in cookery is to have the will to improve."

"It might be compared to a recipe. Take some basic common sense, a stove, ingredients, and a good cookery book."

"The jokes about burnt offerings are all very well, but the young women who figure as ruining their husbands' digestions must lack common sense for a start."

"But, when it comes to the difference between an adequate cook and a really good one—one who economises and yet makes the most of food, who knows how to provide a meal that makes people really want to eat despite the state of their nerves—well, that's where much can be learned."

"There are so many ways in which it can be simplified; so many short cuts, so many little tricks that make just all the difference."

MISS THOMPSON subscribes very strongly to the belief that good cookery does much to hold a husband.

"Mind, I'm not really an authority on that matter," she said with a laugh. "Maybe I've been too busy cooking to secure a husband for myself!"

"Still, well-served, nourishing meals appeal to any man. It's a statement that brooks no contradiction."

Miss Thompson is English by birth and graduated from the National



ABOVE: Miss Frances Thompson, world-famed cooking authority who will lecture this week at the Sydney Town Hall.



LEFT: Capable hands of an expert cook. A close-up view of Miss Thompson at work.



Training School of Domestic Science, London. She was an instructor for the London County Council before she went to Canada nine years ago as director of the Canadian School of Home Science.

Twenty-one stories above the streets of Toronto, in the magnificent Canadian School of Home Science, is the kitchen in which her recipes are planned and tested.

Color in Food

IT is a beautiful kitchen," said Miss Thompson. "The equipment is perfect to the last detail. In fact it's the sort of kitchen that should inspire the least-aspiring cook!

"It really plays an important part in the home lives of Canadian women, for there, by experiments and testing of recipes, we gather the material for the lectures I give all over the country."

As many as 13,000 women have stood in queues to enter her lectures in Canada.

"NO matter how nutritious food is," says Miss Thompson, "if it is dull it will not satisfy."

"I believe very strongly in the value of color in food."

"I always include many fruits and vegetables in my menus. I choose them carefully not only for their

quality, but for their color, which must blend with the main color scheme of my menu."

"Even in the hottest weather an attractive color scheme for food can tempt a jaded appetite."

"Now in Australia you have a simply marvellous selection of fruits and vegetables. I have been delighted with the array in the shops."

"You have, as I can feel already, a hot summer as well. So there's a good combination for the ingenious housewife to work on!"

"I'm very eager, incidentally, to learn something of typical Australian food."

"I just refuse to go back to Canada until I have tasted some kangaroo tail soup! Of course, I'm told that lots of Australians haven't tasted it themselves. But never mind, I will."

"I HAVE heard a lot, too, about your country women who prepare such huge meals at shearing time and for country dances."

"We have the counterpart of these women in Canada, and when one considers the difference between a city and a country kitchen one must have the greatest admiration for them."

Although interested in cookery typical of various countries, Miss Thompson believes that it is difficult to make comparison.

"Climate, available ingredients, all



CANADIAN WOMEN pack the lecture halls to hear Miss Thompson.

We Invite You To Town Hall!

MISS FRANCES THOMPSON, internationally famous home economist, is conducting a three-day school in home cooking at Sydney Town Hall this week.

The school has been arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Daily Telegraph. All housewives are invited to attend—there is no charge for admission.

Sessions will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of this week, beginning at 2:30 p.m. each day.

The Town Hall platform will be equipped as a kitchen which will be easily seen from all parts of the hall.

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM

At Work Or Play With

Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, during these long, tiring days.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed; ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all summer.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.



"I dreaded putting my shoes on, for the constant foot pain and soreness always affected me. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then, I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night."

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, blisters and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."

—Mrs. F. E. Perris.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Big New Scheme to Save Mothers' Lives

Novel Experiment in Blood Transfusion

By OUR MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

Every year many Australian mothers risk death from hemorrhage, one of the dangers of childbirth.

A medical experiment of highly organised blood transfusion groups is now being introduced to save future mothers from death through this cause.

TWO thousand men volunteers are being sought to form the first blood transfusion corps in New South Wales, where the experiment is being tried out by the Department of Public Health.

If successful here, other States may also introduce the scheme.

It is proposed to pay donors of blood at the rate of £3 per pint, with a minimum of £1/10/- for quantities of half a pint or less.

This is the first Government move in Australia to pay donors of blood

en masse. Voluntary blood transfusion organisations have existed in most States for years, but their membership has ebbed and flowed, and volunteers have not always been available when wanted.

While the new experiment is primarily aimed at checking maternal mortality, by providing reserves of life-giving blood for mothers who need it, it is hoped to expand it to include all cases where transfusions are required.

Within the last few years thousands of lives all over the world have been saved through transfusions. Since very early times the

idea has appealed to medical men, but it is only in the last forty years that medical experiments have developed it satisfactorily.

Doctors were originally puzzled by the fact that in one case transfusion saved life; in another it did nothing; even worse, it hastened death.

They found that blood was of four types. What was one man's or woman's life-blood was often useless to another.

In Australia these types are usually classified as 1, 2, 3 and 4. Those classifications correspond with the international one of AB, A, B, and O.

Two and four are the commonest in Australia; one and three are more rare.

Strict Tests

A TEST is made of the blood of a volunteer and his classification is recorded. The test ensures also that the donor is free from disease. His name and address and telephone number are taken and he then must be ready to answer at any hour the call to save a life.

Important in the New South Wales scheme is the establishment of a mobile blood transfusion unit. A doctor, nurse and donor can be taken immediately to the home of a mother whose life depends on a blood transfusion.

In the past, deaths have occurred



AMERICAN GIRL college student (right) giving a blood transfusion to another patient. The student, Dorothy MacRae, of Jackson, Michigan, gives blood to inmates of local hospitals in order to help pay for her education.

SEE THAT YOUR SUMMER FROCKS

ARE

Crease-resisting

Choose crease-resisting fabrics. It's the only way to achieve day-long freshness and smartness. Say good-bye to creasing worries—get a new enjoyment out of wearing your pretty frocks.

It's EASY. Just ask for Tootal's crease-resisting fabrics. A special patented process gives them crease-resisting powers similar to those of silk or wool. They wash beautifully too—simply wash as silk. All Tootal Guaranteed.

Robia

— a special charming example for summer dance frocks, blouses and children's things. A glorious crease-resisting cotton with fairy-fine texture in a variety of printed sprigged and dotted effects. 35/36 inches wide.

Others are—

TOOTAL LINEN — beautiful, crisp and crease-resisting. Prints and plain. 36 inches wide. From 5/18 a yard.

LYSTAV — a beautiful rayon that takes equally kindly to tailored or softer styles. Printed designs and plain shades. 35/36 inches wide. 3/6 a yard.

TOOTOLE — a very modern dyed and printed rayon fabric. Wonderful draping quality; smooth finish. 35/36 inches wide. 2/11 a yard.

TOOTAVIS — a crease-resisting rayon with interesting ridged surface. Plain shades and prints. 35/36 inches wide. 5/6 a yard.

These trade marks and the words "A Tootal Product" are printed on the selvedge to ensure identification.

GUARANTEE : Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up.

WEAR

TOOTAL

Trade Mark

CREASE-RESISTING FABRICS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Box 1300M, G.P.O., Sydney or Box 1033H, G.P.O., Melbourne.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED (incorporated in England), MANCHESTER 1, ENGLAND



"Betty's 'Racey' Narratives"

BETTY GEE, whose unique and entertaining racing commentary is published every week under the heading of "Betty's 'racey' narratives," is at present on annual leave.

Consequently there will be no "Betty's 'racey' narratives" in The Australian Women's Weekly for the next few issues.

Kept in Storage

ANOTHER scheme envisaged in New South Wales and Victoria is the establishment of a "blood bank." This scheme, which operates in America and other countries, enables blood to be stored in large quantities for use in times of emergency.

Russia has done this with success with an eye to war as well as peace needs, and France and Britain are following suit, hoping thus to save the lives of thousands of soldiers and civilians in war-time.

In Britain the Red Cross Society is making plans to store human blood in thousands of milk bottles. It will be kept underground as a supply in the event of war.

In Victoria the Red Cross Society has conducted a blood transfusion service for seven years. Formerly available only to Melbourne metropolitan hospitals, it has been reorganized recently to serve the whole State. In Queensland the Red Cross Society organized a service for the Brisbane General Hospital.

In South Australia a voluntary service has been organized by Mr. W. J. Murphy, secretary of the Adelaide Motor Cycle Club. It has 150 members of the motor cycle and affiliated clubs.

Mr. Murphy, who conducts the service in his own time, has him-

self given 16 pints of blood in three years.

Sydney has several voluntary organizations, some connected with the hospitals, others, including a service conducted by the Moran branch of Toc H, meeting any calls required.

One doctor said that the stringency of certain metropolitan hospital regulations caused great delay in obtaining a transfusion for a dying man.

A hospital he consulted knew the names of suitable donors but was unable to make them available for a private case.

Finding that his patient was a member of a fraternity organization, the doctor issued a call, and within a very short time had 40 members offering their services.

Nevertheless the time involved in testing the donors caused a delay of five hours in effecting the transfusion.

"The man died," said this doctor. "I do not say the delay caused his death, but it could have contributed."

While in many instances numbers of relatives and friends will willingly offer their blood to save a patient's life, it is a procedure that involves delay for tests when time is vitally precious.

The new plan, which will provide tested volunteers in each blood group, will obviate such delays in future.

Story of Intrigue in Europe To-day

"THE SPYMASTER," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, one of the most sensational dramatic spy yarns ever written, will begin as a serial in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

This superb writer of romantic adventure has produced in this instance an uncannily prophetic story.

Though written before the recent international crisis, it might well have been based on those events that shook the world only a few weeks ago.

It underlines vividly the news of the day.

The story deals with Britain's eternal vigilance against the international spy system.

The services that police keep secrets, the cunning brains that threaten them; the gallantry of men and women who serve their countries in the most dangerously exciting way of all, as spies—these are the materials of a novel of breakneck pace and high tension.

Begin "The Spymaster" in next week's issue.

Order your copy now.

VIVACIOUS LADY

Honesty triumphs over small town prejudice in this engrossing tale of young love

LONDON might not know or care, but on that particular April morning she was worrying several people who had never so much as set eyes on her skyline. She worried Jane Morgan, gazing beside her son's suitcase and giving his dinner-suit a last admiring pat.

Jane tried to visualise what London felt like. And in the course of this difficult emotional adventure she caught a glimpse of herself in the long glass opposite. There were two things about her appearance which caused her a vague but chronic uneasiness—her eyes and her hair. Her hair was grey; but it was thick and had a natural wave. At her age a woman should be wearing glasses, but the fact remained that her eyes were as blue and as vigorous as they had ever been. Otherwise, she was everything Peter's wife and Terry's mother should be—quiet, easy-going and on the committee of the Old Heathley Maternity Cottage Hospital.

In London, anything might happen—especially to young people. "Still—it's only two weeks," she reflected, "and he's a good boy."

She felt that she and Old Heathley had measured themselves against London, and would prevail.

"What you've got to remember," Jim Turner said across his desk—"is that London isn't Old Heathley. Londoners move fast. And we've got to keep up with them. This Alec Roscoe is likely to be one of our best customers. I knew him some years ago. He's a clever man, but he's a play-boy. Can you play, Terry?"

"I think so, Mr. Turner."

"Got any evening clothes?"

"Yes," Terry said with more conviction. He liked Turner, against his better judgment. Turner had pushed his way into Old Heathley without as much as a by-your-leave, set up a hardware factory and given jobs to people who had forgotten what a real job looked like. According to local tradition, Terry, who was in his early twenties, shouldn't have got anywhere for years. Now he was Turner's representative and going to London. As to Terry Morgan, he was just what Turner wanted. He was young, good-looking, eager and intelligent. When some of the Old Heathley habits had been knocked out of him he'd make a first-class business man. Turner was now engaged in the grooming process. The boy had as much chance of wringing an order out of Roscoe as of bringing back St. Paul's Cathedral. But London was good for young people. In two weeks, unless Terry was mistaken, London would rub a few of the corners off Terry.

DR. PETER MORGAN glanced up from his case of bird's eggs. Since he had given up his practice he had taken to bird's eggs. His wife was walking across the lawn to the Elliotts' garden where Helen Elliott was cutting daffodils. He put his head out of the window and called, "Jane!" but she took no notice. The two women were talking earnestly; probably about Terry. Helen was a lovely girl, and a good one. In twenty years' time she'd be just like Jane. "It's only two weeks, dear," Jane said. "It's stupid of us to worry."

Jane drew herself up with young dignity. Everybody in their set knew that she and Terry were practically engaged. But not actually. So that she couldn't admit to worrying or caring what Terry did with himself.

"I expect he'll have a wonderful time," she said. "London is very nice."

"But he'll be glad to be home again," Jane said comfortingly, "and

Our Long Complete Story

By ...

I. A. R. WYLIE

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES



Terry's eyes never left Frances from the moment her graceful body glided across the floor.

He sat back in his place with a heavy sigh. He was thankful to feel so wretchedly homesick. It wiped out the shameful fact that, for one delirious, incredible instant, he had been glad to go.

FRANCES." Alec Roscoe telephoned, "you've got to help me out. I've got a country-cousin salesman on my hands. He's pathetic, but obstinate. If I bring him round to your place to-night, will you be nice to him? Will you let him dance on your feet? Will you talk home and mother to him?"

"Of course, Alec."

"You're an angel."

"I know I am."

Roscoe nearly rang off.

"Oh—and I forgot. Will you marry me one day this week?"

"No, darling. Not this week. We're rehearsing a new number. I'm much too busy."

"All right. Another time. Don't forget, though. It's a date."

There were many reasonable ex-

planations for what happened that night at the Restaurant Valesques. Old Heathley would have said—and, in fact, did say—that it was just London, of which they had expected no better.

It might have been that first cocktail, or the rhythm of the band—things which have gone to many heads for many generations. It might have been—on Frances' side—the fact that her young life had been a hard fight against odds, that she was tired of stale air and stale people, and that Terry was so new and fresh.

But in the light of subsequent events it is clear that the real explanation is at once simpler and more amazing. It was just one of those things that happen fortunately—once in a lifetime.

After her performance, Frances came and sat at Roscoe's table. But she took no notice of him. He was part of the general stalemate. Terry was different, and the difference went straight to her heart.

His wonder at her had a beguiling honesty. She smiled at him and he smiled back. He felt shy but not frightened; he was already off his feet and in deep, strange waters.

"Want to dance?" she smiled at him.

His words tumbled over themselves.

"I'd—I'd like to—if you—I mean—do you—with people?"

She laughed.

He stood up with her.

"Don't you hate it—I mean dancing with just anyone?"

"No. Why should I?" (He didn't know. It was just the way Old Heathley would have felt about it.) "It's really rather fun. Everyone dances differently. Your dancing's awful. Did you know it?"

At the tennis club Saturday night dances he was considered outstandingly—almost dangerously—expert. He felt humbled and very happy. She was not really laughing at him.

"I know now," he said.

"It's just lack of practice. You've got the right figure for it—though no one would guess it in—" She was about to say "that awful coat," but cut the insult short and laughed to cover it instead.

Please turn to Page 47

SEVEN Must DIE

By James Warner Bellah

Final instalment
of this dramatic
serial

SHERMAN said, "I'll go ahead. The rest of you string along with Melville and Doctor Mayhew behind. Keep close. Ready?" He called down to MacVey: "Go ahead, MacVey"—and they started down the stream bank.

The sun was well down to the westward now, with the golden wash of it still flaming along the jungle top, but the light of it was dying in the dense growth below, so that, as they climbed down, the deeper green came up to meet them like rising waters. It was liquid, that green, floating in the mists of late afternoon, tinting the air they breathed, cooling their hot bodies. It came up like a mood, covering their minds with its softness, making them suddenly tired and taking the tension of the day from them.

MacVey led on ahead, without once turning round to look at them or to speak, and the broad back of the man made the rifle in the crook of Sherman's arm a ridiculous toy he was carrying for bravado. He was embarrassed suddenly and hotly, but there was no thought in him of handing the rifle over. Until they got on the schooner, he kept it.

Once Dame Ellen stumbled, but Mayhew caught her. Then, as they neared the bottom and saw the bulk of the niggerhead at the stream's mouth through the breadfruit trees, saw the broad sands of the north beach beyond, the quick animal fear of a trap came over Sherman, and he felt it in the girl behind him. He turned to her and she came close to him.

"If anything happens, Connie MacVey gets it," he said. "Quick, in the back."

"Yes," she nodded breathlessly. "I know."

"Stand close to me if it does."

"Back to back," she whispered.

"I shan't fail you."

"I know"—and they went on.

On the beach, MacVey stopped and turned toward them all. The sun was still on the wreck of the *Storm Child*, making a golden boat of her in the still golden waters that were returning to wash her broken sides, but the bright light of it was gone from the sands. They lay purple under the long jungle shadows, cooling for their evening sleep.

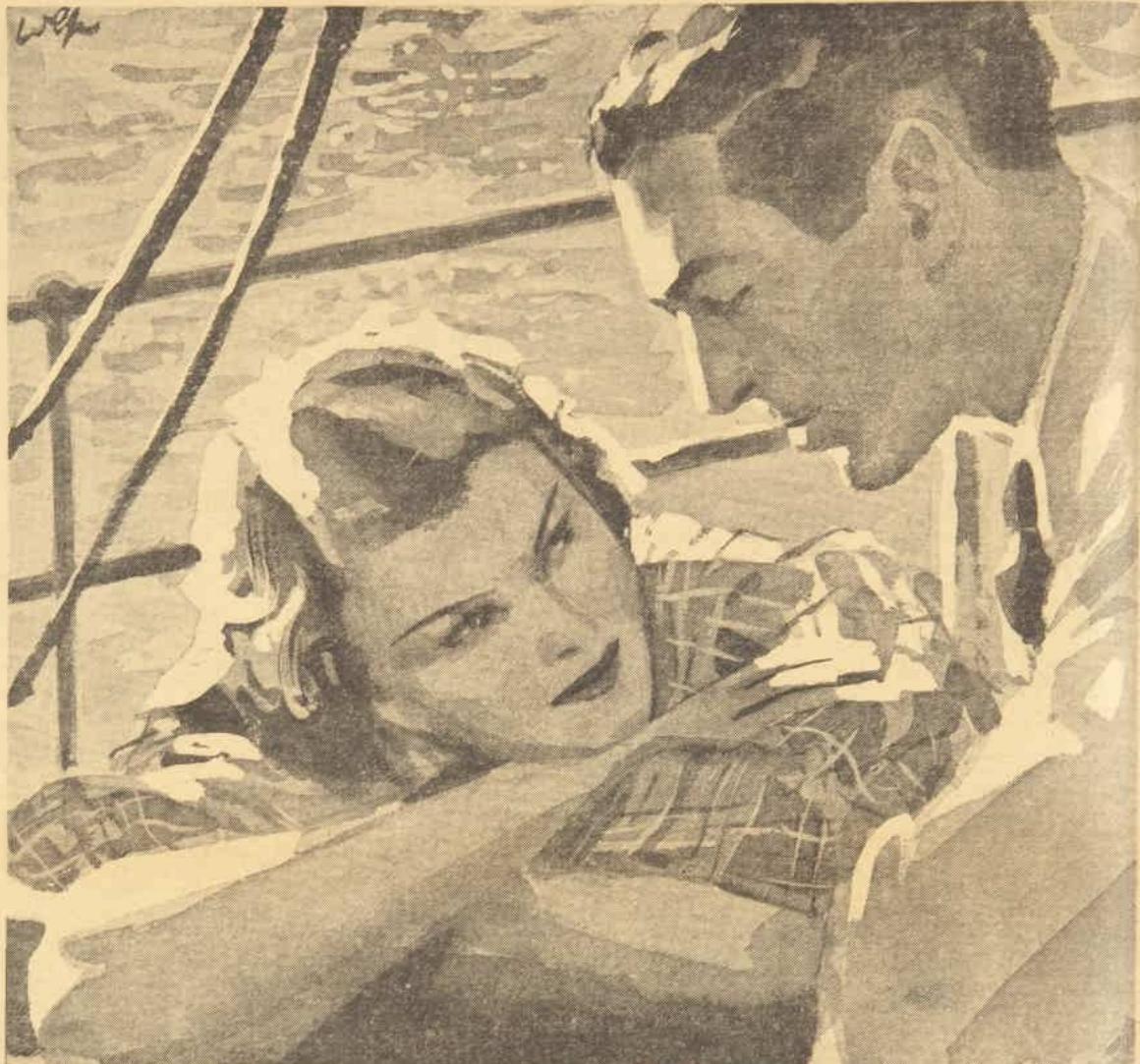
"What we have to do," MacVey said, "is get Linehardt's boat into the water as soon as we can, get us all in it, and get out to the reef and wait for the tide."

He pointed down the beach to the boat. It lay on its side above the line of high-water flotsam. Joe Lount stood up suddenly from beside it and raised his arm.

"Perhaps we'd better start," MacVey said. For a moment he looked at Sherman. "I know what's in your mind, Drumm. Don't be a fool—that's all I'm asking you. We can't possibly get through the reef before Linehardt sees what we're up to. It isn't in the cards. If it's a fight, I want a gun."

"Go on down the beach, MacVey," Sherman said.

MacVey smiled. "Right," and he stalked off toward Linehardt's boat with the rest of them following. When they came to it, the sight of Joe Lount startled them all. The scrubbed cleanliness was gone from the man—not gone from him because of the island, but gone from him inside. He sat there on the sand, his knees drawn up and his arms dangling over them with the pathos of resignation in the droop of his shoulders. He was all Islands now, with the militant half blood of the white man drained from him. But he was not strong Islands; he was half Islands, and the weakness that it brought to him was a dead



Illustrated by WEP

light in his eyes. Something had done for him, and the light of the man was flickering to go out. The outer winds were on his soul already—the cold hands of them. He stood up and stared across the waters to the reef, waiting for something he saw beyond, accepting it with a fatality that is beyond all comfort.

"All right," MacVey said. "Start getting the boat down."

It was much heavier than the *Storm Child*'s clink—much heavier and much longer. They tugged at the gunwales—MacVey, Lount, Mayhew, Melville, and Sherman—and moved it a few inches. Their hands were torn from work, and, in a few moments, screaming with pain. They got the boat hook under the keel for a roller, but it was too small in circumference to help much. The weight of the boat forced it into the sand.

They began to swing on the boat in unison, to the count, dragging it along by main force a dozen inches

one. The three women had followed along for a while, but now they were tugging at the boat, too; swinging to MacVey's throaty count, lending their weight. The long streak of its passage through the sand stretched back up the beach, but no one dared look now toward the waters they had to get it into. There was a dull stubbornness on them—that fighting reserve that comes to everyone still pulsing with the rhythm of life. *Zemba One*—two! Bend and tug, and the thin grating of sand on the keel screched in their ears. Then suddenly, as the froth of the tide leaped at them from behind and threw its liquid cape over their feet, there was a loud shout far up the beach. They stopped as if it had been a signal, and stared.

Linehardt's crew was on the western shoulder, toppling it, hesitating

"Quiet, woman," he said. "Don't talk with those lips. That's blasphemy. Kiss me with them."

tugging at an oar. Melville dived in beside him head first and shipped a port oar, heading her nose out.

"Women in the stern!" MacVey yelled. "And keep down! . . . Climb in, Mayhew!"

HE threw Ida Sefton in. Connie went over the side. MacVey was still at the stern, shoving with Drumm, water to his armpits now, spray in his face. He grabbed the stern transom and sprang up on it as Drumm sprang up. The weight of them both almost forced it under, but they balanced each other, swung with each other, and came aboard coughing and spitting and gauging Ida and Connie and Dame Ellen were in the bottom, huddled together, soaked and sobbing for breath. Melville and Lount were straining at the bow oars, their faces drawn into thin tight lines, their mouths torn across their faces, half open for the air they sucked into their bowing lungs. Mayhew had an oar. Sherman stumbled forward to him and grabbed another one, biting it deep, throwing his weight back on it.

Then he saw, how close it had been. Linehardt's men were in the surf right behind them—one of them swimming now and another thrown off his feet by the waters as he looked—and he remembered that there had been firing; the sharp crack of revolver firing and the whine of steel in the air about his face. But there was no time for thinking of it now, for they were away and had to get further away.

"Pull together," MacVey said, and his voice was startling in its softness.

"You, Mayhew, pull with Drumm . . . Shorter strokes, Drumm, carry Mayhew."

He had the rudder shipped and the tiller in his hands, and he had sat, half lay across the stern sheet, his legs stretched out between Dame Ellen and Ida, and Sherman's infinite tiredness in the man. His face was grey with it and his whole body limp. Hang him, he thought, he's no more tired than I am. They were well out toward the reef, pulling on with long free strokes, with Linehardt and his crew standing in water to their knees, dazed by what had happened to them, ridiculous suddenly in their inactivity, but far behind. Then MacVey coughed and Sherman saw the wadded handkerchief he was pressing to his side with his free hand, and he knew the man was hit.

MacVey saw that he saw it and shook his head once, briefly. He forced the handkerchief into his trousers top and eased his belt up over it.

"Vast rowing," he said. "Sleep the mast."

Lount and Melville pulled it at the thwarts, stepped it and guyed it. Sherman and Mayhew lay flat to get out of the way of the main boom.

Lount tugged at the halyard and the small sail screeched up and filled in the afternoon breeze. The boat heeled slightly to it. MacVey motioned to Sherman to crawl at and trim. He flattened the sail down, crouching beside MacVey watching his eyes for orders. MacVey nodded.

"As she goes," he said. "About twenty minutes longer now, before we get the tide."

"How bad skipper?" Sherman jerked his head toward MacVey's

Please turn to Page 44

The End of the Cruise

at a time, but even though they knew they were moving it the distance to the white froth lip of the returning tide seemed always the same.

Their breathing rasped in their throats and tore their lungs. The sun was gone now from the wreck of the *Storm Child*, leaving it in purple shadow.

The water beyond it was purple to the reef. The sun was gone from the top of the island, and Sherman knew that it was gone from the lagoon on the other side and Linehardt's crowd would be coming back. Prantic desperation was in every-

there for a second, arms waving, then they came scrambling down to the beach, racing across it toward them, not a thousand yards away.

"Get the boat in the water!" MacVey screamed. "Stick to the boat! Pull, you fools! Get her out! Almost the boat turned broadside on once, but they caught it in time, diving against it with their shoulders. They were up to their waists now, salt spray in their eyes, freedom ahead and quick sickness behind. MacVey lifted Dame Ellen aboard—grabbed her and threw her aboard. Joe Lount was in the boat already,

BETTER than MEDICINE

Another Adventure of "The Little Black Dog"

Dr. Hislop adopts strategy in a crisis... and succeeds in cheating death.

FOllowing the case of Jeannie Hendry, who, as already related in these chronicles, died so tragically from scarlet fever at Shawhead Farm, the strained relations which had always existed between Finlay and Cameron on the one side and Dr. Snoddie on the other developed into a positive feud.

Snoddie had a mean and spiteful nature; he was not the man either to forget or forgive, and in the months which followed it became increasingly clear that he was out to get his own back.

In his official capacity of Medical Officer of Health he did everything possible to annoy and harass Finlay and Cameron in their work, but beyond everything, in his own practice, he waged constant war by his audacious yet strenuous efforts to "win" a patient from his rivals upon every available opportunity.

"Hang it all," declared Finlay heatedly to Cameron after such an effort of Snoddie's had almost succeeded, "this is going beyond words. The man's making a dead set at our best patients. Bah! I've no use for him whatever."

Which shows, as, indeed, this story will shortly prove, that Finlay had momentarily forgotten the well-known axiom that in this world there is a use for everything.

It was winter. And the weather was abominable, vile, atrocious—all the adjectives, in fact, that Scottish weather at its worst deserves.

It had snowed and rained, snowed again, then rained on top of that, and the roads were almost impassable in slush and mud. Wicked gales and weary work it made for Cameron and his young partner.

Finlay's costume day after day was heavy coat, leggings, and the daintiest sister in his wardrobe. Sleep became a luxury. Pleurisy, pneumonia, and every form of chill and congestion ravaged the country-side.

It was the worst time of all the year, when to work a busy, scattered practice was little better than slavery in its cruelest form.

One night Finlay stamped into the dining-room after a particularly tiring day, snuffed off his boots and leggings, drew on his soft slippers, and sank into a chair.

With a sigh of incredible relief he relaxed for a moment before the burning fire, then silently accepted the bowl of steaming broth which Janet, having heard him come in, brought through from the kitchen.

Outside, the wind howled and moaned in the darkness, battering the shutters against the window-panes like a fusillade of icy shot.

"Please Heaven," thought Finlay, with a little shiver, "I'll not be out again to-night." And, standing on no ceremony, he sipped his broth as he sat there by the fire.

Half an hour later Cameron came in, equally worn-out, his gaunt, weather-beaten features pinched with cold and fatigue, his figure bowed a little, his whole aspect weary-taxed.

He came forward slowly and stretched out his hands to the fire, while the steam rose from all over his damp clothing.

A sense of sympathetic understanding linked the two men, the knowledge of common endeavor, of work done in the face of difficulty and hardship.



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Then Cameron, with a long expiration of his breath, nodded to Finlay, went to the sideboard, poured out some whisky, added a little sugar, then marched to the fireplace and picked up the little kettle which always sang there.

With an eye which thanked Providence for the small mercies of life, he smacked his lips and cannily mixed some toddy.

But alas just as Cameron gratefully raised the steaming brew to his lips the phone bell rang.

"Darn!" muttered Cameron. He lowered the toddy untouched, and Finlay, nursing his glass in both hands, stared at him in dismay. They both listened apprehensively, fully conscious that the ominous bell

mistress sorely put out by a favorite pupil.

Cameron groaned. Then, for all his case-hardened imperturbability, he let out a groan.

"The devil dang me for an eediot! What on earth was I thinking o' to forget Neil Currie? And I passed him very door twice!"

Finlay was silent. He well knew the misery of missing a call in the rush of the day's work, and having to retrace weary steps to make good the oversight. Quickly he swallowed the last of his drink, and prepared

to rise to do the call for Cameron, when Janet, in impertainingly tickly, spoke again.

"It's no use your goin', Dr. Hislop. They're fair upset at Langloan. They said if you're not up yourself, Dr. Cameron, within half an hour, they'll have to fetch Dr. Snoddie instead."

At this information, so stoically conveyed by Janet, Cameron's lined face took on a deeper shade.

"Dang my bones!" he exclaimed, seriously annoyed. "Did ye ever hear the like of that?" He put down the toddy on the mantelpiece untouched, and buttoned up his coat resolutely.

"Dang my bones!" he exclaimed, seriously annoyed. "Did ye ever hear the like of that?" He put down the toddy on the mantelpiece untouched, and buttoned up his coat resolutely.

"Let me go," protested Finlay. "You're absolutely dead-beat."

"Let me go," protested Finlay. "You're absolutely dead-beat."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

The nurse stood by the foot of the bed, alert and ready to anticipate Cameron's every want.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Dead-beat or not," said Cameron, "I'm going. Neil Currie'll never be satisfied unless I show face myself and explain how I came to miss him. Confound it, Finlay, we're taking no more risks to let that Snoddie in."

"I'll send round for Jamie and the gig," exclaimed Janet practically. "It'll not take more nor five minutes to get him back."

"No," growled Cameron. "Jamie's worn out, and the beast's half-fondered. It isn't more nor a mile and a half to Langloan. I'll just walk there myself. I'll be there and back in no time."

So, in spite of Finlay's attempts to dissuade him, the old doctor had his way.

Neil Currie was one of his oldest friends, a prominent member of the Philosophical Club, an important man in the burgh, and at present laid low by a bad attack of pleurisy.

To have omitted to visit such a patient might be construed as serious evidence of neglect.

Moreover, Mrs. Currie was very intimate with Mrs. Snoddie, and if through this and the aforesaid circumstances Cameron were omitted from the case, what a feather it would be in Snoddie's cap! That, more than anything, weighed with Cameron. For good reasons his

animosity towards Snoddie had steadily risen in the last few months. He would not allow him to steal this case.

Turning up his coat collar, he braced himself to the bitter wind and left the house.

But Finlay was not happy in his mind. Forbidden to go himself by Cameron's peremptory command, he sat with a queer uneasiness, hearing the whistling of the gale outside, thinking of the long road to Langloan, nearer two miles than one, seeing Cameron's figure plodding there and back through the dusk.

And, indeed, when an hour later, Cameron returned it seemed as though Finlay's anxiety were justified. The old man was blue to the ears and completely exhausted. Nevertheless, he wheezed triumphantly.

"I think I've smoothed out that affair. I explained to Neil how it all happened. Everything's right as rain between us. He's got a bad patch of pleurisy, mind ye. For heaven's sake, don't let me forget to see him in the morning."

He sat down wearily and peered into the fire; then he coughed sharply once or twice.

Please turn to Page ■ 41



She wasn't beautiful, perhaps not even pretty. But she had —something.

WHEN the Weldons moved to Fairvale they were unknown to anyone there except Gates, the house-agent. People driving past the grey stone house on Wildway Road and seeing signs of activity in the grounds exclaimed, "Oh, the Briggs' place has been sold—I wonder who has bought it?" And sooner or later Jim Gates would be stopped in High Street and asked, "So you've sold the Briggs' place. Who's coming in?"

Jim, an exuberant youth, replied enthusiastically to all inquiries. And therefore some weeks before the Weldons arrived a great many people, complete strangers to them, knew all about them.

They knew that the Weldons had moved from London; that they had two children, a married son and a daughter of eighteen; that Mr. Weldon was in business in the City; and that Mrs. Weldon was said to be charming.

Fairvale was neither suburban nor country, but somewhere between the two. The people were interested in their neighbors, possessing their share of curiosity and genuine kindness. There was a golf club and a tennis club, and a fast train service to London. There were a few very large houses—and most of the inhabitants were comfortably off.

The Weldons had barely unpacked when people came to call. The first callers were women who dropped in during the daytime, and so did not see Mr. Weldon or his son; but they met Mrs. Weldon, her daughter, Eileen, and her daughter-in-law, Anne. When questioned on their return home, these first callers could only remember the two girls vaguely—one was very pretty and the other very smart. But about Elsie Weldon they could not say enough.

"But what does she look like?" their husbands would inquire over the dinner-table.

They couldn't exactly say. She wasn't beautiful, perhaps not even pretty. But she had—something.



Upstairs Eileen was crying, stretched across her bed, with Jane beside her.

Within a month, the Weldons were as much a part of the town as if they had lived there for years. They went to church, they returned the first calls and were asked to dinner, they joined the tennis and golf clubs. Within three months they were "Tom and Elsie" to their contemporaries.

Tom senior was a tall, thin man, with grey hair and pleasant blue eyes. He wasn't much of a talker, and seemed content to sit in the background and admire his wife and children. His son, also Tom, was twenty-four, and was very like him. His son's wife, Anne, was a bright, dark girl with a flair for clothes and a ready wit. She and young Tom lived in the gardener's cottage, which had been re-decorated for them by Elsie Weldon with bright chintzes and light oak furniture. They had been married less than a year, and Tom worked in the same business as his father. He and his father seemed to get on very well; they often worked in the garden during the light evenings. There was no regular gardener, but the Weldons employed an old man who came by the day.

Eileen, a slender blonde, had recently left her exclusive finishing school. She drew very well, played fair golf, good tennis, and swam almost as well as a professional. She danced beautifully. With her looks and accomplishments she might have become the most spectacularly popular girl in Fairvale's younger crowd. But she was rather retiring. People soon said it was odd that so pretty a girl had such a negative personality.

It was quite apparent to Fairvale that Elsie Weldon was adored by her husband and her children. They weren't so sure of Anne. If she adored it was with reservations, and Fairvale neither understood nor approved of these reservations. Elsie was sweet to her, deferred to her constantly, made things as pleasant as she could, and said quite openly: "It isn't easy for young people to live with parents or in-laws. Even with the best intention there is interference." But the Fairvale people, growing to know Elsie very well, believed that she would give in to Anne's views rather than interfere.

Of course, Anne was excessively modern; not only in her dress, but in her manner, her sharp, cool way of speaking. She seemed, sometimes, so angular. An unsympathetic girl, Fairvale thought.

After six months, when the Weldons were firmly established in the town, John Alcott returned from America. Alcott, Fairvale's most eligible and attractive bachelor, was in his forties and a brilliant surgeon. His practice was in London, where he also had a flat, but the house in which he had been born in Fairvale was his home. It was big, standing alone in extensive grounds, and managed by competent servants. Mr. Alcott had considerable private means and was not dependent upon his lucrative practice. So he had gone abroad for several months to study American methods.

Fairvale was delighted to have him back. The town had long given up hope that he would marry, though he had been attentive to a varied number of pretty girls. But so far he had been immune.

He was in Fairvale for a week after his return before beginning his work again. His practice had not suffered in his absence, as his two assistants had taken care of all emergencies, and most of his patients had saved up their operations until his return.

Illustrated by

FISCHER

A large number of his Fairvale friends turned out to welcome him home with an impromptu party at his own house. And during the course of the evening someone mentioned the Weldons. Alcott asked idly, "Who are they?"

In three minutes he had the family straight, and was aware of Tom Weldon's business and financial status. He remarked that the Briggs' place must have sold for rather a high figure, but Jim Gates said, carelessly, that there was to be plenty of money. On Mrs. Weldon's side, he assumed.

Everyone began talking about Mrs. Weldon. And Alcott said, laughing:

"Wait a minute. Can't one of you be intelligible about her?"

"But no one could. All they could say was that she had more real charm than . . ."

He met her himself, a short while afterward. Someone gave a Christmas dance, and Alcott was talking to Dr. Winthrop when he saw her.

"Who's that woman?" he demanded suddenly. "There—in grey?"

"That's Elsie Weldon. Haven't you met her?" asked Winthrop in astonishment.

"No; I've been home such a little time. Alcott's bright brown eyes watched Elsie as she danced past with her partner. He added mildly disappointed: "But I thought she was something phenomenal."

"Wait till you talk to her," advised Winthrop confidently. He was a fat little man with a local practice.

Alcott met her in the supper-room. Late he danced with her, not once but several times. Still later they went together into the lounge, where Tom Weldon was playing bridge with his son and son, and, before the evening was out, Eileen and Anne. But when he reached home, just before three in the morning, he found he remembered none of them except Elsie.

Why? She had no claim to beauty. Her face was too pointed, too wide across the chin, too narrow at the chin. Her eyes were large, grey-green and luminous, yet not as beautiful as her daughter's. Her skin was good, and her mouth, tightly touched with lipstick, was well enough modelled. But the lips were nothing.

Was it her voice? Perhaps it was—that low voice, with undertones which made you think of fantastically unrelated things—the disco conversation of birds at evening, the murmur of a brook, the low purring of a cat, thick cream, and velvet. Perhaps it was her voice. Or perhaps it was the way she greeted you—quietly, but as if you were the one person in the world she wanted to see at that moment.

Please turn to Page 18

FASHION PORTFOLIO

November 19, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



LONDON'S LATEST HATS



FOUR interesting new models personally selected by Mary St. Claire from 5000 hats in Condor's West End showrooms.

• ABOVE: Silver fox youthful and beguiling—with a crown of emerald velvet through which Edwardian coiffures may peep.

• TOP RIGHT: "Topper" style for young matrons. In blithe yellow felt with binding band and wired bow of brown petticoat ribbon.

• RIGHT: A tiny cluster of black velvet with a knot of bows. Showered with misty velvets that is caught to the throat with a velvet ribbon band.



• RIGHT: Softest brown kolinsky with cerise velvet ribbon in a flirtatious concoction of the Edwardian era.



NET PLAYS A GRACIOUS PART IN INFORMAL FROCKS



• SLINKY black net with four rippling godets in the front to break the pencil-slim silhouette. Featuring a demure neckline, reminiscent of school days, and long sleeves caught at the wrist with black velvet ribbon.

• SCHIAPARELLI'S romantic tiered skirt, that has taken Paris by storm, gains new loveliness in black net with ultra-feminine cape sleeves and an Edwardian neckline cut daringly low.

• A MIST of black chiffon with a flirtatious bodice of black net, through which milady's shoulders gleam alluringly. Skirt and top are linked together with a wide band of black velvet.

• AN ADORABLE blouse of minute black net ruffles, quaintly banded with white ribbon, tops a dramatic skirt of black crepe with moulded silhouette and irresistibly slashed almost to the knee.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

By AIR MAIL FROM
MARY ST. CLAIRE

P E T R O

• (1) FOR INFORMAL DINING Paris is sporting fine hand-made jumpers worn with long well-fitted skirts. One of the most attractive of these costumes seen recently at the *Perle* was of brown, worn with extravagant gold jewellery, and with a short accompanying jacket, hand-knitted of coarse rich gold thread.

• (2) ENORMOUS BOWS of colored velvet are the latest decoration for muffs and high fur collars, while flowers made of fur—ermine, arum lilies, daisies of white lamb, or dyed rabbit buttercups—are the latest decoration for suit lapels, felt hats and glove gauntlets. A whimsical note to cheer trimly tailored clothes.

• (3) EVENING FROCKS, jackets and house coats are still being laced instead of buttoned or zipped, and the new laces in either velvet ribbon or thick silk cord are very elaborate. Many of them are finished with a couple of silver-fox tails, soft and fluffy, for a feminine note.

• (4) VELVET CAPS perched crazily on the top of curly and ringlets are now topped by fur pom-poms, looking like the heads of chimney sweeps' brushes, and have become the current rage. These caps are most popular in black, navy, crimson and purple with brushes of fox or opossum.

• (5) PLEATED SKIRTS for day wear are the only ones seen on the boulevards—from the finest knife and sunray pleating to the deepest box pleats. Following the new swing lines these skirts are stitched down to the hips, from where they swirl freely to just below the knees.

• (6) FUR BELTS for fabric coats are having quite a vogue, and very smart they look in ocelot and tiger skin. Fur collars and cuffs are quite out of date, but fabric cuffs and collars edged with two-inch bands of fur are considered chic and modish. No more lavish splashes of fur—but neat, sleek little touches.

• (7) FINGER-NAILS marked with the initials of her boy-friend is the Parisian debutante's craze of the moment. Before varnishing, tiny initials are drawn on each nail in wax. When the varnish has dried the wax initials are removed, which leaves the letters showing in the centre of each nail.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Plan Now
Your
Christmas
Holiday
Wardrobe



PINAFORE FROCK

WW2637.—Attractive and new for beach, the skirt is full and shirred at the waistline. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 yards for the blouse, and 3½ yards for pinny, 36 inches wide.

PAPER
PATTERN
1/L

COMPLETELY PLEATED
WW2638.—Smart pleats for a plain, summerweight material. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

SLIMMING STYLE
WW2639.—Short puffed sleeves and plain fitting skirt make this smart frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

SPORTS FROCK

WW2640.—For golfing or tennis, attractive shirtmaker style. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

LINEN SUIT
WW2641.—Distinctive design for your new summer linen costume. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

MILITARY MODE

WW2642.—Smartly tailored. Skirt of the coat is pleated, with a small pin-tuck stitched on the edge of each pleat. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ to 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

GRACEFULLY SWATHED
WW2643.—Unusual mode with shirred front skirt, short puffed sleeves, and cross-over bodice. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ to 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

PLEASE NOTE!
To receive prompt delivery of patterns ordered by post, send stamp
(1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to indicate size of garment and postal rates. (3) Hair size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use four-cent postage stamp or concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3-cent stamp.

ww 2641

TAILORED SLIP
WW2644.—Neat form-fitting slip, with shaped brassiere top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2½ to 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

ww 2644

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION Pattern

LATEST BEACH STYLES



Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garment illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and mail, post H, with 3d. STAMP clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to send to the right address. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of 1d. will be made for patterns over one month old.

Address will be made for patterns over one month old.
ADLAHNS—Box 386, G.P.O., BRISBANE—Box 403F, G.P.O., MELBOURNE—Box 165, G.P.O., NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O., SYDNEY—Box 42001Y, G.P.O., PERTH—Box 401G, G.P.O., TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 105, G.P.O., Melbourne. NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office which will be found on Page 2.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____
Size _____

Pattern Coupon, 19/11/38.

Special Patterns
SPECIALTY-CUT
Terms of frocks shaded
or illustrated others
The Australian Women's
Weekly may be had in
different styles and
Prices of these are
underwear and sports wear
2/6/- day and evening wear
3/6/- day. Send for all
measured items.

WW 2642

FILM STAR PATTERNS

FORMAL FROCKS FOR DANCING AND DINING, CREATED IN HOLLYWOOD. SPECIAL PATTERNS NOW AVAILABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPT. AT 1/1 EACH.

IN response to the overwhelming demand from readers, this week we offer you two more Hollywood fashions, styled by famous designers for the glamor-girls of the screen.

Make them at home with the assistance of our easy-to-follow patterns and ensure a festive summer.

+

* AT RIGHT: DINNER GOWN. Mary Astor, M.G.M. star, chooses a delightful variation on the popular blouse and skirt theme. Pattern only 1/1.



* ABOVE: HOSTESS GOWN. Royer designed this sumptuous hostess gown for Louise Hovick, 20th Century-Fox player. A slim panel from neckline to elbow holds the extreme sleeve and bodice fullness.

Get that little
**EXTRA
PLEASURE**
Out of life

To get that little extra pleasure out of life in these busy, bustling days it behoves you to **KEEP FIT**. Be full of vim, vitality and vigour! How? By simply taking Beecham's Pills. Try them for a week or more, until the whole system—liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels—is working smoothly and happily again. Then you'll find that the colour comes back to your cheeks, smiles replace frowns. You feel fit and are living life to the full. **KEEP FIT!**

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**
'Worth a box' Guinea a box



WW2671

To obtain these patterns, follow directions given on our weekly pattern page.

DINNER GOWN

WW2670—Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 6 yards for skirt, and 4 yards for sash, 36 inches wide. 21 yards for the bodice, 36 inches wide, of contrasting material. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

HOSTESS GOWN

WW2671—Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches black material, and 3½ yards, 36 inches contrasting material for the front bodice and panel. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Please specify number when ordering.



JANE'S A FLOP BUT IT'S
ALL HER OWN FAULT!

YES — IN HOT
WEATHER, LIKE
THIS SHE SHOULDN'T
FORGET HER MUM

SAFEGUARD your popularity! Use Mum—then you're safe from underarm odour. No bath is enough—it only washes for the past, but Mum keeps underarms fresh through the warmest day or evening. This quick, gentle, cream deodorant stops all odour—yet does not stop perspiration. 30 seconds to use! Harmless to skin and clothing. Mum is sure—buy it to-day!

MUM takes the
odour out of
perspiration



Slims You Down by Inches!

"Adjustolift" belt lifts abdomen UP and IN—ensures ① slimmer lines.

As your figure slims, tighten hooks back to second row of ② flat loops.

Special panel of power ③ stretch-cloth gives smooth, flexible fitting.

Adjustolift's Three Special Features

No other corset has such unique slimming ability as "Adjustolift." At first wearing you'll fasten the outer-belt to the first row of side loops. But soon the ingenious "lift" of this outer-belt will reduce your measurements by inches. Good! You then tighten the fastening by adjusting it to the second row of loops, and your "Adjustolift" fits like new.

For every type of medium and heavy figure there's an "Adjustolift" Controlette or Wrap-on. Wrap-on 4400, photographed, gives slimmer lines to heavy Hip Types. Its firm boning ensures smooth lines at back and front. Sizes 28-35.

17.28

ADJUSTOLIFT by **BERLEI**

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 19, 1938

PRINCESS MARINA AND FASHION



WITH the coming of the Duchess of Kent a new fashion era will open for Australia.

Already it has been indicated that she will buy some of her clothes here. In a very special sense she will also be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Never before have the Australian designer and fabric manufacturer had so splendid an opportunity to capture a fashion lead.

The Duchess is recognised as a world leader of fashion. Clothes will have to be good to measure up to her standard. Everything she wears carries the hall-marks of good taste, perfection of line, finished simplicity, artistry in color.

But there is no reason why Australia should not acquit herself with credit in the fashion field. The Australian woman has a flair for frocking almost as marked as the Parisian.

It is safe to predict that the Duchess will be pleasantly surprised by the Australian fashion scene. The average level of good taste is high, and our sunny climate makes possible a color and vitality, an absence of sombre tweediness, which colder lands cannot achieve.

Fashion is a manifestation of life as well as a touchstone of taste and a sensitive apprehension of "the shape of things to come." The Duchess is typically modern in her outlook. Her dressing, her whole home environment, reflect her progressive, artistic, vital personality.

Apart from the joyous gifts of charm and beauty which fashion brings to life, consider its economic value.

More money is spent annually on clothes than on houses, motor cars or entertainments. Translate that into terms of employment. It is clear that on fashion grounds alone the presence of the fashionable Duchess of Kent will tremendously affect Australian life.

—THE EDITOR.

Youth's Greatest "Get Together"

GIRLS OF ALL LANDS IN VANGUARD OF NEW MOVEMENT

By D. INGRAM SMITH

An Australian Delegate to the recent World Youth Congress

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

LISTEN to that babble! With the dining-hall filled to capacity, it is to be expected.

But there's more to it. These young people have come together from 59 different nations, assembled from every part of the globe for the world Youth Congress in New York State.

So naturally they converse in a multitude of different languages, yet one fundamental urge drew them together—the urgent need for world peace—and at a time when, as never before, the world was rocking to the detonation of guns and marching feet with shadows of worse to come.

The scene is the dining-room at Vassar College, in New York State, during the Congress.

Listen with me a moment to this colorful and thoughtful collection of youth. What they are saying will interest you.

Girls in Lead

PARTICULARLY what the young women here are thinking and discussing, for it has clearly been shown these last few days that the young women will be playing an equally important part with men in the future affairs of state and nation.

First let me introduce you to Miss Elizabeth Shields-Collins, aged 23, the international secretary of the World Youth Congress, a movement which, although only two years old, has already an affiliated membership of 40,000,000 youth throughout the world (youth being under 30 years.)

The very fact of a girl leadership of such an organisation is in itself significant of the new age.

But let them speak for themselves.

Here's Laura Cadet, aged 21, a very pretty girl and delegate from Haiti. For one so charmingly feminine, it may come as a surprise that she considers thoughtfully, "As I have said our approach in Haiti is different from yours in Australia, but our problem is the same.

"It is the same in every country—how to get the abundance of goods which we can produce to the people who need them? And out of this comes another question . . . While we are working this out how can we maintain peace, because wars over markets and territories are too high a price for youth to pay?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



MR. D. INGRAM SMITH, one of Australia's representatives at the great rally of World Youth.

suoka, a Japanese delegate, aged 23. She wears her national costume, and in speaking of Japan she says quite simply, "The whole world is against us, because of what is happening in China, and all the world is boycotting our goods so that we are finding it difficult to trade; and for our people to exist they must have primary products.

"Assuming the world is right on this score of Japan's aggression, have you noticed that it does not boycott the selling of munitions, material for munitions, and oil to Japan for war purposes?"

China's Answer

AND here's one of the pluckiest of them all, Hwei Min Yang, the young Chinese Girl Guide, who, during the bombardment in Shanghai, crawled across the bridge from the International Settlement to the aid of Chinese soldiers who were surrounded in a warehouse on the far side of the river.

She did not have much to say because her English is confined to a few words.

Here they are: "China needs your prayers, but she needs also your action, not with guns, but with better International legislation." These words can bear thinking over.

Lastly, this is Mary Helen MacDonald, aged 24.

She hails from New York. At the time I talked with her we were walking across the campus to our respective commissions.

She said: "We've got the whole world right in these States of ours; in fact, we've got representatives of all nations living within the city of New York.

"But I'll say it's good to be here at Vassar to meet and to know these young thinking people from every corner of the globe.

"It's at this Congress that I've realised for the first time that there need be no barrier of race, creed, color, political opinion, or what have you.

"Why, this very Congress is a manifestation of this increasing desire for co-operation among the rising generation.

"In the past, so much time has been wasted arguing over ways and means instead of recognising the great human problems and objectives and ditching petty stubbornness, like: 'My solution is the only right one, and I'll back it with guns and man power.'"

Here she glanced at her wrist-watch: "Did you know we are already five minutes late for our commissions?"

"I know it."

"Then good-bye for now, Australia. It's been good to meet you."

And as she walked away what she called over her shoulder might well be said to sum the spirit of youth to-day.

"Hope some day to get into the south to see and know Australia. Both our countries are young and we've got lots in common."



Why Melbourne is Different...and How!



L.W. Lower Gets the "Low-Down" On a Famous City

Next time I spend a holiday in Melbourne I'll donate an art gallery to the nation. I will also give a saucer and spoon to go with the Melbourne Cup.

Another thing, if I had the money I would buy a Melbourne tram, a Melbourne policeman's hat, and a Melbourne oyster and preserve them in spirits.

MELBOURNE is well laid out and so am I. Some of the streets are so wide that you've got to take a thermos flask and sandwiches in case you starve to death on the way across.

For some reason or other it didn't rain while I was in Melbourne. It seemed a bit weird to me.

Mark you, I speak as a mere visitor.

Hope I'm not confusing you.

I will say this of Melbourne—the parks and gardens can give a long start to any town in the continent.

My room was just a mass of flowers,

and why I wasn't arrested has me tricked.

There was one tense moment when I was detected uprooting an elm and I had to work my personality to death explaining to the park-ranger that I just wanted to have

By . . .
L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated By WEP

a look at the roots. I have not yet seen an elm root.

But I'll tell you this. I met Mandrake the magician.

At eleven o'clock at night, all pyjamaed in my bedroom, and entertaining one or two friends, I chanced to remark that I would like a bit of lobster.

And, believe me and smack me down if I tell a lie, but one of my guests had a lobster in his trousers pocket. That's Melbourne for you!

And sit down and listen to this. I now have four overcoats. I mentioned at the hotel booking office that I had mislaid my overcoat. Half an hour later I had four overcoats. Only one of them fits, but that's what I call service.

If your boy friend wants a cheap overcoat I am in the overcoat business and prepared to do a bit of bartering.

Having taken a breather to pack bags and pay bills, I am now seated in an aeroplane flying through the air with the greatest of ease and all I can see is fog.

And me with my parachute left in the bathroom at the hotel. Wouldn't I look foolish floating down from an aeroplane with no parachute on.

Taking the Air

LEAVING that subject for the nonce, I was not impressed by the anaemic lobsters which adorn the fish shops in Melbourne. The lobsters I am used to have to be taken home in taxi cabs. Either that or walk.

The Melbourne variety would have to be wheeled in prams.

I told you before—and don't ask me again—that I am in an aeroplane, and this part of Australia is just full of bumps. There doesn't seem to be any part of it that's flat. And if this plane decides to land I want to land on something smooth, soft and flat.

One of those pancake landings. I don't suppose I'd be lucky enough to land on a pancake, but you never know.

At the moment a toasted ham sandwich would not be safe with me.

The strangest thing about Melbourne is that none of the taxi-drivers knows where any place is until they've gone about four miles in the wrong direction.

And another thing is that no matter what number you ring on the telephone you always get on to the fire-station. I am real pally with the Melbourne Fire-Station now. I'd have started a fire for them if I'd thought of it.

Lord Gowrie and I are still not speaking to each other. It seems a pity because we're both nice people.

We are now passing over the mountains, for which I am truly grateful. It is much better than trying to bore a way through.

This plane is a wonderful thing. It is driven entirely by ear and is fuelled with loud roaring noises. It

"Some of the streets are so wide," says L. W. Lower, "that you've got to take a thermos flask and sandwiches in case you starve to death on the way."

also has ash-trays for each seat. Aren't these modern inventions marvellous?

We are also in a storm. A flash of lightning just went past me, and if I hadn't been pretty quick at side-stepping it would have got me.

As it was, it just passed harmlessly over my shoulder. A man's got to be on his guard all the time, hasn't he?

There's no canteen on this plane. And they call it luxury travel. That stuff is de-bunked so far as I'm concerned.

Just looked out of the window

again. If we come down here we won't be short of wood. This is the place where the trees grow on top of each other.

If I may be permitted a bit of pondering, why is it that wheat farmers, lucerne growers, and such always map out their farms in squares and geometrical oblongs? I want to see a round farm.

More than that, I'd like to be on the ground instead of up here.

Here we come and I hope the pilot has enough sense—it's O.K. I'm on the earth.

Who's glad?

RENCO makes Desserts Better

UGH! MUM—PEACHES AND CUSTARD AGAIN!

YOU KNOW DARLING, I'M HALF INCLINED TO AGREE. CUSTARD IS RATHER BILIOUS.

BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I GIVE YOU? CREAM'S SO EXPENSIVE

...AND THEY'RE SICK AND TIRED OF CUSTARD. WHEN YOU HAVE NO CREAM WHAT DO YOU GIVE WITH SUMMER DESSERTS?

NEXT DAY WHY, RENCO JUNKET! WE PREFER IT TO CREAM—AND IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE TO MAKE

THAT NIGHT OOH! MUM—THAT PUDDING WAS GREAT—CAN I HAVE ANOTHER HELPING, PLEASE?

AND ME TOO, PLEASE! THIS RENCO JUNKET IS EXCELLENT WITH STEWED FRUIT.

RENCO Junket is the ideal complement to summer desserts. It's delicious to eat—it always sets firmly. Economical, too. Each carton contains 25 tablets, and each tablet makes a quart of junket. The tablets are divided, so it's easy to gauge the correct amount if you only want to make a pint.

RENCO Junket Tablets are made at Taranaki, N.Z., in the heart of the world's choicest cow pastures. Ask your grocer for RENCO Junket Tablets.

Corn or Wheat Flake Junket Cream

Make 1 pint of Renco Junket with milk sweetened with one tablespoon of sugar. Pour mixture over 1 cup of Kellogg's Corn or Wheat Flake Crumbs in serving bowl. Set and chill. Sweeten 1 pint of cream with one tablespoon of sugar—whip and add quarter cup of corn or wheat flakes crumbs. Pile on top of junket and top with cherries.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

Queensland—Southport Mitchell Brisbane

N.S.W.—

Levi & Co. Ltd. Sydney

Victoria—J. & S. Co. Ltd. Melbourne

South Australia—

W. T. Mathew Adelaide

West Australia—

M. A. Gould Perth



Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.

"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low-spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again, and I'm looking younger. I also find that Bile Beans rightly prevents excess fat forming and keeps my figures normal."—Mrs. M. S. Sims.

"For my attractive figure, slim and well-proportioned, I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Lockie.

Lord Gowrie and I are still not speaking to each other. It seems a pity because we're both nice people.

We are now passing over the mountains, for which I am truly grateful. It is much better than trying to bore a way through.

This plane is a wonderful thing. It is driven entirely by ear and is fuelled with loud roaring noises. It

BILE BEANS
KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL

USED TO WAKE UP WITH A HEADACHE

Now Fresh and Lively Every Morning

Here is a man who wakes up every morning with a dull headache. Imagine the gloom that prevailed at breakfast time—no cheerful "Good Morning" from him! Then Kruschen transformed his days. Read his letter:

"I used to wake up in the mornings with a dull headache. A year ago, I started taking Kruschen Salts regularly. To-day, I wake up fresh and lively and can do my day's work without any exertion. I can recommend Kruschen for anyone suffering from headaches and constipation, and for putting new life into you. I have just bought another three bottles, and intend to continue with Kruschen for the rest of my life." —E.P.

Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons—prevent them from forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts brings swift and lasting relief from headaches.

ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

Mouth breathing, snoring coughs and colds, weak chest, anaemia, loss of appetite, underweight, irritability and weight, adenoids and infected tonsils. Get Kanatox to avoid painful operations. KANATOX kills adenoids and tonsils and disappears gradually and naturally—swollen tonsils subside.

Get a 60-dose 2½ fl. oz. flask (or 300-dose treatment flask 10/-), complete with special heavy dropper, from your nearest chemist.

Dr. BRODIE'S KANATOX



Books

Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

Few novels are satisfying and at the same time full of the bristling uncertainty of life. "The Monument" is one of the few, and it is essentially sincere.

SINCERITY is one quality that can raise a book from the rut. It will shine through faults of technique like a beacon, and in its light mere glib and practised story-telling can look shoddy indeed.

There is no such shoddiness in "The Monument." An older and more experienced novelist could have written it more expertly but not more sincerely than the young author, Pamela Hansford Johnson.

She takes a group of people who happen to choose the same moment to climb to the top of the monument in Billinggate Market at sunset one evening, and then follows them to their homes.

An old trick, used in this case to introduce three threads of life which are then plaited somewhat unevenly into a story.

Uneven or not, the interest in each thread never falters throughout the book.

For it has the very stuff of life itself, the uncertainty and doubt,

the scruples and the shams which beset us all.

This might suggest that the author offers the introspective meanderings so popular among the young moderns. She doesn't.

Her people live in the hard, hard world, and their problems are those of practical day to day existence.

But their minds, like ours and mine, are battlegrounds of conflicting impulses, and by revealing their inward struggle for confidence and some light to steer by the author makes them uncannily, sensitively alive.

The Characters

FIRST there are Rafael and Mary, representatives of the moneyed establishment, who provide one thread of the story.

Mary is a writer, and her struggle is for faith in herself, not the faith she might easily take from her brilliant reputation, but the kind of confidence that would come if she gave rein to her natural simplicity now concealed under a welter of highbrow affectation.

Rafael's struggle is against the smothering love of a father who is willing to give him everything but a life of his own.

Alfred Whye is the next arrival on the monument. Every evening he climbs there "for a blow" when his work in a carpet dealers' basement is finished.

Alfred is poor, so he can't cut and run from his problems as Rafael could. Round him revolves the home of his near-blind old father and fourteen-year-old brother.

His struggle is against the deadly hate of his father for his brother, a hate the old man never hesitates to vent.

"When your Ma was having you," old Jim continually tells young Teddy, "they said to me, 'which shall we save, your missus or the kid?'" "The missus," I said, but it didn't work out that way. She was took, and you, blast you, you yelled your way into the world, and you've been yelling through it ever since."

The third thread is introduced by Mrs. Sellars and her two children. Mrs. Sellars is a Labor Party worker with a leaning to Radical thought.

She is also a wife and mother and her loyalty to both works is equal. Her struggle is against ignorance.

She works "to awaken in the minds of her own people a real understanding of their daily bread; where it came from, who sold it to them, what happened to it on the days when it didn't arrive."

Love and Ambition

IN these three themes there is scope for the ambitious play of the author's thought.

Through Mary she reveals her special ability to create a character from the inside out. Mary is above all a prey to her own sensitive intelligence.

Intensely critical, she tells herself she can see her own "insincerity shining like a candle at the end of a passage."

"To Rafael she would say, 'I don't write for anyone but myself. It's myself I must satisfy, and I'm a long way from doing that!'"

"And to the greyness of her room, to the unconfiding silence of the dawn she would say, 'They shall read me when I am dust!'"

Rafael is at first too afraid of her fame to allow himself to love her. Only when he realizes that under all this is a very simple person does he begin the serious wooing that will eventually bring Mary peace.

Of all the love scenes in this book, none are more poignant than Alfred's.

Hopelessly engulfed by hate in his own home, his wistful longing for companionship is very real.

The Alfreds of this world are



PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, talented young author of "The Monument." This is her fifth book and adds greatly to her growing reputation.

legion; their softness is only hidden by the hard-boiled exterior considered decent by youth to-day.

Mrs. Sellars is the sanest and most balanced of the characters. Her strength is in the quiet faith that work for her husband and children and work for the people's cause make a path clear before her.

Untortured by doubts, surrounded by love, she provides the necessary contrast, the note of stability needed to balance the story.

Pamela Hansford Johnson will probably write better novels than this one, novels more certain in their treatment, more polished in their technique.

In this she proves her narrative ability, and her talent for creating people and following their lives in a way that absorbs the reader's interest.

Her strong feeling for the inward chaos of youth suggests that she herself has not yet fully emerged from it, but she has emerged far enough to be able to write of it with heart-rending accuracy.

"The Monument." By Pamela Hansford Johnson, Chapman and Hall. Our copy from Dymock's.

Books in Brief

FOR the serious reader, R. C. Hutchinson has produced a book of unusual power and compelling interest in "Testament." His canvas is Russia on the eve of revolution and during the Kerensky regime and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks. Against this background he has painted in people whose stories are profoundly moving and vividly real. (Cassell-Angus and Robertson.)

WARRICK DEEPING must have been in a slightly less mellow mood than usual while he wrote "The Malice of Men." His hero is not this time a youth of poverty-stricken gentility, but one of humble origin, abnormally sensitive to the word "cad."

The novel is an epic of hate, with a red-faced young squire for villain, and with the hero's bricks and mortar—he is a speculative builder—as the weapons of revenge. (Cassell-Dymock's.)

SIX girls establish a complete house-furnishing and decorating business in Jolanda Foldes' novel, "I'm Getting Married." Suzy, the ring-leader, is threatened with the loss of her Hungarian citizenship, and arranges a marriage with a young architect to save the day. This book has only flashes of the insight and wit that made Miss Foldes win a big literary prize with her other novel, "The Street of the Fishing Cat." (Nicholson & Watson—Angus & Robertson.)

IF you are interested in the aborigines of Australia, you will find a comprehensive survey of the race in "The Australian Aborigines" by Professor A. P. Elkin. Their story is told simply, so the reader needs no advance knowledge of the subject. (Angus & Robertson.)

★
Crowds of women are thinking, "What shall I give this year..."

Every Christmas season the same old question pops up: "What shall I give this year?"

This year, the answer is right at hand . . . give Charmosan 1938 Christmas Gift Caskets . . . they're as far ahead of all the everyday sort of presents as it's possible to be—they contain the World-famous Charmosan creams, powder and hand lotion, and you know just what women think of them . . . they are the most intriguing and beautiful caskets on the market, and you have the choice of four different colours and sizes.

Giving the right thing as a Xmas or New Year gift is important.

There's added pleasure and thrill and a keen appreciation of your skill in choosing an appropriate present. There are so many more or less useless gifts handed out that it's a decided pleasure to buy and give and receive something so out of the ordinary as Charmosan caskets.

There's one Charmosan casket with just a box of Charmosan powder in it . . . another with powder and a tube of Creme Charmosan . . . a third with powder and a jar of Creme for the hands—Charmosan hand lotion.

You can get them from all chemists, drapers and stores.

Give
Charmosan
1938 Christmas
gift caskets

ADVICE FROM BABY HEALTH CENTRE

JUST LOOK AT HIS SKIN, SISTER! IT'S MAKING HIM SO CROSS!



YOU MUST GET REXONA SOAP. IT'S PARTICULARLY SOOTHING AND CLEARS UP ALL SKIN TROUBLES.

Babies' skin is ultra-sensitive and needs this gentle, soothing soap—Rexona. The specially medicated lather gives wonderful protection against rashes, chafing and prickly heat. Rexona babies are happy, healthy, beautiful babies, with skin like petals and hair like fine silk.

REXONA TREATMENT FOR CRADLE CAP

Wash with Rexona Soap and apply Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer. Mrs. C. A. Martin, of Norton Road Extension, Franklin, N.Z. writes:

"My baby had Cradle Cap very badly. I used Rexona and cured it completely in a very short time."

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin 6.16.12 (City and Suburbs)

YOU CAN DEVELOP A PERFECT BUST

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Mamogen will size you a lovely figure—perfect lines—charm. You can make your bust more attractive managing each breast.

Mamogen at no time.

Delightful firm rounded breasts are quickly developed with Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless fatty tissue.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen, When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Well, if she married him for his cash, what did she divorce him for?"
"His cash!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



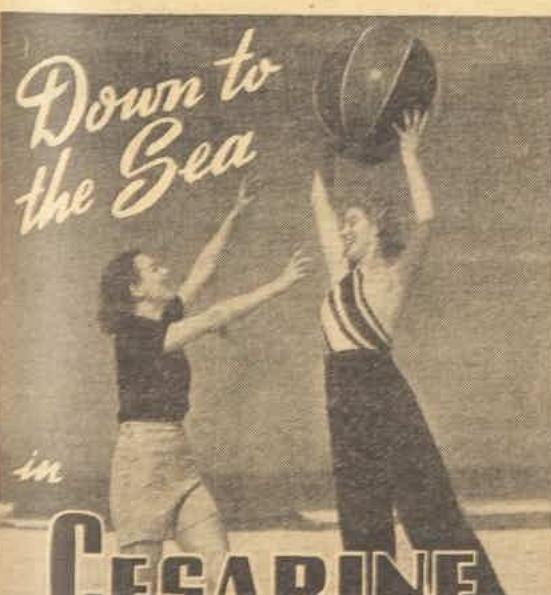
"I'll have nothing left for a tip for you when I pay this bill."
"Well, you'd better let me add it up again!"



"Have you an opening for a bright young man of exceptional ability?"
"Yes, and don't slam it as you go out."



CUSTOMER: You should make a reduction for cutting my hair!
BARBER: We are not making any charge for cutting your hair, sir. We are charging for having to hunt for it.



CESARINE

CESARINE revels in sun air as much as its wearer. Sun and salt won't harm its lovely finish or fade its gay colours, and it's GUARANTEED to wash perfectly. Try CESARINE for your shirts, slacks and shorts. You'll be thrilled with its smartness and economy.

64 colours. 36" wide.
1/111 yard at all Stores.



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WIFE (looking at pedestrian): He can't say it was our fault, can he?
Motorist: No, not yet!

SUBURBAN GARDENER: I don't seem to be able to tell plants from weeds. How do you distinguish them?
Neighbor: Pull them out. If they come up again they're weeds.

ARCTIC EXPLORER: Yes, it was so cold that the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about!

KEEP swinging at him," said the disgusted second to the boxer. The draught might give him a cold.

DON'T you miss your husband when he is travelling?"
"Oh, no. I just prop a newspaper up in front of his plate at breakfast, and I don't know he's away."

"IT looks as if a storm's coming up. Why not stay to dinner?"
"Thanks, old man, but I don't think it's as bad as all that."

WIFE (romantically): Tell me, George, what would you do if you suddenly saw another man running away with me?
Husband (thoughtlessly): Simply ask him why he was running!

BE UP-TO-DATE!

Learn how to convert all the latest popular "hits" into Real, Modern, Syncopated Piano Jazz!



Remember
'KEYBOARD
KAPERS'
from 2GB,
3UE, 2KO,
4BC, 4GR,
4MB, 5KA,
and 6AM?

Make lots of new friends and surprise your old ones! Teddie Garratt, world-famous teacher, radio and recording pianist, composer, YOU by means of his wonderful and fascinating Postal Course.

YOUR SUCCESS GUARANTEED!

FILL IN
COUPON BELOW
AND POST NOW!

TEDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG, 505 Pitt St, SYDNEY.
I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 20 minutes daily for practice.
so please send me your handbook, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.M. or stamp). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

Name: (Print in BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS:

Charm

Continued from Page 8

ALCOTT was present at the dinner Elsie gave that winter for George Young, who lived quite near in Coldbrook. Mr. Young was managing director of the company which employed Tom Weldon and his son. He was a man of just over sixty, thick-set and self-assertive. The dinner was well planned and well served by Elsie's excellent maid. The people were carefully chosen; the Winthrops representing the people of Fairvale; the Mertons, who were the biggest local landowners, and whose son was attentive to Elsie; the Andersons—Anderson was director of a rival business concern; and the young Weldons. And as the extra woman, Elsie's cousin, Jane Williamson, who had recently come to live with the Weldons.

Alcott sat between Jane and Mrs. Winthrop. Elsie had Young on her right and Anderson on her left. Weldon was similarly placed between Mrs. Young and Mrs. Anderson. The dinner went off very well. Young appeared enchanted with his hostess. Once Alcott looked up and met her smiling eyes. They were resigned, but a little mischievous. A smile tugged at his own mouth under his well-trimmed moustache. He thought that Weldon didn't know his luck. With a wife like that any man could aim high—and reach his objective.

Elsie was not fussing over George Young as Alcott had seen some women fuss over their husbands' superiors. Now and then it was plain that she disagreed with him—they were talking politics—but for the most part she listened to him quietly, smiling now and then, saying the right thing to keep his mind and tongue active. But she did not neglect Anderson.

Later, in the drawing-room, Alcott had a word alone with his hostess. As they stood by the mantelpiece, he realised for the first time that her brown hair was slightly grey at the temples. He felt a surge of gratitude that she had not altered it. She seemed content to grow old gracefully. Yet she was not old. He knew by now that she had been married just before her eighteenth birthday.

He said:

"A very successful party."

"I hope so," she told him, sincerely. "It's important to Tom that it should be." She smiled tolerantly. Alcott had the feeling that she enjoyed giving her husband his own way, enjoyed assisting him unobtrusively, as if she herself didn't care very much, but was content to help him. And that was as it should be, he thought, with a glow of admiration. Men hated the women who pushed them, drove them, even if they were forced to be grateful to them—perhaps particularly if they were forced to be grateful to them. Elsie was explaining that Mr. Young was new in the company. There had been a business merger, and he had only recently become a director.

TO TOM WELDON.

Alcott saw with some irritation, wasn't getting along so well with Mrs. Young, a solid woman, as aggressive as her husband. He wasn't even trying.

"Where is Elsie?" asked Alcott.

Elsie, explained Mrs. Weldon, was off with some young people—a party at the Mertons', she added.

"Young Peter seems very much smitten," remarked Alcott, smiling.

Elsie shrugged. She said, "Perhaps. It probably doesn't mean anything. In any case, I wouldn't interfere. I've always left the children free to make their own choice."

For a fleeting instant he saw her eyes rest on Anne, talking lazily to Dr. Winthrop across the room, and fancied that in them he saw a depth of resigned unhappiness. But she said nothing.

"You were as young when you married," he reminded her.

She said carefully, "Girls were different then, I think." Her lips closed firmly and her brilliant eyes were remote. Another woman might have said, "Had I known then what I do now!" But she did not. She was, Alcott thought, a marvellous person—quiet, weaving her own unconscious and subtle enchantment, concealing whatever misery or disappointment she might endure.

He thought, horrified: "Is it possible that I'm falling in love with her?"

A moment later, watching her walk across the room to claim Mrs. Young's attention, he revised that

thought. He reflected, even more appalled: "Is it possible that I love her already?" For he had fallen in love with many women, but he had loved none.

Jane Williamson was walking towards him, smiling. They had had a good deal of fun together at dinner. She was about thirty-five, a short, square young woman, with a mop of rather untidy, dark hair that kept falling into her candid grey eyes. Her face was square, too, with a firm jaw. She had fine teeth, a wide, generous mouth, muscular hands, and her skin was faintly brown.

They found chairs near the fire-place and talked of trivial things. But once Alcott said, glancing over towards Elsie, "Your cousin is a remarkable woman," and Jane, her knees crossed, said, "Yes, isn't she?" without the least inflection of her voice. But she scowled. And Alcott found himself moved to inner laughter. He thought: "She's jealous of her. She actually dislikes her." Then the laughter died. If Jane disliked Elsie Weldon, why did she accept her hospitality?

Elsie had explained Jane to him one Sunday, when he dropped in for tea, and found her alone.

"She's a grand girl," she'd said, smiling, "proud as the devil, and utterly dependable. She was teaching in a school in the North of England, when she lost her job. She has no people nearer than myself, so I asked her to come and live with



If he is not developing strongly don't experiment with drugs. Give him Cornwell's Extract of Malt with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Rich in essential Vitamins A, B, C and D. Builds strong healthy bodies and is a sure safeguard against malnutrition.

All children love its delicious flavour.



From All Chemists and Stores.

CORNWELL'S Extract of Malt

...also obtainable with COD LIVER OIL & Orange juice



From every point

No waste with the patent pourer.

Superbly packed in damp-proof tin.

Every grain runs freely.

White, fine and dry.

Cerebos

IS THE PERFECT TABLE SALT

CONTRIBUTED BY CEREBOS LIMITED, SYDNEY

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing. Asthma and bronchitis poison your system, rack your health and weaken your heart. Mendosa's proprietary of an American physician starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes. Refreshes the blood and builds new health so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendosa is so conscientious that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and completely stop your Asthma. In a week money back on return of empty packages. Get Mendosa from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Please turn to Page 20



"Malt-Creme" — To ensure that velvety complexion

"4711" Cold Cream — Ideal for cleansing and massage

"4711" Talcum Powder — Fragrant, soothing and cool

"4711" Loose Powder — Tones naturally, delicately scented



REPRESENTATIVE: ROBERT BLAU (AUST.)
A.C.A. BUILDING, CHR. KING & YORK STREETS, SYDNEY

3814

HOLIDAYS
Anywhere — Any Place — Any Time

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

JOYS OF CHILDHOOD

ISN'T it time children were allowed to enjoy childhood? From all angles and by various means they are imbued with the idea that they must "get on."

From parents, teachers, and by example in books the child is ever reminded that the first duty in its little life is to beat the other fellow, strive for the top of the class, and by diligent work become the king of the castle.

That psychology can only create serious-minded, neurotic youngsters who, instead of enjoying the spontaneity of youth, are mere bookworms forging ahead to assertiveness and disillusion.

Let the child live out its early years unhampered by adult ideals.

II for this letter to Mrs. S. W. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

♦ ♦ ♦

TAKE A RISK

WE all have at some time or other to take risks in our lives, and yet every day we come across people who murmur, "I hate my present job. If it wasn't so risky I'd leave it and look for another."

Wouldn't it be better for such people to take a risk and get out of the employment they detest; get something that would hold their attention—something at which they could succeed?

There is joy in stepping forward—in leaving behind what we consider "safe."

Told J. Tucker, Miva St., Cooroy, Qld.

♦ ♦ ♦

LIVING FOR OTHERS

HOW many people—especially women—of to-day live for themselves? They dress for the benefit of others and furnish their homes lavishly but fail to find comfort in doing so.

Best their speech is modulated to make an impression on "friends"; their banter strained and distorted to meet the demands of others' likes and dislikes.

After all, it is rather stupid, I think if women were to live wholly for themselves, husband and family, there would be less nervous strain, discontent and general unhappiness in the world.

Mrs. S. Pope, Noonan's Lane, West Kempton, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

NOT GOSSIPERS

WOMEN are never given credit, by men, anyway, for ever discussing anything useful. Let a few women gather together for any good cause or charity, or for their own entertainment, and they are dubbed "A bad convention," or something equally disparaging, and their meetings regarded as merely a subterfuge for the indulging of their insatiable passion for gossip and scandal.

The fact of belonging to a women's organisation or association places one in this category.

I think more scandal is discussed on street corners by men than ever women could possibly think of.

Mrs. W. Reynolds, Post Office, Lismore, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

STUDY FOR DIET

HOW many conferences and representative meetings are held to discuss the education system? What arguments are held as to the value of history, geometry and drawing as examination essentials?

Would it not be far better and far more practical worth if all children were compelled to study, at least until fifteen years old, physiology and the food they should eat?

So much value is placed nowadays on "book substance," instead of knowledge of practical advantage.

Mrs. J. Elliot, 218 Macquarie St., Hobart.

So they say

Why Not Have "Kitchen Teas" for Men?

I AGREE with A. Thornton (29/10/38) that "kitchen teas" for men are desirable. It is splendid idea.

What a wonderful help it would be, for instance, to have the tools well equipped by this means.

So many things have to be bought when starting a home that the majority of young couples have to wait a long time before they can get all the tools they need.

Mrs. E. Cashman, 2 Albert St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

What of the Friends?

SHOWERING the bridegroom-to-be as well as the bride-to-be with gift tea would be an excellent idea—for the couple concerned.

But how about the friends who would be attending all these teas?

What an expensive time it would prove to them, especially in view of the fact that after all the teas they would have to buy a wedding present.

It is too much to ask of friends to provide all the extras for the home.

Mrs. H. Myers, 87 Pitt St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Boon to Couples

KITCHEN teas for men? Yes, why not?

I, in common with many girls, had many gifts bestowed on me before marriage. Thus the house is well equipped with kitchenware and household linen.

But the expense of necessary tools for the many odd jobs that occur about the house often proves to be too great for the young couple.

Mrs. H. Brett, Willatoak, via Koroit, Vic.

Make Him Industrious

A HANDY-MAN smoke-oh is an excellent idea.

The present pre-wedding party for men could, I think, be improved upon.

The feeling of pride in his new possessions would tend to make the new husband quite industrious.

Mrs. N. Angwin, 702 Dana St., Ballarat, Vic.

Novel Idea

YES, A. Thornton, yours is a novel and at the same time a useful idea.

Most people ignore the mere male while his bride is being feted. I am sure his friends would be delighted to do him tribute.

Mrs. Dorothy Milam, 185 Haldon St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Most Useful

A. THORNTON'S suggestion for "Handy-man teas" as a pleasant farewell-to-bachelor day for young men about to be married is quite in order.

These "get-togethers" would bring glee to the marital mill. Certainly they would be more practical affairs than the usual futile smoke-oh or bachelor night which precedes many men's weddings, when the evening

is devoted to drinking and roistering.

Mrs. M. Howland, 17 Queen St., Ulley, Adelaide.

Wouldn't Like It

YOUR idea sounds very well in theory, A. Thornton, but men usually dislike to receive gifts or favors of any kind. They like to stand on their own feet, buy their own necessities, and be independent of their fellows.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 234 McKillop St., Geelong, Vic.

Cutting Out Birthday Celebrations

LIKE Mrs. de Gulyay (29/10/38) I advocate cutting out birthday celebrations.

They are pleasant functions when we are children, but, in my opinion, are purely childhood functions. As we grow older, and birthdays have less of the epoch-making quality they had in childhood, our interest in them becomes merely perfunctory. It is just because of habit that we continue the celebrations.

And, as Mrs. de Gulyay says, they do tend to make us conscious of our increasing years.

Miss Jukes, Adelaide Street, Hobart.

Charming Custom

NO, I don't agree that celebrating children's birthdays is unnecessary. I think it is a charming custom. It is part of every child's life.

As for adults, well, I still think it a nice idea to give a gift when the day arrives, and the customary wish of "Many happy returns of the day" is quite contrary to the cynical tickling-off of another milestone, or rushing towards the end.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Brings Happiness

IT is inconceivable that Mrs. de Gulyay, who was once a child herself, could hold such sentiments concerning birthdays.

Can we not all remember the

Lazy Wives

WHAT is wrong with the young wives of to-day?

In a gathering of people I seemed to be the only one who got up early enough to get my husband's breakfast, and was called a fool for my pains.

But every woman there expected her husband to help wash up at night, after doing his day's work. I think it is every woman's duty to see that her husband goes off to work well fed, and unburdened. I also think a man should have leisure in the evening, after working hard all through the day.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Weribone Station, Surat, Qld.

happy anticipation of a birthday celebration, and the joy of little surprises prepared for us by our parents?

It would be hard to measure the happiness that would be taken from the world with the elimination of birthday celebrations.

Molly G. Bullock, Evandale, Tas.

Fearing Age

I DO not agree with Mrs. Margaret de Gulyay when she speaks of eliminating birthday celebrations.

The sentiments she expresses amount to no more than a fear of old age.

In my opinion it is only on a melancholy mind that any effect of the passing of years is produced.

M. Fitzsimons, 28 Park Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Why Forget Age?

THE mere forgetting of birthdays will do nothing to prevent us from growing old. The worrying about the passing of time does not prevent it passing.

Why not remember one's age? A person is as old as one feels.

Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

Good Old Custom

SURELY everyone gets a great deal of pleasure and happiness in keeping up birthdays whether one is young or old. Think of the anticipation, and the joy of realisation.

What could give a child more pleasure than the excitement of a birthday party?

Who worries if we are a year older? We still have plenty of time to enjoy the wonders of this world.

Mrs. R. Cashman, 2 Albert Street, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Adventure in Our Daily Tasks

MISS WOODS is unduly optimistic when she says one can find adventure in one's daily life if one can "forget oneself" (29/10/38).

When, year after year, one continues to do the same things at the same time, see the same faces, one must be of an extremely placid or

Employees, for economic and time-saving reasons, generally reside as close to their work as possible, and removal of factories to outside areas would give relief to congested suburbs as fast as homes could be erected in the new locations.

Any extra overhead cost for further transport of goods would surely be more than offset by the better health and improved efficiency of the employee.

Miss M. W. Thomson, 33 Holroyd St., Hampton St., Vic.

♦ ♦ ♦

PURPOSE OF LIFE

MANY people think that pleasure is the main aim of life. But pleasure is only a temporary gratification, involving but a fragment of our total being.

Happiness is a much greater thing. It arises from the harmonious operation of all the sentiments of an organised personality. The richer the personality, the more capable it is of sustaining happiness in spite of pains of all sorts.

Let us seek, not pleasure, but happiness.

Mrs. A. G. Blackburn, Caracous, 25 Amarina Avenue, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

♦ ♦ ♦

TO MANAGE MEN

HERE'S a word of advice for the bride:

Just after I was married an aunt said to me: "If you have any troubles or require any favors, never speak of them to your husband before he has had his dinner. Otherwise the answer will be very disappointing."

I have proved the truth of these words on many occasions since then and would advise wives, if they have been a little rash with their shopping, to cook a good dinner, and then broach the subject. It will invariably meet with a favorable reception.

Mrs. Gwen Porter, 59 Yillowra St., Auburn, N.S.W.

Perfect Eyesight without Glasses

Remarkable Development in Sight Correction

EYE CULTURE, a Natural Restorative for the eyes, relieves and cures suffering from WEAK SIGHT, SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, STRAINED EYES, FAILING VISION, SQUINT, etc.

Corseted without the use of glasses, and those wearing glasses can now discard them.

Science has now come to the rescue after years of experiment, and the results obtained with EYE CULTURE have been striking. The majority of those who have previously worn glasses are now enabled to discard them. It was never meant that EYE CULTURE should be used with spectacles. EYE CULTURE enables you to use your eyes as our Creator intended them to be used, that is, naturally and without glasses.

EYE CULTURE was developed from a modern and more complete understanding of the structure of the eye, and the many minute muscles which are continually regulating its focus and functions every minute of the working day.

It has been found that in weak eyesight, the eye muscles are often strained, congested and have lost their elasticity, and longer adjusting the eye to see clearly at all the varying distances we require.

When these muscles are induced to work again, the sight becomes normal and objects at any distance are seen with the greatest clearness.

Just as physical culture and exercises build up the body muscles, so does EYE CULTURE CORRECTLY APPLIED

SCIENCE tones and builds up those long-neglected muscles which control the sight. By the use of glasses the condition is aggravated and the eyes steadily become weaker and weaker, until eventually, now and then, it is necessary to get glasses which are stronger.

As you progress with EYE CULTURE, the process is reversed.

The eye muscles strengthen, the vision improves and you can find you can see better without glasses.

If your eyes become tired and sore when reading, driving a car, or at the pictures; if your head aches, your vision is blurred or you have any of the disabilities mentioned above, consult us immediately—we can help you with EYE CULTURE, and at very little cost.

FREE CONSULTATION
For the sake of your sight call and see us or, if unable, send a stamped addressed envelope, describing your eye trouble, to

EYE CULTURE

C. Irvine's Pharmacy,
No. 1 St. James Building,
107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Phone MABNET.

PRAYER

Oh! Is it then too much to ask
The beauty of a daily task?
And milk to drink, and bread to eat,
And all the certainty of sweet Content at close of day,
And time to dream, and time to pray?
We are too young, too new to life,
To bear this bitter, sorry strife!

—YVONNE WEBB.

HE said it with bitterness, for Elsie Weldon had become necessary, if not invaluable, to himself.

She had met him in town once or twice for lunch during the winter. By spring she was meeting him weekly on the day of her usual shopping expedition. She knew that he loved her. She was sorry for him. She said as much frankly, and admitted that she was sorry for herself.

"Then you love me?" he stated, feeling as young and shaken as if he were a boy with his first love.

She said, "I could. But I won't let myself." But her eyes told him that she had let herself; that, indeed, there was no escape. She added, "But I must stop meeting you like this, John. What is there in it for either of us? Tom needs me; the children need me; I am devoted to them. At my age, with my back-

ground, anything else is unthinkable."

He said, "A great many men must have loved you."

She would not answer. She would not betray those men, or herself. Her lips and her eyes were quiet. But a moment later she looked towards the entrance, and her usually controlled face expressed such shock and surprise that Alcott followed her regard.

A handsome woman was coming into the restaurant, who wore sables over a well-cut tailored suit. Elsie's face settled instantly into its usual lines of serenity, and she smiled at the woman. But she passed her table without recognition, and Alcott was seized with fury to contemplate the thought of any man being unfaithful to Elsie Weldon. It did not occur to him that, could he have his way, he would persuade Elsie Weldon to be unfaithful to Tom.

Continuing Charm

From Page 18

once more in control of herself, "I'm sorry you had to see that."

He asked, desperately sorry for her, angry because he could not have saved her a hurt. "What did it mean?"

She said, "It was a long time ago; I'd rather not talk about it. Something unpleasant. Probably, she added bravely, "my fault."

It was, he thought, perfectly clear. Long ago, in some other place where they had lived, Tom Weldon had gone off the deep end. Alcott was seized with fury to contemplate the thought of any man being unfaithful to Elsie Weldon. It did not occur to him that, could he have his way, he would persuade Elsie Weldon to be unfaithful to Tom.

THAT night at home, Elsie spoke to her husband. She said: "I saw Norma Dunn to-day. She cut me."

Tom was undressing. He wrenches at his collar and demanded irritably:

"Well, what did you expect?"

Elsie said nothing. The tears stood in her eyes. She went over to her husband and stood beside him, very close. She said:

"Tom—that wasn't kind."

He sighed and took her in his arms. He kissed her averted cheek and tasted salt. Her tears were bitter on his lips.

During the summer, three things happened. One late June night Eileen came home from the tennis club and walked into the sitting room, where her mother, Father, and Jane were playing three-handed bridge. She said, dropping her wrap from her young, vital body:

"I'm going to marry Peter Morton."

Elsie cried out with pleasure, swept the cards together, rose, and put her arms around her daughter. She said:

"I'm so glad, darling—it's marvellous."

It was marvellous. It was tantamount to half a million pounds.

Tom rose, too. And now Eileen was clinging to him, her back turned to Elsie. He said, awkwardly:

"You aren't crying, are you?" He put his hand under her chin and raised it. Her blue eyes were wet; her lips quivered; her round, young face was flushed.

Elsie said, "Of course she's crying. It's perfectly natural."

Eileen looked at her mother a moment, broke from her father's embrace, and went storming upstairs.

And Tom said, staring after her: "She doesn't seem happy to me. Of course, Peter's all right, a nice kid, but—"

Elsie said swiftly, "Hell seth down. I'm very pleased. I've seen this coming for some months. But I wouldn't raise a hand to help to hinder. It's Eileen's own life." Jane emitted a short, broken exclamation and went hurriedly upstairs. Elsie looked at her husband and raised her eyebrows. She said:

"What on earth—"

"She's very fond of Eileen," Tom answered uneasily.

"Of us all," agreed his wife, smiling. She added that Jane was a fine person, and then, absently: "It's a pity her ankles are thick."

"I hadn't noticed," said Tom. His mind wasn't on Jane Williamson, as much a fixture now in his house as the furniture. He said, hesitating: "I thought perhaps that Eileen was still interested in—"

"Howard Lane?" supplied his wife. She shook her head. "That was puppy love. And it would be years before they could marry."

Tom said: "He thought the world of you." Then he looked at her a minute. He repeated slowly: "He thought the world of you. Elsie, you didn't—"

"You know I never interfere," she said.

UPSTAIRS Eileen was crying, stretched across her bed with Jane beside her. And presently Jane said:

"Eileen, you don't have to marry him. You don't have to marry anyone."

Eileen answered, after a minute, raising a face swollen almost past recognition:

"I'm going to marry him. I'm going to get out. My way."

"Her way," said Jane heavily.

There was a little silence. Eileen said:

"It doesn't matter. Howard-Howard!" She began to cry again. Jane's brown hand stroked back the hair from her forehead. She said:

"You were very young. You still are."

Eileen stopped crying. She said violently:

Please turn to Page 22

**"THE BEST...
FOR INDIGESTION"**

"A friend gave me a couple of doses (of TWIN SODA) and I think it is the best I have taken for indigestion," writes Mr. R.P. of Glenorchy. "The original of this unsolicited tribute is on file. Every month hundreds more indigestion sufferers are pronouncing TWIN SODA's double action. It swiftly neutralising all excess stomach acids it stops pain at once. Moreover its gentle laxative action purifies the digestive organs, restores normal functioning. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA—1/6 a large packet."



AND

111 CASH PRIZES!

2nd prize: £100, 3rd prize: £50

Best Girl's Entry (under 16 years):
1st: £10, 2nd: £3, 3rd: £2Best Boy's Entry (under 16 years):
1st: £10, 2nd: £3, 3rd: £2Best Entry (over 60 years):
1st: £20, 2nd: £5, 3rd: £3

and 100 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

WIN! START NOW!

Think of it—a brand new 1938 Pontiac Sedan, just waiting for someone to drive it away. Why not you? And £800 in cash prizes too. Just a few words from you might do it!

2 simple conditions —
that's all!

1. Just write your TITLE under the picture of this advertisement. Fill in the address form with your name and address, etc., and put it to your entry or entries together with the required number of labels. (See Condition No. 2.)

2. Any person may forward any number of entries provided each entry is accompanied by a label from a 1-oz. jar of Vegemite. Two or more 1-oz. jar labels are not acceptable. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries, and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in four entries.

WON £500
IN 1st VEGEMITE
"GIVE IT A NAME"
COMPETITION.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the telegram," says Mr. W. Milne of 9 Vernon Road, Wangaratta, Victoria. "But there it was. I actually won the first prize of £500 in the Vegemite 'Give it a Name' Contest. That was my lucky day, all right!"



JUST GIVE THIS PICTURE A TITLE



There's nothing to it! Here's an example: "He'll lose more than one limb soon!"

Write your titles here:

★ Important! It is unnecessary to include the word "Vegemite" in your title.

SEND THE LABEL—SEE RULE No. 2

If the label does not pull away smoothly, stand the jar in water for several minutes. Mark your envelope "VEGEMITE 'Give it a Name' COMPETITION"—and address: G.P.O. Box 1958, Melbourne, C.I., Victoria, or G.P.O. Box 4201XX, Sydney, N.S.W. I am enclosing my entry(ies) with the requisite Vegemite label(s), as per condition No. 2. I agree to abide by the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ AGE _____ SEX _____ VAT. _____

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes star turn of
his revue. He befriends
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the revue.
By his attentions to Mary he rouses the jealousy of
ILLI: Temperamental torch-singer, whose boy friend

NORVELL: Has the knife-throwing act in the revue. He
in turn is embittered against Mandrake, and tries
to do away with him. When he fails, he takes
flight and is caught by Mary and Lilli robbing
Gruntz's safe to secure money for a getaway. To hide
this crime he kidnaps the two girls, but they manage
to escape. NOW READ ON.



Three amazing adventures of Mandrake now on sale in book form for 1/- All Newsagents.



**TO BE SURE
OF YOUR POPULARITY
KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY**

Your friends won't tell you and you probably won't detect perspiration odour on yourself. There's only one way to be sure . . . Keep the underarm dry! Oderono does more than merely take the odour out of perspiration . . . It gently checks underarm perspiration . . . a practice used and recommended by physicians . . . and protects your clothing from musty odours and ugly stains.

ODO-RO-NO



HOWARD belonged to me. Until she took him."

"What are you saying?" Jane asked. "You can't mean that, you can't."

"Don't be a fool," said Eileen bitterly. "She took him. She didn't want him for me, or for herself. But she took him, just the same. She wound him round her little finger. Everything I said and did seemed awkward and childish, after a while. He used to drop in on Sundays, sometimes I wouldn't be there. I'd come in, they'd be having tea. She'd say, 'I'm entertaining your boy-friend for you darling.' I'd feel like a fool. He thought she was pure gold. It wasn't hard for her to persuade him that I was too young, that it wasn't fair to me, that we shouldn't see each other for a year, that—oh, hang," said Eileen. "I'd forgotten him long ago. I'm going to marry Peter Merton."

"Peter's fun, he's exciting, and he has pots of money. So I'm going to marry him." She added, savagely, "bet she's planning the wedding now. A long engagement and all the frills. A garden wedding. If we haven't enough flowers, the Mertons will send us their greenhouse—I'll fool her," cried Eileen. "I'll elope!"

Downstairs, Eileen, lying back in her big chair, was saying:

"I think if they waited until next summer—after all, Eileen is only eighteen—a wedding in the garden would be lovely."

A car door slammed outside. Young Tom's small car. He and Anne had been out to dinner. Now they were coming up the steps. They had been quarrelling again; they were flushed, carrying their argument with them into the living-room.

Eileen said, "Please—Anne—"

But Anne confronted her furiously, and behind her, his eyes miserable and furious, was Tom.

Anne was crying:

"I won't stand it any more. I can't. I'm smothered, I tell you, smothered. You might as well know that I'm leaving Tom in the morning."

Tom the elder made a strangled sound in his throat. He was fond of his daughter-in-law. She was always sweet to him. He suspected

Continued from Page 20

that beneath her bright veneer she was vulnerable and sensitive.

Now she stood in front of Eileen and accused her wildly.

"You've always hated me!"

"That's nonsense," said Eileen. She smiled at her daughter-in-law. She said evenly, "You'll feel differently in the morning. You're upset."

Anne said suddenly, "You mean I've had too much to drink? Perhaps I have. I don't know why everyone here doesn't drink too much all the time. I should have known better than to marry Tom



Charm

Fairvale was stirred to its depths. Eileen Weldon engaged to Peter Merton! Anne Weldon leaving her husband! Everyone was sorry for Eileen. She had been marvellous with Anne; had Anne been her own child she couldn't have been sweeter. And now that she had gone, Eileen hadn't an unkind thing to say about her. She said merely, to her friends, "I'm so dreadfully sorry for them both. It was of course, a mistake from the beginning. But children have to learn by their own mistakes. Parents can't teach them. All they can do is warn them."

The third thing that happened was the arrival of the Ellises in Fairvale. They bought the Andrews' place, a big Georgian house with acres of ground. And when Fairvale learned that the Weldons and the Ellises had lived almost next door to each other in London everyone was delighted. It would make things pleasant for all concerned.

But the women who called on Mrs. Ellis came away bewildered. For it was obvious that Mrs. Ellis had not known that the Weldons were living in Fairvale, and was not enthusiastic when she did know.

Naturally people were curious. And when the Ellises gave a house-warming party, to which the Weldons were not invited, there was a good deal of talk.

Mrs. Merton decided to question Eileen.

"Look here, my dear, what's all this business with the Ellises?"

Eileen looked at her friend. She said:

"I'd rather not talk about it, Millicent. It was just a misunderstanding. I don't mind, of course, and I don't suppose the children will. Tom takes it to heart—yet it wasn't his fault. It was probably mine."

Mrs. Merton had no reason to believe that Tom Weldon was to blame; but she could afford to wash her hands of the Ellises, and she did. The situation was one in which people took sides, without knowing what it was all about. Mrs. Timothy, a comparative newcomer, who had never cared much for the Weldons, was the first to hear anything about the Ellises. She was on the side, of course. But then, as the rest of the people said, poor Della Timothy was a good deal influenced by the large Georgian house and all those acres of land!

"What was it about?" she wanted to know, after she and Mrs. Ellis had become quite friendly.

But Mrs. Ellis would admit to no one that for one whole summer she and her husband had been estranged because of Eileen Weldon. She merely replied: "My dear Mrs. Timothy, it's a storm in a teacup. Surely Fairvale is large enough to hold both the Weldons and ourselves. I have nothing against them; I simply learnt long ago that any friendship with Eileen Weldon was expensive."

Mrs. Timothy repeated that, and some of Eileen Weldon's admirers began to think: What had Mrs. Ellis meant—"expensive"?

Gradually they began to remember little things, unconsidered at the moment, then tried to forget them again. How was it that when Eileen Weldon wanted something you gave it to her? The choicest plants from your garden, the loan of your man-of-all-work, the offer of a car and chauffeur when for some reason she could not use her own. How did it happen that all the new furniture she had bought since coming to Fairvale had been obtained through the Ellises at an enormous discount?

Nothing further occurred until the day John Alcott, driving home early from Town, decided to drop in and see Eileen for a moment before dinner. There was still an hour to go before Tom arrived home.

He found her in the sitting-room—alone, and in tears. She tried to control herself when he came in. But she was too late. He asked: "What's the matter?" Then, for the first time, took her in his arms. And after a long time he discovered that she was discouraged and unhappy.

She explained, quietly:

"All my life—wasted. And I've tried so hard. I was so young when Tom and I were married. If I made a mistake, I've never let him know. I've tried to make him happy. I've lived for him and the children. I've tried," she said brokenly, "so hard. But since Anne left—John, that wasn't my fault, was it? I was fond of Anne, but she—"

"It wasn't your fault," he agreed.

Please turn to page 23



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABANA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABANA, the color men admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABANA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites.

At the beach CABANA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABANA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—clings to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABANA — at all drug counters. Extra 2/- large size, only.

GLAZO The Smart Manicure

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mr. Beach, at Sevenoaks, tells how he made his baby girl's hair grow from flat and straight to curly and wavy and curly.

"Baby's hair" was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her. Now her sitrusy, curly hair is in plumes of wavy, curly, pretty, and the locks just sit like a halo around her head.

I am telling everybody to know all about CURLYPET. You're always

brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy hair.

Get a 5/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or druggist today.

Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET.

Wonderful Remedy For Indigestion

Mr. J. A. of William St., Brisbane, writes: "I have been a martyr to indigestion for a number of years, and last year I developed an ulcer in the stomach. My wife was told about TWIN SODA. I have been taking it ever since, and I would not be without it. From the first dose that I took of your wonderful remedy I had instant relief. Anyone wishing to verify this can interview or write to me at the above address." (The original of this unsolicited tribute is on file.) End your indigestion with TWIN SODA. Buy a large packet from your chemist. Costs only 1/-."

Continuing Charm

From Page 22

She said, trying to smile: "I don't know why I should let this business of the Ellises upset me. We were good friends. I don't know what you've heard; but it isn't likely you've heard the truth."

"I don't listen to gossip," said Alcott simply.

She said: "Edith Ellis was ill for a long time, and Frank used to come to our house a good deal. That was all there was to it. But you know what women are like, the things they imagine — especially when they're ill."

He said: "I suppose she 'imagined' her husband was in love with you. She was probably right, my dear. How could he help it?"

She said: "He wasn't in love with me, John; he was just lonely. I was fond of him. He's a very fine person. Edith is, too. It's a miserable situation. You know how small Fairvale is. What people will say — I don't mind for myself, but I do mind for Tom. And for Elsie. The Mertons are bound to see a good deal of the Ellises."

He said, "Forget it. You don't love Tom, do you, Elsie?"

She would not answer. She would not tell a lie.

Neither of them heard the front door close. But they did hear the heavy footsteps. Elsie drew herself away. She said, "It was probably Jane."

"Probably," said Alcott. He added: "My dear, I'm absolutely helpless — even to defend you against the meanest sort of gossip; yet I am always there if you want me. I want you. You know that."

Elsie, after Alcott had gone, went upstairs to her bedroom. Tom was standing by the window. She was conscious of a sudden stab of fear. When had he come in? It evidently hadn't been long.

She said, "Darling, I didn't hear you come in."

Tom turned from the window. He said:

"I thought as much. I caught an earlier train. I looked in the sitting-room. This time, at least, the man isn't married."

She said, "Aren't you assuming a good deal, Tom?"

He came and stood near her. He said:

"Sit down; I want to talk to you. I've finished with you. I don't have to protect you any more. Alcott can do that. Before this, it was up to me. Elsie was married. Dunn was married, so were the others."

"Tom!"

"Don't bother," he said. "I'm im-

mure. I'm sick of your confounded charm. You haven't any character. You get everything, you have your own way, without an effort. You don't even fight and fall sometimes, like other people. You're soft, right through. You separated Tom and Anne. You forced them to live here so that Anne would find herself in competition with you. It was indecent! You could wind your son round your little finger. Anne said she was smothered. So she was. No one has a chance with you. Elsie. You completely absorb their personalities.

"You forced Elsie into this engagement with young Merton. Before that, you broke up her affair with Howard Lane because you couldn't bear to see Elsie in a situation you hadn't brought about. That's why you disliked Anne; Tom fell in love with her without consulting you.

"You forced me into a directorship I didn't want. George Young is no more susceptible than any other man, but he's susceptible enough for your purpose. I was never interested in the executive side of my business. I am an engineer. I wanted to stay where I was. But you wouldn't allow it. You wanted me to get along by your efforts — or lack of effort. You're a dangerous woman, Elsie. You bleed your friends, you suck them dry. You give nothing in return. You've used Jane on every possible occasion. You brought her here to live. She is an excellent foil.

WELL, it's all over now. I've been waiting for just this, ever since I saw how things were going with Alcott. I think that Tom will go back to Anne, and that Elsie will break her engagement. We've all been fools long enough."

Everything tumbled round Elsie, because her belief in herself was going. She was lost and lonely, a woman of forty-three with hair going grey.

She rose and he stood still, just bracing himself a little. She said, with her arms wound tightly round him:

"You don't mean it — Tom."

She was saying nothing of importance. Nor, although she was so close to him, was he at all thrilled by her nearness. Yet he felt himself sinking, smothered in velvet.

Downstairs a door slammed; it must be Jane. Tom unclasped his wife's arms. He said:

"It's no good, Elsie."

All Fairvale was shocked when Elsie Weldon started the divorce proceedings.

The Briggs' house was on the market once more, and Fairvale heard that Anne and young Tom were reconciled and living in London. The Mertons were, of course, furious when Elsie broke her engagement to their eligible son, and were plausibly delighted when they heard she had gone to work somewhere — in a photographer's. Now and then people saw her and reported that she had changed a good deal. She had so much more animation.

Of course, there was a man in the background — Howard Lane, or Shane, or something. The Mertons, taking Peter abroad to recover from his broken heart, were very glad to hear that the man was already supporting an invalid mother.

People were excited but not especially astonished when they heard that John Alcott had married Elsie Weldon on the day her divorce became final. But it was something of a blow to them when the Alcott place was put on the market. They had all been so willing to champion the new Mrs. Alcott against all-comers.

But what no one could understand was why Tom Weldon married Jane Williamson. Of course, Tom hadn't much personality, but he'd been married to a woman with lots of it. And Jane, my dear, was utterly devoid of charm.

(Copyright.)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

9.30s.32



MARY LOU LENDER, of Paramount, chooses this delightfully young and feminine style for evening. The full chiffon skirt is gathered into becoming shirring at the waist. The bodice is covered with novelty crocheting.

FEET tied down WITH PAIN?
-BLAME STALE FOOT ACID!

When you feel you can't lift your poor old aching feet — when agonising pain seems to tie them to the ground — blame Stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition begins in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3000 pores to every square inch of skin — more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox super-solutes the waste acid, life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are another. Swelling goes down. Tired, numb feet are relieved. Feet are comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists. Price 2/6 and 3/9 per packet.

RADOX



It's a mistake to think you're getting a perfectly white wash unless you're using Persil. For Persil whiteness beats anything you can get with the best of ordinary soaps. That's because Persil's suds are oxygen-charged to get rid of every speck of dirt and stain. It's by washing things *cleaner* that Persil gets them whiter. Once you give your things a Persil wash you'll agree that Persil whiteness really is the only true standard of whiteness in washing. *And don't forget... Persil's gentle cleansing action makes things last longer.*

PERSIL — THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

21.30s.32

At present you think your washing's all right — but until you use PERSIL it can't be white

BEAUTY OF THE BALLET IN THE GARDENS



THE COVENT GARDEN RUSSIAN BALLET company danced out-of-doors, for the first time, specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.



ON THE LAWN five members of the corps de ballet dance in the white frocks they wear for the "Swan Lake" ballet. The Ballet opens in Sydney next week.



LEAPING in an airy arabesque, the five dancers are Ludmilla Lvova, Maria Sanina, Alexandra Denisova, Lina Lerina, and Natasha Slobinova.



Like Forest Nymphs.

Each like a lovely individual statue, the dancers pose in a perfect group that forms the same sloping silhouette as the rising hillside and the fir-tree branch above their heads. The bough casts rich shadows on their white ballet frocks.



A **WHITE CLOUD** of frothy skirts floats across the lawn as the lithe, graceful figures dance in the gardens bathed in early summer sunshine.

Hed-oids END HEADACHE



WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL!

The most obstinate headache MUST go when you take Hed-oids MEDICAL A.P.C. Powders! These are the SWEDISH powders, not deteriorate. They are compounded strictly and are 17 times tested for purity. Pain just GOES . . . at once! Hed-oids medical A.P.C. Powders are perfectly safe and do not affect digestion or appetite. Packed in foil-lined paper powders 1/6, or single powders 2d. Hed-oids tablets are packed in tins for 9d. Take Hed-oids for Headaches. Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Hed-oids
MEDICAL A.P.C. POWDERS
FOR HEADACHES

Sweden Deals With Slum Problem

Cottage Settlements Are Example to Australian Cities

MASS-PRODUCED housing sections, which can be assembled by the owners themselves, are Sweden's answer to the slum problem, according to Australian architect Lindsay C. Dawkins.

Mr. Dawkins is returning to Adelaide, via America, after six years studying and practising as an architect in Europe.



THE TWO-STORIED DWELLINGS which contain living-room, dining-room, and kitchen on the ground floor, and three bedrooms on the first floor.

SWEDEN'S anti-slum houses are designed so simply that even women can build them.

Devised by the Town Planning Authorities, the scheme is financed by the Government, which advances 80 per cent. of the total cost.

The worker is given a plot of land, and, on payment of 10 per cent. of the cost, a ready-cut home. The assembling is his own problem. According to Mr. Dawkins, who spent some time studying the scheme, Stockholm, under this system, has made great progress with its slum clearance.

"All the work," he said, "must be done in the short northern summer, and groups of people build the house on a community plan."

"The local authorities place at the disposal of the home-builder technical advisers; neighbours lend a hand in return for his assistance with the assembling of their homes."

"Plumbing, heating, gas, and electricity, requiring the services of specialists, is done by tradesmen employed by the council."

"It might be thought that having factory-built houses of similar pattern and design would present a dreary picture," Mr. Dawkins said, "but actually the neat appearance of these homes, each with its own allotment and garden, is as pleasing a sight in town-planning as I have seen."

"So successful was the first attempt at re-housing on this co-operative plan that there are already 3000 self-built homes in Stockholm and somewhere about 1000 in Göteborg."

"The scheme is now being extended into all the overcrowded factory towns in the country."

"Though cut to pattern in the Government factories there are a number of designs to choose from, the smallest house consisting of a living-room, two bedrooms, and kitchen on the ground floor."

"The largest house under the

scheme is two-storied with living-room, dining-room, and kitchen on the ground floor, and three bedrooms on the first floor."

"All the houses are built over a large basement, which has provision for the bathroom, central heating plant, and storage room."

"In the long summer twilight and over the week-ends," Mr. Dawkins said, "the owner commences by digging the basement, which is then lined with special bricks."

"After this the sections, each one of which is numbered according to the plan, are put together and, like some giant meccano set, the house is assembled and bolted together."

Neighbors Help

"THE walls are completely prefabricated in timber, and, once the frame is up, the roof and floors are laid, after which the comparatively simple task of fitting doors and windows is accomplished."

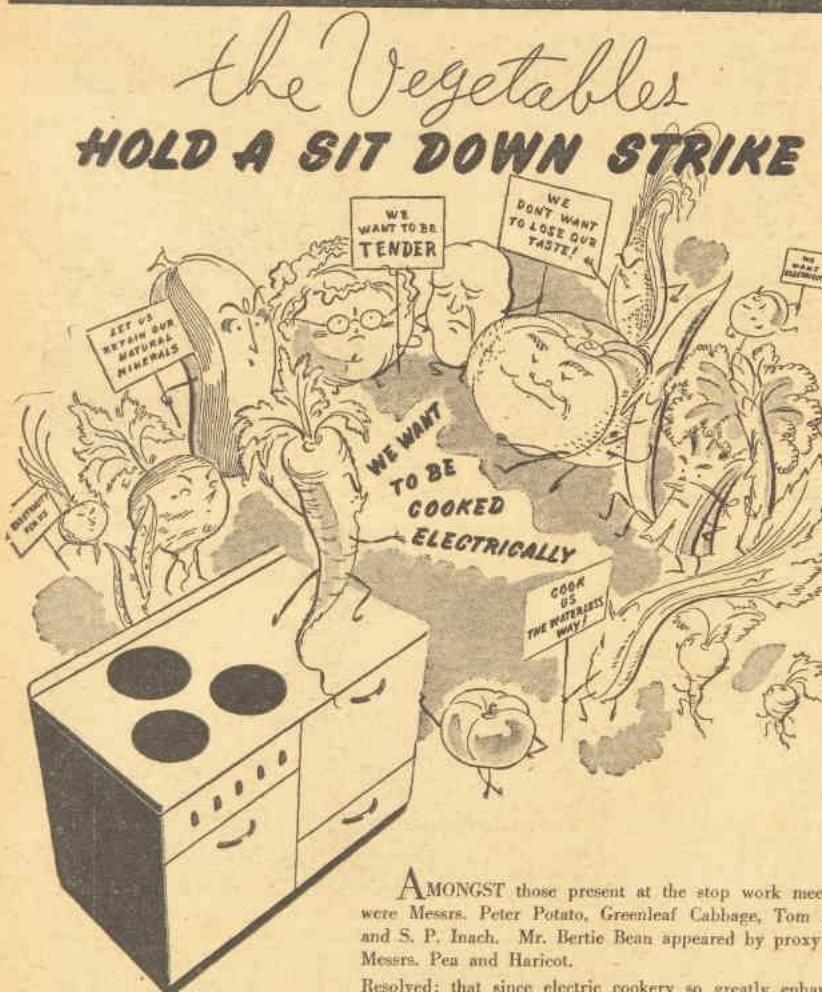
"Council's artisans do the specialised work on the house, and before the first chill wind of autumn blows the family move into their new home secure and happy in the knowledge that they have four good walls and a water-tight roof over their heads."

"When his return services are no longer required by the neighbors who have helped him to build his house, the finishings and interior decorating are done at leisure."

"In harmony with the other homes the weatherboard house is painted and charming town-planning results are obtained."

"Each house," Mr. Dawkins said, "is so designed and laid out that there can be no overlooking of living-rooms."

"Wherever possible trees have been preserved, new trees and gardens planted, with the result that some thousands of workers from the big steel factories who were previously cooped up in one and two-room tenement flats can now live in fresh and homely surroundings of their own."



AMONGST those present at the stop work meeting were Messrs. Peter Potato, Greenleaf Cabbage, Tom Ato, and S. P. Inach. Mr. Bertie Bean appeared by proxy for Messrs. Pea and Haricot.

Resolved: that since electric cookery so greatly enhanced the prestige, flavour and palatability of all vegetables . . . that since electric cookery was so much more economical than any other method . . . and since approved electric ranges can be purchased on NO DEPOSIT and 5 YEARS' TERMS from the Sydney County Council (with even the cost of installation included in the terms!) . . . all vegetables be urged to direct the public to the Queen Victoria Building.

COOK ELECTRICALLY

BETTER LIGHT MEANS BETTER SIGHT

You can protect your family against all-too-prevalent eyestrain by installing at least one of the "Better Sight" Lamps now available from the Sydney County Council on particularly easy terms.

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL

QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY, AND AT
200 BURWOOD RD., BURWOOD; 259 BEAMISH ST., CAMPSIE.

All this for
4d A WEEK

You can HIRE an Electric Kitchen Hot Water Service from the Sydney County Council for a rental of 4d. a week. FREE INSTALLATION! FREE SERVICE! Electric hot water at your kitchen sink . . . 4d. a week plus the trifling cost of the electricity used!

HAIRDRESSING PAYS!

HOLLYWOOD
HAIRDRESSING COLLEGE

H.H.C.

Mr. DARELLE, "The Hollywood Hairdresser"

Proprietor (just returned from Hollywood)

ESTABLISHED IN AUSTRALIA
12 YEARS

DARELLE HOUSE (4 complete floors)
140 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

Write or Phone for Booklet
PHONES MABIG, MABIG, MABIG

Why Girls Don't Rush Marriage

Long, Long Quest for the Perfect Husband

Australia's young women were keenly interested in the "Why Didn't You Marry" inquiry recently undertaken in America, the results of which were published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* last week.

While economic insecurity influences marriage rates here as in America, finding a **PERFECT** partner is given by many as the chief problem.

TOO many girls, unconsciously defer marriage because they are looking for perfection in their partner," commented Miss Bessie Forster, general secretary of the Brisbane branch of the Young Women's Christian Association.

"Although modern young people show courage in so many directions and are willing to take risks where marriage is concerned they also want to be assured of economic security."

"Casters often make girls postpone marriage until their thirties. Then they begin to think about it."

If Miss Forster's reason is general Australia needs at least 300,000 perfect husbands right away, for we have that number of spinsters over the age of 25.

The American investigation gave three chief reasons as barriers to marriage: Economic insecurity, lack of social opportunity, supports family, prefers single life, disappointed in love, can't find right man, poison career, religion or racial differences, nothing to gain.

Romantic Ideals

MISS FORSTER'S comment would seem to answer for a good many spinsters in Australia.

Women, in spite of inherent common sense, often never outgrow their Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella romance ideas.

And later on they wake up to find that the young man in the Gas Company is manager now, anyway, and the handsome film actor they once yearned for is playing bit parts in road stock-companies!

The film, according to one young

girl, are a retarding influence on practical romance. The man who buys the seats shows up so very badly beside Clark Gable and Herbert Marshall.

Unfortunately discrimination is so often disproportionate to charm.

The total of more than 300,000 single women over 25 in Australia represents about 19 per cent of the total female population.

Most of these women see their chances of marriage grow slimmer and slimmer each year. That fact is borne out by statistics.

The average age of marriage for spinsters is approximately 25.

Last year 5817 women were married at 23, 4097 at 25, 2128 at 28, 1420 at 30, 921 at 34, and 95 at 44.

Those figures exclude the women who remarried after divorce or death of husbands.

To obtain truthful reasons for non-marriage—from women anyway—is extremely difficult.

What woman on earth would admit that no one had ever asked her?

And how many cite a momentary sign of affection by a moonlight-distracted male as another in a long and maybe fictitious list of proposals?

Leading people all over Australia were asked for their opinions of the American inquiry.

Many agreed that economic inse-



ULTIMATE end of a perfect husband . . . that romantic, elusive, visionary figure sought by 300,000 Australian girls and women over the age of 25.

curity played a large part in deferring or cancelling marriage. Others thought that social opportunities were not sufficiently wide in these emancipated days.

Mrs. Eleanor Glencross, president of the Sydney Housewives' Progressive Association, was emphatic.

"I have yet to meet the woman," she said, "who would not gladly give up single life for the right man."

Many women fail to meet the right man. It is nonsense to talk of preferring a career, because modern examples prove that marriage and another career can be combined.

"I believe marriage to be the finest career, but if economic conditions necessitate two breadwinners then the woman can still work and make a success of it."

"Many selfish young men getting the basic wage at 21 spend their earnings on themselves, especially when otherwise helped by their family."

"They spend it on clothes, on the racecourse, and on sports."

"Let girls say what they like about preferring to spend all their money on themselves. It's mostly sheer bravado."

"Give the majority a chance and they'd be glad to give up their own salaries and make some man's go farther!"

"I wouldn't give up my home life for anything. I am a widow now, but I still have my home, and the happiest times of my life are the week-ends when I am free to run my own house."

IT is the girls who are selfish, says Rev. W. G. Coughlan, of Sydney.

Mr. Coughlan does not lay that down as the entire reason for non-marriage, but he says:

"The modern girl wants expensive dresses and hats—even if they do look like inverted inkwells! She wants to keep up with her friends."

"It is a case of the herd instinct triumphing over the sex instinct."

"Nowadays more money is spent on bathing-suits and cosmetics and advertisement generally. A tremendous cult of the physical is sweeping over civilisation."

"Many other factors delay or prevent marriage, of course. Young men, with memories of the depression, are afraid of asking a wife to share insecurity. The women are loath to give up their economic independence, which can be a bad as well as a good thing."

"The general friendship between the sexes possibly delays marriage, too. In itself that friendship is healthy, and I like to see it, but it is quite likely that young people these days regard the other sex as friends rather than prospective husbands or wives."

Both Mr. Coughlan and Mrs. Glencross believe that there is plenty of social opportunity, actually more than formerly, since women work with men as well as seeing them in their leisure hours.

HERE ARE THE SIREN QUALITY GIFTS

Extra Large

BATH TOWELS

25" x 46" Coloured or White Admiralty.

16 BLUE CROSSES

Pure Irish Linen

GLASSCLOTH

Size, 25" x 32"

16 BLUE CROSSES

Hemstitched

PILLOWSLIP

Size, 21" x 31"

16 BLUE CROSSES

Splendently finished

SAUCEPAN

2½ pt. Coloured heat-

proof knob.

16 BLUE CROSSES

TABLE KNIFE

DESSERT KNIFE

16 BLUE CROSSES EACH

HAIR BROOM

Fine close-set bristles

16 BLUE CROSSES

CASSEROLE

16" in diam., made of

99% pure Aluminium

16 BLUE CROSSES

TABLE FORK

12 BLUE CROSSES

4 BLUE CROSSES WITH EVERY LARGE BAR

1 BLUE CROSS WITH UTILITY TABLET

DESSERT FORK

DESSERT SPOON

16 BLUE CROSSES EACH

HAIR BROOM

Fine close-set bristles

16 BLUE CROSSES

CASSEROLE

16" in diam., made of

99% pure Aluminium

16 BLUE CROSSES

TABLE FORK

12 BLUE CROSSES

4 BLUE CROSSES WITH EVERY LARGE BAR

1 BLUE CROSS WITH UTILITY TABLET

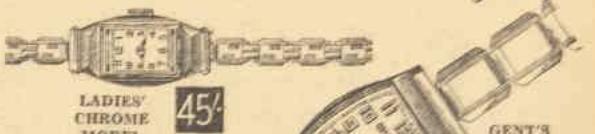
ASK YOUR GROCER HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS

25/-

Orchard's

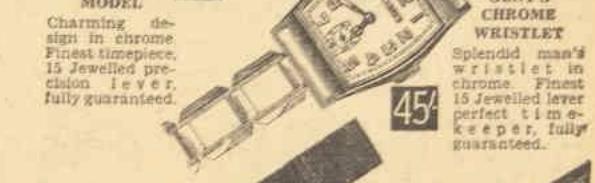


Where the Watches grow



LADIES' CHROME MODEL

Charming design in chrome. Finest timepiece. 15 Jewelled precision lever, fully guaranteed.



GENT'S CHROME WRISTLET

Splendid man's wristlet in chrome. Finest 15 Jewelled lever perfect timekeeper, fully guaranteed.



SCHOOLGIRLS' WATCH

Dainty chrome wristlet for maid or schoolgirl. Strong and reliable lever movement, guaranteed.



SCHOOLBOYS' WATCH

Strong and serviceable chrome watch, excellent timekeeper, lever movement, guaranteed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, POST FREE

ORCHARD'S

TWO STORES

401 PITT ST.

RAILWAY SQ.

NEXT ANTHONY HORDEKINS'

SYDNEY

A TYPEWRITER FOR XMAS

Make a Lay-By NOW at Bargain Prices!



What better gift than a typewriter this Xmas! And you won't find greater values anywhere than those which Chartres offer. Every machine has been thoroughly reconditioned in Australia's greatest typewriter workshop . . . all are fully guaranteed.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES

Remingtons from £14/-

Underwoods from £7/10/- Royals from £10/-

Make a LAY-BY while these bargain prices last or buy for cash or terms.

CHARTRES LTD.

Liverpool and Nithsdale Sts., Sydney. Phone, M6481 (9 lines).

Money is Nothing Now to Wealthy "Quins"



THE FAMOUS DIONNE QUINTUPLETS (l. to r.)—Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette, and Emilie. An offer of £75,000 for their appearance at the New York World Fair has just been refused. Soon they are to have a new home.

AFTER 6,000 TESTS WITH DIFFERENT TOILET SOAPS—LEADING AUSTRALIAN SKIN SPECIALIST says:—

"Lifebuoy Soap is one of the mildest available

... certainly milder than some other soaps which are recommended for babies and women

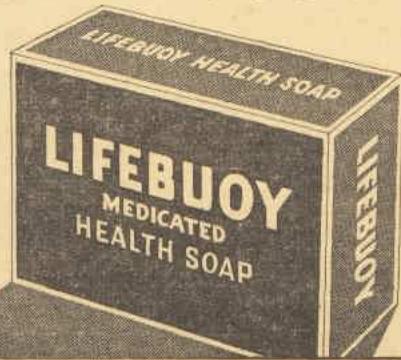


STATEMENT MADE IN COURT BY
Dr. "Sydney Morning Herald,"
1st April, 1938.

Literally thousands of tests with popular toilet soaps have convinced doctors and dermatologists that the unique blend of ingredients in Lifebuoy soap—including the famous health element—make it outstandingly mild. This wonderful mildness is important to you because it means that, not only does Lifebuoy stop "B.O." (Body Odour), but it does it in the most gentle way possible.

Make Lifebuoy your health and toilet soap from to-day!

A LEVER PRODUCT



247A

Canada-wide Fight Over Site of New Dionne Homestead

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

Money doesn't matter any more to the Dionne Quintuplets, but the site of a new home does. There's quite a fight going on about this now.

Their guardian is kept busy refusing fabulous offers for their appearance—the last a mere £75,000 bait to get them to the World Fair in New York next year. But New Yorkers are hoping that the "Quins" may yet appear, if a bigger offer is made.

In the meantime Dr. Dafoe wants to get on with the planning of the new home for the famous five.

D. DAFOE fights for the "Quins" welfare above everything.

Their commercial interests are assured; in a few more years each of the little girls will be worth a million dollars.

Their guardian is determined that they shall be healthy, happy children with a chance to enjoy it, so he considers their home of first importance.

No one can decide where Oliva

tourist trade to think about, the Government has the expenditure it has made on the present homestead.

It has built special facilities for visitors at the Dionne Hospital, a big parking station and a road which makes the site accessible from the new Trans-Canada highway.

The committee claims that tourists want to see the Dionne homestead almost as much as the Dionnes, and that its removal would ruin trade for the entire North Bay area.

Lending quiet support is the Canadian National Railway which travels to Callander.

If the home is moved to Trout Lake, the swarming Dionne traffic goes to the rival Canadian Pacific Railway.

But possibly the strongest opponent of any plan to move the "Quins" is their little-known grandfather, Oliver Dionne, who hacked the family homestead from the wilderness forty-three years ago.

"Humph," grunts the taciturn old man, "if they were my children I'd fight to keep them where they are at the point of a gun."

No More Tonsil Trouble

THE "Quins" tonsils were removed last week at Dr. Dafoe's hospital.

The medical report is "highly satisfactory."

Quite a squad of special medical attendants, both doctors and nurses, were sent from Toronto General Hospital to Callander, Ontario, to assist at the operations.

A nerve sedative and an anaesthetic were given.

The operation will protect the "Quins" from a recurrence this winter of colds and throat infections.



I FIRST BOUGHT
LIFEbuoy TO PROTECT ME
FROM 'B.O.' NOW IT'S MY
FAVOURITE BEAUTY
SOAP, TOO.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

An amazing new discovery. Simply apply this fragrant cream with a few strokes of water and every trace of hair is gone! Skin is soft and velvety—smooth. No coarse texture. The cream only makes the hair stand out and easier. The old-fashioned depilatories were smelly and messy. The up-to-date quick, clean and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New "V-EEL" 2/6 (a double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories

Nervous, Weak Ankles Swollen!

Much nervousness is directly traceable to Pains in the Kidneys and Bladder which also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Ankles, Backache, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Bladder Acidity, Leg Pains and Discomfort. The Doctor's prescription Crates your elimination, tones you up in a hurry, quickens the Kidney and Bladder troubles, restores energy, health and steady nerves. Crates must prove entirely satisfactory and as exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist for Crates today. The guarantee protects you.

To the committee the Ontario Government is now lending an attentive ear.

Just as Callanderians have their

The Movie World

November 19, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

• 1. Orphan Shirley bids a tearful farewell to her friends of the theatre when ordered back to the orphanage. With her are Edward Ellis and Phyllis Brooks.

• 2. Two penurious guests of the theatrical hotel seek relaxation: Jimmy Durante, band leader, and El Brendel, vaudeville artist.



• 3. In full-dress regalia, George Murphy taps with Shirley.

• 4. Wealthy George Murphy befriends Shirley, and falls in love with Phyllis Brooks.

• 5. El Brendel, Shirley, and Jimmy Durante go into their dance to prove to the court they can meet financial obligations.

Miss Temple in Town

"LITTLE MISS BROADWAY" Fox backstage musical, has Shirley Temple an orphan adopted by the proprietor of a Broadway hotel for vaudeville actors. By song, dance, and winning ways Shirley saves the hotel and its several guests from financial disaster, and brings fame and fortune to all.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES, and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

Only Friends

THOUGH the Douglas Fairbanks-Jon-Gertrude Lawrence romance, which received so much publicity when Doug was in England, is a thing of the past, the two are still the best of friends.

When Miss Lawrence brought her play, "Susan and God," to Los Angeles, Doug appointed himself her official guide during her stay in the movie town.

He and Cary Grant also gave a party for her at their beach house.

Swarthout Returns

CLADYS SWARTHOUT has returned to Hollywood after an absence of eight months and is ready to start work in "Ambush" for Paramount.

Newcomer Richard Stanley will have the male lead. Stanley has been under contract to M-G-M for some time, playing small parts under the name of Stanley Morner, but this will be his first movie lead.

♦ ♦ ♦

She's Too Costly

JEAN ARTHUR'S demand for thirty thousand pounds per picture has cost her two good roles within recent months.

M-G-M wanted her for the lead opposite Robert Taylor in "Stand Up and Fight" but wouldn't meet her salary demand, so Florence Rice got the part. Jean lost the lead in "Union Pacific" for the same reason, and the part will be played by Ellen Drew.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sabu in Hollywood

SABU, little Indian boy star of "The Drum," burst upon Hollywood the other other with two six-foot Sikh bodyguards and dazzling red turban, and made immediately for the Selznick studios to meet Miss Lombard. Carole held up shooting on "Made for Each Other" while she chatted with him, and the next day the two went skating together!

New "Thin Man"

THE next "Thin Man" picture is causing trouble. William Powell hasn't signed a new contract with M-G-M, and so it's unlikely that it will be available for the film. The studio is considering using Melvyn Douglas as the detective, Nick Charles, with some actress other than Myrna Loy as Mrs. Charles.

How beautiful you can be!



Joan Crawford
M.G.M. Star



Max Factor's Cosmetics are sold at all leading stores and chemists.

Joan Crawford, of M.G.M., using Max Factor's Powder.

Joan Crawford, of M.G.M., using Max Factor's Rouge.

Max Factor's Super-indelible Lipstick for Joan Crawford!

Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor's postage-free Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. Enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. FREE

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
ADDRESS	Very Light	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
	Fair	Grey	Light	Oily
	Creamy	Green	BROWN	Normal
CITY	Medium	Hazel	Light	Dark
	Reddy	Brown	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Sallow	Black	Light	Dark
STATE	A.S.A.	LASHES	REDHEAD	Moist
	Freckled	Light	Light	Dry
	Olive	Dark	Dark	
				AGE
				(Choose from Green, Black, Rose, and Tan)

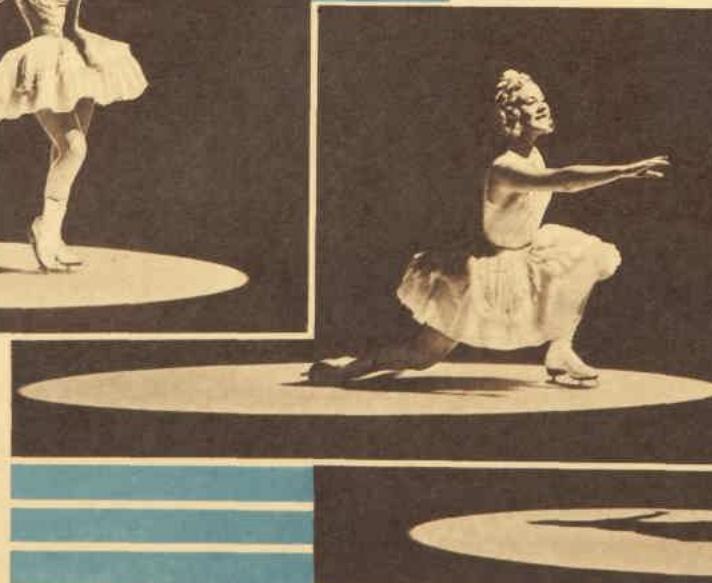
Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia
FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON PTY., LTD.,
Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney



SONJA HENIE

as she appears in her latest skating picture, "My Lucky Star." Above, demure in snow cap and coat, and below three spotlight pictures of Sonja going through her skating paces. She executes a neat swirl, a lunge, and a dainty pirouette on the points of her skates. Recommended only for experts.



Sonja Has Set World Skating

MOVIE STARS ARE WELL KNOWN AS LEADERS OF FASHION, BUT THEY CAN ALSO SET THE VOGUE FOR PLEASURES AND PASTIMES.

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

IT is a remarkable enough achievement that Sonja Henie, winner of the Olympic skating championship for 1936, should have become a world-famous film star—among the ten most popular in America—on only three pictures, and in less than 18 months.

But even more remarkable is the fact that she has in those three same pictures popularised the ancient sport to such an extent that all the world over people are crowding the ice rinks, showing renewed interest in skating.

Where there aren't natural facilities for skating, someone now builds them.

Never before has skating enjoyed such a vogue.

It is difficult to judge the reason for a sudden fashion with any accuracy, but it is quite definite that since Sonja Henie's first picture skating has become amazingly popular.

When Sonja first entered films no one predicted the tremendous popularity she would enjoy.

She was Olympic champion, attractive, but with no experience in movie work. Most people thought her first picture would be popular, but only because she was that interesting personality, an Olympic champion made glamorous as a film star.

But her first film, "Girl in a Million," proved an instantaneous success.

Sonja's Influence

IMMEDIATELY people grew interested in skating, not only in watching it but in practising the graceful art for themselves. They, too, wanted to enjoy the thrill of cutting figures in ice, dancing in rhythm, like Sonja.

Then came two more pictures, "Thin Ice" and "Happy Landing," which set the seal on Sonja's popularity, made her a definite identity in films instead of a one-picture success, and created an even greater public appetite for skating.

So now it is the fashionable sport—for kings and the humblest subjects. Watching Sonja on ice made people realise anew just what an exhilarating sport skating was.

Of course it's nothing new, this style-setting my movie stars.

Fashions in clothes and hair styles are popularised through the movies.

The boyish bob became fashionable when, years ago, Anna Q. Nilsson strolled onto the screen with her hair cut short in "Pontjola." Then women all over the world went for the boyish bob.

Next, Barbara La Marr set the wind-blown bob fashion, and girls everywhere began to wear their hair artistically "shaggy." This fashion lasted for years.

Nor must we forget Jean Harlow, who first started the vogue for platinum-blond hair.

Garbo had an important influence on style. She wore her hair long, straight, with studied carelessness, and soon numbers of girls all the world over were copying her, even to the deep, husky voice and the slow mysterious smile.

Mariene Dietrich started the fashion for shaved eyebrows, replaced by pencilled lines in exaggerated arches.

Styles in Beauty

JOAN CRAWFORD set a special style in beauty—big-mouthed, large-eyed, and high of cheekbone. Girls all over the world winched their lips to look like Crawford.

Then she wore a stunning gown in "Letty Lynton," and you couldn't get near a dance floor for "Letty Lynton" frocks.

Remember all the "It" girls Greta Garbo started? The flapper vogue for which Colleen Moore, with her straight fringe, was the prototype.

And for the men, Ronald Colman made American men mustache-conscious—proving that it's not only the women who are susceptible to fashions started by the screen.

Of recent years, the popular vogue for page-boy style received great impetus from the screen beauties who wore it. Binnie Barnes was one of the first, and now Ginger Rogers continues to give justification to the flattering style.

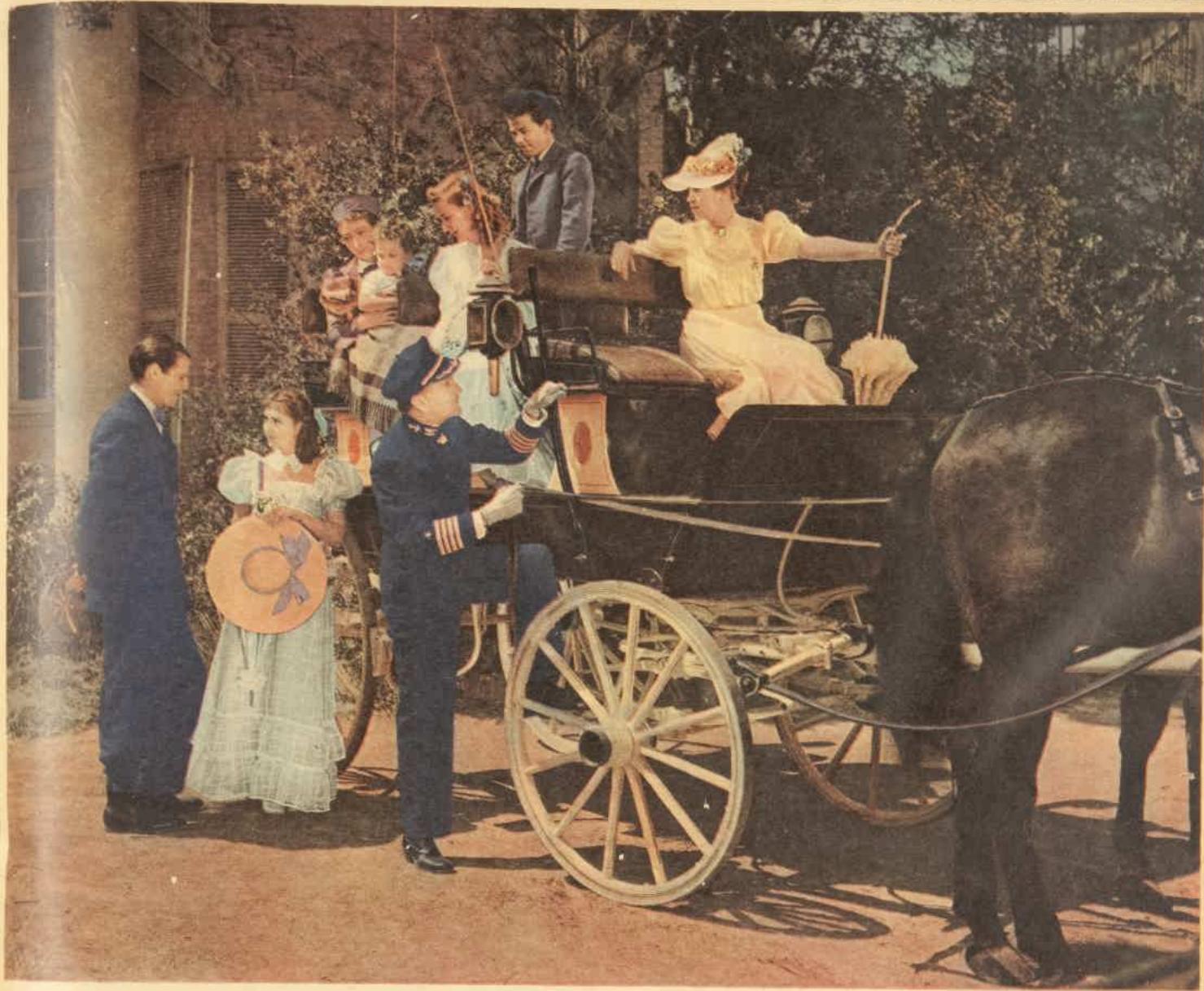
Danielle Darrieux, who made her debut in "The Rage of Paris," has definitely popularised the Edithian—hair all on top of the head-style, at least for evening.

Then there's small Shirley Temple—no adult star has been a greater leader of fashion than Shirley.

For over four years, since the discovery of this young actress, the world has been full of Shirley Temple curls. Shirley Temple dimples and wardrobes full of Shirley Temple dresses and shoes.

Little girls have quite literally grown up with Shirley, slavishly following in every detail this tiny mode.

And, of course, Walt Disney's seven little dwarfs started a fashion not only in toys, but for impossibly sophisticated feminine hats.



Glorifying Family Life Is New Movie Trend

SEVERAL years ago domesticity swept through Hollywood. Film stars abandoned hectic parties.

Look to digging in the garden week-ends, and spending their spare time within the family circle.

If they didn't have a family circle, they adopted babies in twos and threes to supply it.

Now we notice the same urge for domesticity upon the screen.

Films have gradually been becoming more domestic in texture, less exotic, following on the dramatic traditions set by the legitimate stage rather than exotic cinematic production.

Do you remember when going to the cinema meant watching one large inanimate object projected upon the screen?

Audiences then were spellbound, transfixed in their hard-backed seats in wonder at the working of the film.

Perhaps from those days dated the tradition of glamor for the screen. Anyway, the emphasis in the earlier screen days, when action came

BOTH ON AND OFF THE SCREEN, HOLLYWOOD IS NOW DOING ITS BEST TO PROMOTE FAMILY UNITY AND DOMESTIC HARMONY.

to be projected on the screen, was on exotic subjects.

But the trend in film fare to-day is right away from glamor and sophistication, and attention is concentrated on simple themes with domestic angles.

It probably took its origin in 1934 with the establishment of the Legion of Decency.

Before then the movies were always getting into trouble with local and foreign censorship boards about such things as how many clothes a screen actress should wear, how long a kiss should last, or whether a picture might corrupt a nation's morals.

Then the Legion of Decency got busy, brought pressure to bear, and made the Hays office, the self-imposed censorship of the movie colony, really effective in operation.

Now only after a script has been laundered by the Hays office—which is headed by a Presbyterian elder and a Catholic authority—does it go into production.

During doubtful scenes, one or

other of the two men, or a reliable assistant, stays on the set to advise to which extent to which a situation can be allowed. The film must then pass criticism in its finished state. The Hays office also gives advice on how to meet foreign censorship. It keeps a very comprehensive catalogue of situations that are nauseating to other countries' censorship authorities.

So well does the Hays office do its job that now there is little complaint from foreign or local censor boards.

Under such strict censorship it was inevitable that the family angle should come into prominence.

Perhaps, too, the public was tired of the exotic, make-believe, torrid romances that were once the popular themes upon the screen.

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

The first step in the new trend was undoubtedly the "happy-thought-married" films, initiated by "The Thin Man." This started a cycle of comedies on family life—"Vivacious Lady," "Merrily We Live," "Topper," "Fast Company," "Everybody Sing," "Hold That Kiss," and other films.

While the family in each of these cases is somewhat eccentric, there

is nevertheless emphasis on the several people as a unit—as a family.

The family in its best sense of communal life has been also widely exploited by Hollywood studios—particularly this year.

The series films have used it with fresh effect.

M-G-M has the "Judge Hardy" pictures, and is planning a new series concerning the trials and tribulations of a young married couple.

Fox has the Jones Family and has already begun a new series, "The McNutt Family at Ellis Island."

But there has also been a number of major pictures which have set out directly to glorify the attributes of family unity and domestic harmony.

Some of the earlier ones in this vogue include "Little Women," "Anne of Green Gables," the Gene Stratton Porter novels, "Freckles" and "Laddie."

Last year R.K.O. produced "Victoria the Great" on a grand scale—a idyllic romance of Victoria and Prince Albert was highlighted above the more spectacular events of the Queen's epic reign.

This year another picture, dealing specifically with the family life of Victoria and her consort, is being made at the Denham studios in England.

Warners made "White Banners" in the typical family tradition.

"You Can't Take It With You" with Jean Arthur and James Stewart, and "The Young in Heart" are two more family pictures that have the family atmosphere in comedy.

R.K.O.'s newest family film is "Mother Carey's Chickens," adapted from the Kate Douglas Wiggins best seller of that title. The era depicted is that of the Spanish-American War, and the film deals directly with a family's joint struggle against adversity.

Paramount has embraced the family idea in "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor playing brothers who battle the world together and take their troubles to their screen mother, played by Elizabeth Patterson.

Even comic Martha Raye has been placed in a family setting in "Give Me a Sailor."

Warners have recently released "Four Daughters," a screen version of Fannie Hurst's novel of a family, and "The Sisters," with Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryant as sisters sharing romance and adventure in the early twentieth century.

One claim that can honestly be made for the screen is that its productions faithfully mirror the times. Social trends, public tastes see quick reflection in the outputs of astute film producing companies.

And to-day the present social trend is definitely towards peace, serenity and unity—bases of the ideal family life.

♦ ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

—Although Gary Cooper is picturesque in the title role, this story of the Venetian explorer in medieval China is cut from pretty thin pasteboard. (United Artists.)

♦♦ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

—Smashing action entertainment in brilliant technicolor, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the legendary roles. (Warner Bros.)

♦♦ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

—All Irving Berlin's famous tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in an orchestra story which covers years of entertainment history. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ ALGIERS

—Brilliant and brutal drama, set in native quarter of Algiers, reveals how criminal Charles Boyer is lured within the law's reach by Detective Joseph Calleia. Notable for superb masculine acting and

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

startling feminine beauty of newcomer Hedy LaMarr. (United Artists.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Mother-love drama de luxe, with Barbara Stanwyck marrying Ian Hunter, instead of Herbert Marshall, for the sake of her child. (20th Century-Fox.)

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Edward G. Robinson in an odd and sometimes effective mixture of science and crime. The whole from a London stage success. (Warner Bros.)

ALL-AMERICAN SWEETHEART—They row boats, instead of playing

football, in just another college musical. (Columbia.)

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—A wooden and colorless Annabella makes a disappointing Hollywood debut in a plushy story of Hungarian scenes. William Powell steals the show. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ BLOCKADE—Realistic scenes of civilian suffering in the Spanish War reseen a routine drama about a beautiful spy. Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll present. (United Artists.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA—Barely average sample of series, with Heather Angel instead of Louise Campbell, H. B. Warner in place of John Barrymore, and the rest as you were. (Paramount.)

CHASE—Drama of American rackets, with newcomer Dennis O'Keefe. (M.G.M.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE—“Street Singer” Arthur Tracy sings well in bad film. (Ass. Dis.)

CONDAMNED WOMAN—Hospital nurse saves brother from gaol sentence in frank, rank, and effective melodrama. Sally Blane the girl. (Monogram.)

♦♦ COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Crooner Dick Powell tries to hoax New York and is found out by Pat O'Brien. Priscilla Lane with a Western accent helps rowdy, musical fun. (Warner Bros.)

CRIME OF DR. HALLETT—Melodrama about medical research in the jungle. Ralph Bellamy wears the white coat. (Columbia.)

♦♦ DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN—Bert Bailey and other firm favorites fine in new Australian comedy from the Steele Rudd books. Dad goes to town in a modern streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of broad humor. (Cinesound.)

DANGER ON THE AIR—A murder to miss. (Universal)

♦♦ DIVORCE OF LADY X—Very saucy comedy of a London lawyer and a mysterious lady, in which Lawrence Olivier, the dialogue, and Ralph Richardson steal the show from Merle Oberon. (London Films.)

♦♦ DRUM—Adventure on the North Western Frontier, in fine color, with native star Sabu heading an excellent English cast. Roger Livesey wins international stardom, and the story is A. E. W. Mason. (London Films.)

ESCAPE BY NIGHT—Country life reforms crook. Ann Nagel helps. (Republic.)

♦♦ EVERYBODY SING—Comedy musical about a theatrical family and youngest daughter, Judy Garland, has sparkle in mirth as well as melody. (M.G.M.)

♦♦ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Life and loves of a charming household, with the Lane sisters and two really exciting newcomers—engaging Jeffrey Lane and brilliant John Garfield. One of those “different” films. (Warner Bros.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Rowdy musical in luxury hotel setting. Pat O'Brien out-talks Margaret Lindsay, but doesn't out-sing John Payne. (Warner Bros.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Weakest of the lavish Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy musicals is set in early Californian mining days, with Eddy a peculiarly plump and unconvincing bandit. (M.G.M.)

♦♦ GLADIATOR—Joe E. Brown, bewildered, bullied and immensely funny, in a roaring farce of a serum which turns a college butt into the world's strongest man. Climax is a wrestling match between Joe and Man Mountain Dean. (Columbia.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Joe Penner, more or less comic. (R.K.O.)

♦♦ HOLIDAY—Throws a new and charming light on romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn the lucky—and likeable—stars. (Columbia.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—Good farce idea marred by wide-eyed whimsy concerns a Riviera search for millionaire in tramp disguise. John Carradine and Peter Lorre snatch film from Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver. (20th Century-Fox.)

JOSETTE—Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and her least. (20th Century-Fox.)

★★ Two stars—
above average
★★★ Three stars—
excellent

his Christmas holiday romance. (M.G.M.)

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR—Spy drama set largely in Salomica, with oddly-effective atmosphere, and pretty effective performances from Dita Parlo and your old friend Eric Stroheim. (United Artists.)

♦♦ MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French Queen from girlhood to guillotine: lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal; and allows a group of Hollywood's finest character actors to be outshone by English Robert Morley as Louis XVI. Whole production glitters and gleams. (M.G.M.)

JURY'S SECRET—Kent Taylor and Fay Wray in just another crime drama. (Universal.)

♦♦ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—Laughs and lunacy from the Ritz Brothers who burlesque everything in sight, from hillbilly to Snow White. (20th Century-Fox.)

KIDNAPPED—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter an aged Alan Breck and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Unusual romantic drama of the New York theatre, spiced by the crackling comedy of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and dummy Charlie McCarthy. Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds also present. (Universal.)

♦♦ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Latest and best in the Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates

MEET THE GIRLS—Flatly uninteresting introduction to new comedy film series, with Lynn Bari and June Lang. (20th Century-Fox.)

MERRILY WE LIVE—Antics of an eccentric household that are not nearly as funny as they hope to be. Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne starred. (M.G.M.)

♦♦ OWL BOB—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the wilds of the Cumbrians. Will Fyffe outstanding for his shrewd study of a wily Scots shepherd. (G.B.D.)

PERSONAL SECRETARY—Stupid story of astrology and murder, with William Gargan somewhere in the middle. (Universal.)

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Henry Wilcoxon scores an ingenious story simply told, of millionaire who deliberately disappears into small-town business. (Republic.)

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



“Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! He's apt to break out all over with a rash!”



“I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again.”



“Can you imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder! ... She hadn't any idea what to do about chafes and rashes. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?”

Feel Johnson's Baby Powder—how downy and soft it is—never gritty like some powders. That is because Johnson's is made from the finest talc. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too.



• NORMA SHEARER as the youthful queen in “Marie Antoinette.” M.G.M.'s magnificent period drama.

JURY'S SECRET—Kent Taylor and Fay Wray in just another crime drama. (Universal.)

♦♦ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—Laughs and lunacy from the Ritz Brothers who burlesque everything in sight, from hillbilly to Snow White. (20th Century-Fox.)

KIDNAPPED—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter an aged Alan Breck and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Unusual romantic drama of the New York theatre, spiced by the crackling comedy of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and dummy Charlie McCarthy. Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds also present. (Universal.)

♦♦ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Latest and best in the Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates

“DULUX” COLOUR MAGIC GAVE US a New Room



WE had a spare room that nobody liked because it was dull and drab—then a friend said, “Use Dulux.” That was the start—and now we have a beautiful, cheery, colourful room that is admired by all! Yes, Dulux—the lovely “miracle finish”—gave us a new room! “Dulux” is easy to use—it dries quickly—without brush marks—and it's the only finish really tough enough to withstand the knocks and bumps of everyday use!

B.A.L.M.
DULUX

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH.
SUPERSEDES ENAMELS
AND VARNISHES

A Product of British Australian
Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

Write in for free copy of Manual on the Application of Dulux.

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Film Guide—CONTINUED]

New This Week

The Boy From Barnardo's (Best Release of the Week)

This heart-warming entertainment gives superb roles to Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew—and brings forward a new favorite, wide-eyed young Terry Kilburn, for public applause.

Setting is the marvellous marine training school attached to the famous Dr. Barnardo's homes in England.

Freddie is the spoilt brat who must make good in the school or be sent to a reformatory. Mickey, with a mischievous Irish brogue, and an eye, is told off to set Freddie a good example.

Instead, Freddie nearly costs him his coveted assignment to the crew of the Queen Mary.

There is a heap of chuckling comedy in which Herbert Mundin helps and there is some heart-touching pathos, which will particularly appeal to those who like youth.

The background of Barnardo methods lends interest to a popular film.

LATEST RELEASES

CRACKERJACK—An aged and avaricious Tom Walls appears as a modern Robin Hood-cum-Raffles. (Gainsborough)

FORE'S A CROWD—Some up-to-date comedy spiced a romantic change of partners which involves an impudent Errol Flynn, a sprightly Rosalind Russell, an appealing Olivia de Havilland, and a bewildered Park Knowles. (Warners)

HEADIN' EAST—Action and comedy title Buck Jones employs Western tactics on racketeers. (Columbia)

I AM THE LAW—A University professor sets out to smash the racketeers, and succeeds with unconventional but entertaining skulduggery. Edward G. Robinson is on the right side, for once. (Columbia)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Stabbing musical romance. Dominated by barton John Carroll, it is a Mexican Robin Hood Movie, charming. (Monogram)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Title McCrea with Frank Jenkins, Dorothy Kent enlivens this slight, charming romance of a young girl who goes wooing her man. Andrea Leeds looks beautiful. (Universal)

PAINTED DESERT—George Stevens and a Western gold-mine. (RKO)

PANAMINT'S BAD MAN—Smith Balle's best Western and Stanley Peck comedy chance. (Fox)

PARADISE FOR TWO—English musical troupe with Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis. (London Films)

PARNELL—Unfortunate attempt to cast Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in period drama. (MGM)

PEG O' MY HEART—Revival of one of Marion Davies' most successful pictures. (MGM)

PERFECT CRIME—but not a perfect sin. (Warners)

ZODIAC CHARMS—Gold-Plated

The greatest Luck Ringever of all time.

TOE OWN BIRTHDAY CHARM—We always bring you luck.

Buy 2, £1. Full birthday and

House Warming gift envelope

FREE

Postage, which postage is

free in lucky periods for life. Love.

Friendship, Finance, etc.

By the famous Astrologer.

OMAR KOTME, Dept. 4.

Buy 100, G.P.O., Melbourne.

5-IN-ONE DENTAL CREAM

Kills Germs! Whitens Teeth

No soapy taste! No Grit!

SCREEN ODDITIES * By CHARLES BRUNO



IF I WERE KING—A story of Paris... and all the characters are French... but there is not one Frenchman in the cast!

RONALD REAGAN WAS AN ATTENDANT IN A ROLLER SKATING RINK BEFORE BECOMING AN ACTOR.

PARLEY VOO FRANSNAH? BEAT IT OR I'LL CALL A COP!

'IF I WERE KING' IS CLAD IN TATTERS... BUT WEARS SILK HOSE WHICH COST \$17.50 A PAIR!

ELLEN DREW, BEGAR MAID IN "IF I WERE KING", IS CLAD IN TATTERS... BUT WEARS SILK HOSE WHICH COST \$17.50 A PAIR!

—S. S.

STOLEN HEAVEN—Novel drama set to classical music tells how a band of jewel-thieves are reformed by an old concert pianist. Setting is Continental; stars Olympia Bratina, veteran Lewis Stone. (Paramount)

STRANGE BOARDERS—Tom Walls' blonde impudent entertainment with thrills of stolen political documents. French Renée Saint-Cyr is charming. (A.M. Film)

SWING YOUR LADY—Breezy farce of hillbilly wrestlers, with Louise Flueze. (Warner Bros.)

TEST PILOT—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in drama freshly adapted to a rousing red-blooded drama of timber-stealing in California's redwoods country. Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor lead a fine cast. (Warner Bros.)

TEXANS—Struggles of southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War, presented on grand and exciting scale. May Robson the best player. (Paramount)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—Youthful comedy plus race-track drama. Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney lift picture from newcomer Ronald Sinclair. (MGM)

THREE COMRADES—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullavan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world. Randolph Scott, Robert Taylor, and Robert Young all fine as the ex-soldiers. (MGM)

LAST GANGSTER—Edward G. Robinson again plays the terrorizing gunman, with newcomer Hoe Strode in an unusually effective role. (MGM)

THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl, with Janet Gaynor scoring in a perky role, and Robert Montgomery fighting Franchise Time for audience applause. (MGM)

SING YOU SINNERS—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family, consisting of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson, with newcomer Ellen Drew and Donald O'Connor added for very good measure. Plot moves from home-town to race-track, with cabaret thrown in. (Paramount)

TIME OUT FOR MURDER—Entertaining introduction to "Rowing Reporter" series, with Michael Whalen, Chick Chandler, Gloria Stuart, and a lot of crisp, thrilling action. (Fox)

TOFF GIRLS—Another American racket, revealed by Lloyd Nolan. (Paramount)

TOVARICH—Suave comedy of Russian exiles in Paris, starring Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and witty dialogue. (Warner Bros.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Mary Carlisle and John Howard handle young love and fast football at West Point. (Paramount)

TOY WIFE—Lolita Dalmat, as frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquetted herself into tragedy. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, exquisite setting—for those who like tearful entertainment. (RKO)

SOUTH RIDING—Sincere and stanch drama of English provincial life makes Ralph Richardson a star. (London Films)

SPEED TO BURN—Fast and furious race-track film. (Fox)

PAYABLE ADVICE

HOW LUCK WORKS
SOME REMARKABLE CASES

Ignorant people laugh at the possibility of astrological advisings being of any use. Others laughed at Edison and Marconi and every great teacher throughout the ages. It is admitted to-day that the moon causes the rise and fall of the tides, but this idea was laughed at when it was first suggested. Just as to-day many ridicule the statement that the pull of the earth causes the changes on the moon.

Astrology is a science. Read what people who have tested astrological advice say:

Mrs. H. T. Tarrasius—Having tested the astrologer's advice, I backed his stock, and have been lucky in investing. To me it was definitely astrological.

Mrs. R. H. Hardham—As soon as I received my reading, I sent for a lottery ticket, and won £1 on the 1st.

Mrs. L. W. Infield—Received your reading, which was very good and good. You are a clever astrologer. Your ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky" are excellent, and I shall never end my hope and inspiration.

There is a £1000 guarantee that these are genuine extracts from letters available for inspection.

Pundit Asrah, the noted Astrologer, is well known for his astrological advisings. Readers are invited to attach to this paragraph a postal note for 1/-, together with a stamped addressed envelope, a slip of paper on which is written their name and address, and date and year of birth, and post it to Pundit Asrah, Dept. NAW, Box 556, G.P.O., Hobart. By return, they will be sent certain astrological advisings, and ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky."

This is a money back offer. If after following these rules they are not satisfied, their money will be refunded.

Red Lips and Pink Cheeks

CLEAR SKIN AND LUSTROUS EYES

"I have been suffering from blotchy skin and sallow complexion," states Miss B. H. of Brisbane. "My nerves and health were completely run-down and I was always feeling worn-out and tired. Nervous headaches were always troubling me."

"So many of my friends advised one to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that at last I decided to try them. My headaches have disappeared and my skin is cleared of all the pimples. A healthy pink colour has appeared in my cheeks and lips and I feel very fit."

"Red lips, pink cheeks and lustrous eyes are not only a means to loveliness but tell of glowing health and attractiveness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give these rich gifts of health to women and girls because these pills always help to create the richest blood in abundant quantities. If you are anaemic, have pallid complexion and lips, and feel headache, tired and languid—if your skin is blotchy and pimply, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. The thrill of full health and fitness with clear colourful complexion is awaiting you. 1/- bottle at all chemists and stores."

CORMS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Front-Ice—pain gone in 2 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action is not that faint. And then your corn will stop it's aches up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers. Lift out your corns with magic Front-Ice—just wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like. So popular and sure is Front-Ice that chemists and stores sell it every day on guarantee. Price 1/-

TIVOLI TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. CHANG

Miracle Man of the East with his 24 workers in Magic; also EMIN BOREO, FREDIE BATES, ROY RENE ("MOT") and SADIE GALE; also 20 on the stage.



SHE'S HAPPY...

no wonder, she's the proud possessor of our Lifetime Built New Century Ace Sewing Machine . . . just one of the many thousands of completely satisfied buyers. You can be a proud owner for 2/6 Weekly and 10/- Deposit.

*We pack and deliver FREE to your nearest Wharf or Railway Station in N.S.W.



Built to last a lifetime

Here's a Machine that was made with the home dressmaker in mind and is therefore the ideal Machine for the housewife who makes her own frocks. It is fitted with the Improved 1938 New Century Ace head and is enclosed in a beautiful, fully polished Walnut Cabinet.

It sews both ways, has automatic shuttle ejector and bobbin winder, ball-bearing treadle, counter-balanced shuttle carrier and is complete with full set of attachments, including Ruffler and Tuckmarker and all you need to add that attractive finish to your garments.

Spare parts are guaranteed available for your lifetime.

2/6 WEEKLY, 10/- DEPOSIT
£18/18/-

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD., CENTRAL SQ., SYDNEY
Please send me full particulars of your £18/18/- Special Lifetime Built New Century Ace.

Name: _____
Address: _____ W.W.19/13/2L

Marcus Clark's

"THE BIG STORE." CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY

Genuine Prescriptions ensure lasting recovery from Kidney & Liver Troubles

Made up strictly in accordance with the genuine prescriptions of the late great physician, Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Remedies are definitely effective because, not only do they give relief, but act at the roots of the trouble and eliminate the causes of Kidney and Liver complaints. They have a record of 30 years' positive results.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. KIDNEY TREATMENT

Acts in two ways, by first cleansing from the system all poisons due to faulty or weak kidneys, potentiating their natural agency, constant discomfort, bladder trouble, rheumatism, backache and bad health generally. It also has a direct soother and analgesic action on the kidneys. It affects Kidneys and purifies them to their natural function of eliminating urea acid.

DR. CARROLL'S U.B.O. LIVER TREATMENT

The Liver is a most important organ of the body. A sluggish or disordered Liver causes Distress, Bitterness, Constipation, Ballow Skin and devalues the body and mind. Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Liver Treatment acts in two ways, first it removes the existing complaints and then

phosphatic excretions and toxins, thus removing all trouble and maintaining perfect health. The irritation of that painful "burning" sensation goes on until the body becomes stronger, more vigorous and the nightmare of that "past 40" feeling, which makes life a misery for thousands.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/8 bottle of 50 tablets.



• JEANETTE MACDONALD, who will be seen shortly in "Sweethearts," M.-G.-M. musical in technicolor. Her co-star will again be Nelson Eddy.

Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

GRETNA GARBO is making good use of her time in New York. She is doing all the things and going all the places prescribed for out-of-towners—and without so much as a pair of dark goggles to protect her. No other celebrity has ever provoked so much excitement, or called out such aggressive crowds of curious people.

She cannot go more than a few blocks before the crowds frighten her into a taxicab.

CHARLES FARRELL was once personal secretary to Little Billy, the midget.

FRANCHOT TONE will make a final picture before leaving Hollywood for New York. He will costar with Francisca Gaal in a film to be called "Katherine the Last," or "Little Katherine."

NITA LOUISE is opening up a sports clothes shop on Hollywood Boulevard, and the dresses will be of her own design.

JESSIE MATTHEWS is being directed by that clever young man, Carol Reed, in "Climbing High," at Pinewood. Michael Redgrave, Jessie's new leading man, is making his third picture in a few months, though not one of his films has yet been released.

Supporting Jessie Matthews are Margaret Vyner, Noel Madison, and Alastair Sim.

ARTHUR TREACHER, who imparts to the role of butler the dignity of an ambassador, started his career as a chorus boy.

IF shooting schedules can be arranged, Greta Garbo will have Clark Gable for her next picture, "Ninotchka."

WILLIAM POWELL, still painfully thin, is well enough to go to the horse races.

BABY PEGGY MONTGOMERY, former child star, and now 19 years old, has married the young playwright, Gordon D. Ayres.

BETTE'S NEW COIFFURE

BETTE DAVIS will have a new hair-do in "Dark Victory." Tired of the shoulder-length bob, but unwilling to follow the herd and go in for the high coiffure style, she had seven inches cut off her hair and announces that henceforth she will wear a short bob, which, she insists, is the most sensible style of all.

M.-G.-M. has been rushing preparations for production of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and shooting is to start immediately, so the picture will be ready for release this Christmas.

Unfortunately, Lionel Barrymore, an ideal choice for the role of Scrooge, has been forced to withdraw from the cast because of ill-health. He is being replaced by Reginald Owen, and Terry Kiburn, the little English lad who stole so many scenes in "Lord Jeff," will play another featured role.

A USTRALIAN John Farrow, Warner Bros. director, will abandon his directorial activities in order to devote more time to his huge literary work, a history of the Popes. The talented Mr. Farrow is almost as well known for his writing as for directing. He has written a number of screen plays, and won considerable fame with his book, "Damien, the Leper."

SIGRID GURIE, Sam Goldwyn's glamorous Norwegian from Brooklyn, will probably marry a prominent Los Angeles doctor, Lawrence Spangard, when her divorce becomes final.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S pet dog gets a permanent wave every six months.

IGNORANT PEOPLE

No. 5 The man who thought that IN THE BUSH was the same as in the old Bill and Bush.



—but he KNEW that Peck's
ANCHOVETTE
IS THE BEST
FISH PASTE

ATKINSONS
of London
Brillantine



Gives

your wave a

silky gleam!

Preserve the smooth set of your wave with Atkinson's liquid brilliantine. Such a fine, delicate oil, for only the finest brilliantine should be used for a woman's coiffure. Ask your chemist for ATKINSON'S.

Take a little between your hands, smooth it on your hair and comb it in.

L/6 per

Available in

English Liquid

White Hair oil

California Perf.

30 fl. oz.

Pile Sufferers

Can You Answer These Questions?

Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief?

Why cutting does not remove the cause?

Do you know the cause of piles?

That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is a harmless internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt and known as Vaseline, now sold by chemists everywhere, that is guaranteed?

Vaseline banishes piles by removing the cause, by freeing blood circulation in the lower bowel. This simple home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sick sufferers, and saves the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Vaseline to-day.

FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O.
Box 497 AA, Sydney.
Or just telephone M 2405.



Specials to celebrate
opening of enlarged section for

CHILDREN AND INFANTS

Farmer's adds extra space to the Children's and Infants' Department, enlarges and remodels the Truby King Clinic, and installs a speedy escalator service from the Lower Ground to the Fourth Floor Dept. Now we offer a host of specials for children to celebrate the opening

Escalate to Fourth Floor.

SIX NEW ESCALATORS added to the four installed back in 1927, make shopping a far more pleasant summer task at Farmer's. With an ability to carry over 60,000 people every hour, they work silently and swiftly, keeping you perfectly cool and comfortable... taking you 90 feet every minute.

FARMER'S-HARROD'S SHOPPING SERVICE. Two quality stores combine for this splendid Christmas service, by which gifts can be picked from Harrods' catalogue and paid for... plus 25% exchange... in Sydney and dispatched from London. Enquire "Information" — Ground Floor.



The Peasant Mode

CAREFREE TYROLEAN SHOES

When nibbling cherries or plucking flannel flowers or doing anything that's romantic and carefree enough for wearing dirndls, these bright tinted summer suedes are the right shoes. Simple in style, and very easy on your feet. Comfortable heels. Halfs, 2 to 7.

Fawn ballerina, high-
cut, open toe. Also
Patent calf. 19/9

Royal blue suede T-
bar white patent trim,
sports heel. At 15/9

Bulgarian Java ankle-
bar, red lacing, green,
yellow, blue flowers. 16/9

ESCALATE TO THE THIRD FLOOR SALON.



Halo Head Band

FOR LOVELY LOCKS

Keep your hair calm and collected spite of sports flurries and beach winds with these light firm halos of flower-printed rayon, bright assorted colours. Prices are, each, 3/11

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor.



Chrome and glass

HORS D'OEUVRES DISH

Lay-by one of these imported chrome novelties to give some treasured friend at Christmas! Chrome and glass with five separate compartments on a revolving tray, giving atmosphere to your cleverest hors d'oeuvres. Price, 37/6

Ground Floor, Freight extra.

AIR - CONDITIONING
will make Farmer's a cool summer resort, right through the hot months to come. The temperature never above 73 degrees, humidity never over 60%. All day long we're hearing people praise the ideal



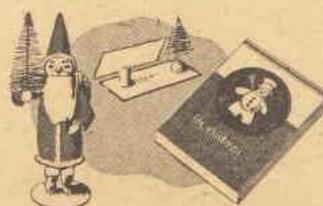
★ Be pleasantly cool whilst gifts shopping!

Old Glamis Linens

FOR FINE NEEDLEWORK

Ensure beauty in your embroidery by using fine-quality fabric... select from Farmer's wide range of these world-famous linens, the style you prefer for your needle weaving, cross-stitch, or Assisi work. 50 in. Yard, 11/9

Escalate to the First Floor.



CHRISTMAS IDEAS

AMERICAN CARDS to send your very best friends for Christmas. 40 designs, specially packed in cellophane. Pkt. of 12, envelopes, 1/6

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES for table or tree. Dozens of different types and styles, including Santa Claus and Christmas trees. 3d. to 3/6

Stationery on Ground Floor.



10/11
Overalls

When work is done

LEISURE CLOTHES

OVERALLS for garden-pottering, with neat bib front. Shades of royal, fawn, brown and green, sizes 34-38, 9/11. O.S. size, 10/11

Shirt to wear with them, of airy cellular. Lemon, blue, white, red. S.W. to W., 2/11

PLAYSUIT for being lazy in, of carefree floral cotton with an open neck and action back, matching wrap-on skirt, sunny colours of pink, blue or red and blue. 34-38, 14/11

Only 1/- in 5/- deposit to lay-by
Escalate to Second Floor.



14/11

How to Lose Fat A Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

**Do Just One Simple Thing
and Fat Just Melts Away**

No starvation or dieting; no going without foods or drinks. Instead, eat what you want with never a rebelling, upset stomach. Yet ugly fat quickly goes. You can easily lose from four to seven pounds a week. See the ugly fat replaced by a beautiful slim figure—and feel stronger, better and more energetic than you ever have in your life before—



What You Do

There is just one simple thing to do. Give your system the minerals and herb conditioners contained in BONKORA, obtainable at any chemist shop. Take two teaspoonsful preferably in a glass of orange juice, before meals three times daily, a pleasant and inexpensive drink. Then eat whatever you want and watch the fat harmlessly and healthfully disappear.

7 to 10 Pounds Lost in 7 Days

At the end of one week you'll see the scales drop seven to ten pounds—according to how much overweight you are—from what you were the day you started. Your health, too, will be much better. You'll have more strength and energy, your complexion will be improved, nerves will be far calmer, your stomach won't be upset, and friends will comment about how much younger and better you look. You'll soon avoid the constant embarrassment of being fat and ugly. And you'll do it without going on a starvation diet.

BONKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BONKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most over-weight people have. Start to-day. The BONKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks. BONKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain thyroid—containing only of natural and mineral ingredients. You can secure BONKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BONKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON
WORLD AGENCIES,
19 Hamilton Street,
Sydney.
I enclose 2d in stamps. Please
send me FREE SAMPLE and full de-
tails of Bonkora Treatment.
NAME
ADDRESS
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUP-
PLY BONKORA, attach this coupon
for 6/6 and the full-sized bottle will
be mailed to you post free in a
plain wrapper. W.W. 10/11/38

What Price should a Woman pay for a

SEWING MACHINE

PATTERN CUTTING SERVICE

Any chic style that catches your eye . . . you can make on the Bluebird. Simply send us a picture of the style, and we will cut the patterns to your own measurements! You can make the smartest frocks—yourself—and save pounds. Remember we give a larger and better set of dressmaking attachments with the Bluebird.

FREE DRESSMAKING COURSE

A 300-page Dressmaking Course in book form, with over 500 simplified illustrations and photographs. You'll marvel at the ease of making your own frocks after reading this book!



This Book Can Save You Pounds. Get It Now

Released Women from the Harem

Kemal Ataturk Brought
Better Days to Turkey

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our
Special Representative in England.

Eight million women in Turkey mourn the death, last week, of Kemal Ataturk, their President and least known of the 20th century dictators.

TO the women of Turkey, Kemal Ataturk represented more than the Dictator who transformed their country from medievalism to a progressive modern state.

He was the supreme ruler who released them from the shackles of the harem, brought them from behind the yashmak, gave them the freedom for which they longed, though scarcely dared hope for.

He alone was responsible for returning to them that heritage which women of the Western world accept at their birthright.

History reveals that Turkish women, free from foreign influence, were active participants in every social movement up to the fourteenth century.

They performed almost the same services in the community as men.

In the home, woman was the true and natural guardian of the children. In Court circles the Queen sat beside the King and met all foreign envoys and diplomats.

Ibn Batuta, a famous Arab traveller, wrote in the thirteenth century: "I was amazed by the respect shown to women. They are certainly considered as superior beings to men."

Gradually, however, Persian and Byzantine influence caused women to be excluded from public life, education was regarded as sinful, high walls and barred windows were needed to protect their honor and chastity, their faces were covered with very thick and wide veils, to which various names, "ferace," "carfes," and "peice" were given.

Even the tips of their fingers were to be seen.

The Turkish women had to wait for Kemal Ataturk to win for them liberty and equality.

In return, the women of Turkey have fully justified Ataturk's faith in them. In every field, business, social, cultural, mechanical and scientific, they have proved themselves intelligent and industrious, quite equal to their sisters of the

most advanced nations.

Sometimes grim, sometimes jovial, Kemal Ataturk accomplished more for women—and in the face of greater difficulties—than any other man.

From a poor boy he rose to be a General in the Turkish army. His exploits at Gallipoli won the universal admiration of the Australians

who fought there. After his successful campaign against the Greeks, and more successful leadership of internal revolution, Kemal Ataturk became Dictator of the new Turkey.

His earlier upbringing, his intense love for his mother and her sympathy with the struggles of youth, turned his attention to the womenfolk of his country.

Surf Suits Now

BUT he had to overcome centuries of prejudice, and he met with great religious and social opposition. Many of the conservatives and older women opposed any change, and there was great consternation when he drove through the streets of Constantinople—now Istanbul—with his own wife completely unveiled.

Mme. Kemal was the first Turkish woman to appear without a yashmak in public, but she went further than this, she actually wore riding breeches.

That was only fifteen years ago. Yet to-day, so great is the changed outlook, Mustapha Kemal has wrought, that parades of young girls in athletic costume, bathing suits on the beaches, backless evening frocks in the ballrooms are the order of the day.

Fond of social life himself, Kemal Ataturk encouraged the girls to dress smartly, had orchestras and swing bands replace the old Arab music. Tea dances at the leading hotels are now a feature of social life. Cabarets and casinos abound.

One of his first moves was to turn



MUSTAPHA KEMAL ATATURK, with his wife Latifeh Hassoun, photographed shortly before the divorce.

the Palace of the Red Sultan into a casino, as large and as gay as Monte Carlo.

The women of Turkey, better looking than is generally imagined, with lovely dark gazelle-like eyes and olive skin, some as fair as any Briton, others dark and Oriental-looking, are all completely Western in outlook, clothes and education.

From uneducated, veiled and suppressed creatures of the harem, fifteen years they have emerged as modern women of the world, smart, sophisticated, and intelligent.

By 1935 twenty women had taken their seats in Parliament.

FOOD in Turkey is still Oriental. In the large hotels French cuisine has replaced the rich, sumptuous dishes of the Turkish people, but for the most part there has been little Westernisation in the kitchen.

A popular meal is Shish-taup, long thin strips of meat, highly spiced, with tomato cooked in butter, followed by Baklava for dessert which is similar to Turkish Delight after which thick luscious Turkish coffee is served.

Florya, a fashionable beach near Istanbul, where golden sands are washed with the lovely warm water of the Black Sea, is rapidly becoming as popular for the leisure classes as the French Riviera.

The emancipation of women has done much for the New Turkey, although in Asia Minor hinterland old customs die hard and the young women are speeding the growth of modern ideas and culture even among the peasants.



Bebarfalds

OFF. TOWN HALL, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

You should read our book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine," before deciding on any sewing machine. Fill in coupon and post now . . . it's free!

Name Address WW1210

Real Life Stories

Bull-Fight and an Interrupted Honeymoon

FOR my honeymoon my husband took me to the one place in the world I longed to visit—Spain. And at Barcelona I saw my first—and last—bull-fight.

The blaze of color, the sun-shine, the gay tilt of Spanish voices were glorious, but the sight of the maddened animal in the arena sickened me. So much so that at last, unable to bear the sight of such cruelty, I begged my husband to leave.

Just as we were about to do so a commotion broke out among the spectators on the wall above us, and before we could look up something crashed down with terrific force, and I was knocked down.

When I picked myself up I became frantic, because I could not locate my husband. There was a large gesticulating crowd in front of me, and I had to force my way through the people.

Fall Broken

THE sight almost caused me to faint. There was my husband sprawled limply on the ground, and a man, obviously English, working over him.

With an effort I reached my husband's side, and heard the Englishman speaking gently "... badly injured ... broken right leg fractured ... probable internal injuries."

Dimly I was aware of asking what had happened, and dimly I heard a dazed young man jabbering away in Spanish.

The wild roar of the crowd rose to a full-throated bellow, and then again came the calm English voice, and I learned how the young Spaniard had

Watched a Town Destroyed

IT was the morning of December 2, 1923, and I was superintendent of works in a steel factory at the mouth of a gorge on the snowclad Alps in Northern Italy.

At 8 o'clock I was attending to some work on the canal (120 feet high) that was supplying the water to the factory.

There was not a cloud in the sky, yet I could hear a sound in the distance like the rumble of thunder.

Suddenly I realised what was happening, but there was no time to give the alarm.

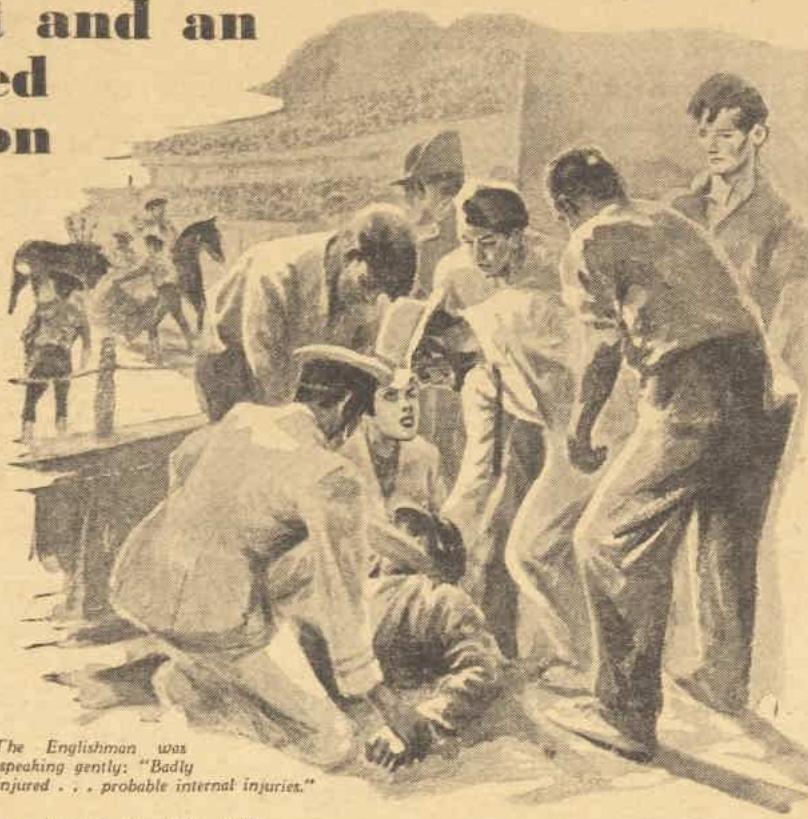
An artificial lake had broken its concrete walls, and was crashing down the gorge, carrying with it everything in its path. As the mass of water and debris went rushing out 220 feet below me the noise was terrific.

A wall of water 300 feet high, wedged in by the narrow walls of the gorge, had behind it an immense power of destruction.

It was all over in ten minutes. All buildings and bridges were washed away, and 520 people, the entire population of the town, lost their lives.

I was the sole witness of that appalling disaster.

5/- to John Gelf, Novaria, via Southern Cross, W.A.



The Englishman was speaking gently: "Badly injured . . . probable internal injuries."

been seated on the wall directly above us, and in his excitement had fallen off.

My husband's body had broken his fall, and, except for a fright, the cause of all the trouble was uninjured.

The remainder of my honeymoon was a nightmare. For weeks my husband's life was despaired of, and when at last he turned the corner his convalescence was long and painful.

If I live to be a hundred, I will never forget my visit to Spain.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Mills, Carinya, Chiswick Road, Auburn, N.S.W.

'Quake Creates A Nurse

ON the morning of February 3, 1931, I was busily engaged at my typewriter in the office of a large departmental store in Napier, N.Z., when, without warning, the building began to rock.

The noise was deafening and when the walls started to crumble and split I realised it was an earthquake.

Escape for me was impossible. I had been knocked over, and, apart from the fact that I was lying on a bed of broken glass, I was pinned down by rafters and bricks and mortar.

Some time later I heard men above digging and I was sure they would smother me. But finally I was rescued and to my horror found the ruins of the building ablaze.

As I scrambled over the piles of bricks, I could hear others calling for help, but it was impossible to save them.

I was badly bruised and received several severe cuts, and my clothing was cut to shreds.

Most of the town was wrecked. Dead and injured were lying everywhere in the streets.

It was a dreadful, terrifying experience, yet a very wonderful day, for it gave me the incentive to become a nurse, in which profession I am very happy to-day.

5/- to Miss Inger Sorenson, Dalton Road, Mosman, N.S.W.

Doll Survives Flood

WEST MAITLAND in March, 1902, and the worst flood the town has known!

The warning was given at 4.30 in the morning, and we were driven in a spring cart to a neighbor's house, a mile away, on the top of a big hill.

As we were ready to leave I rushed back to my room and grabbed my two dolls, which had been given me on my birthday a few days previously.

Three hours after we left the house the dam broke and our home was smashed and washed all over the countryside.

Now, after all these years, one of those dolls—my favorite—belongs to my little granddaughter.

Not many children can say their dolls are nearly 40 years old; nor can they boast that they have survived a flood and are still fit to play with.

5/- to Mrs. V. M. Doyle, Bokhara, Yarram Rd., Quirindi, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Flood Baby

WHILE practising as a district nurse in the vicinity of the McPherson Ranges, on the N.S.W.-Queensland border, I received call to attend a patient 10 miles away.

Rain, which had been falling continuously for days, made the horseback trip over the hills slow and dangerous, as the streams were swollen and drifts of quicksand occurred in unexpected places at the crossings.

At the last crossing the flooded creek was 70 yards wide, but, although the water was washing over the horse's back, the powerful beast kept his feet and I felt that when we were half-way through we would surely reach the other side.

But my confidence was not justified. Suddenly, without any warning, the horse went out of sight, and I was left floundering in the water.

The current swirled me along to a projecting tree, and I was able to struggle on to the bank.

By hurrying the last half-mile of the journey on foot, I reached my destination in time to usher into the world a lusty young Australian.

5/- to Mrs. M. Haise, Yantara, Yenda, N.S.W.

Jump for Life

LINE all clear, Bob?" I asked my mate as we were preparing to seat ourselves on the fettlers' trolley. "Yes, there's no train due for an hour."

Starting off for the next station to pick up a gang of men, we were more than half-way, when my mate looked round.

"Jump, Bill," he yelled.

Looking over my shoulder I saw a train bearing down on us.

My mate had already jumped clear and was rolling down the embankment, so I speedily followed him.

Hardly had I done so than the train crashed into the trolley, which became wedged on to the front of the engine.

A little later, bruised and shaken, we were trudging along by the railway track when we met a gang of men anxiously looking for our remains.

5/- to Mr. W. Hedges, c/o M. Wright, Chiswick Road, Auburn, N.S.W.

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

IN QUARTS
AND PINTS

Thousands



of Men & Women



all over Australia



are "Carriers" of SURFER'S FOOT

Doctors say... 60 per cent. of population infected

Thousands of men and women unknowingly spread the germs of Surfer's Foot through their homes, or wherever they walk in bare feet on moist surfaces.

Apply Iodex at the first sign of trouble. It kills the fungus, the cause of the disease, and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissue.

Prompt treatment with Iodex will stop red, raw, crippling sores developing, and prevent the infection spreading to other parts of the body.

Iodex is used by doctors the world over in treating various forms of Ringworm, and its active, antiseptic Iodine content has proved remarkably effective in the treatment of Surfer's Foot.

In serious cases see your Doctor promptly.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

From your Chemist. Price 2/-



What Women Are Doing

"Grand Prior's" Badges

MISSSES PEGGY PEACHEY, Veronica McIntosh and Ruth Watson, three youthful members of the Ashfield Cadet Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in New South Wales, have been awarded "Grand Prior's" badges, the highest ambulance award in the world. Only three have previously been awarded in Australia.

The cadets had to qualify in a long list of subjects, including hygiene, cooking, firefighting, swimming, signalling and business principles. The badges, which are given by the Duke of Connaught, Grand Prior of the St. John Ambulance, were presented by the State Governor (Lord Wakehurst) at the brigade's health week inspection in Sydney last week.

Previous holders are Misses Marian Higgins and Gwen and Hazel Davidge, all of Sydney.

♦ ♦ ♦

Presented Holiday Home To Welfare Club

THERE is great rejoicing among members of the Theresian Club, a group of Sydney business girls who devote their leisure to helping children from the industrial areas of the city and suburbs, over the gift of a holiday home just made to the club. It has been presented by Mrs. M. Spooner, of Sydney, who has been interested in their work, which is of a constructive character, for some time.

Situated on the heights of George's River, near Sydney, in 15 acres of bushland, the home is of modern design with a sleep-out verandah, and will be used for children from the city in need of a holiday and special care.

The club has more than 200 members, with Miss Edna Nelson as president, Miss Kathleen Miller, honorary secretary, and Miss Dorothy Mitchell honorary treasurer. They are now busy with plans to raise funds for the maintenance of the home.

♦ ♦ ♦

Instrumental in Starting Day Nursery in Brisbane

WELFARE work for mothers and babies is the chief interest of Mrs. F. L. Ward, of Brisbane, who started the Day Nursery scheme in Brisbane, and who is honorary secretary of the Day Nursery Improvement Committee.

For two years Mrs. Ward has been convenor of the civic sub-committee of the Brisbane Women's Club, which, in collaboration with the Mothercraft Association, of which Mrs. Ward is also a member, was instrumental in having the first day nursery opened in Brisbane. Since its opening, last December, 3700 children have been cared for.

Mrs. Ward is a trained nurse. She is an associate member of the National Council of Women.

Any spare time she devotes to her garden, and has won prizes for her flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

Why Suffer From PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (haemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hemorrhage? If so, be sure and try Zam-Buk, which has proved successful in thousands of cases.

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also prevents the swelling when the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/2 box of Zam-Buk to-day and use according to the printed directions.

Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to sit up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hemorrhage caused constant misery. I began to look old and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and has ended years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.

PREMIER'S WIFE KEEN GARDENER

MRS. T. PLAYFORD, wife of the new Premier of South Australia, is noted for her love of flowers. She grows some of the finest begonias in the State at the wonderful garden at her home at Norton Summit.

Mrs. Playford is a charming hostess, an enthusiastic member of the local school committee, and a keen worker for the Baptist Church.

Mr. Playford's family has been connected with politics in South Australia for a long time, his grandfather being Premier of the State in the eighteen-eighties.

Keen About Acting And Producing Plays

WELL known as a member of the Little Theatre Group in Melbourne, Miss Florence English is producing Irwin Shaw's play, "Burly the Dead," on November 12 and 14 for the New Theatre, Melbourne, as a fitting climax to Peace Week.

Miss English's most ambitious production was "Quality Street," for the International Peace Campaign. She has also acted in a number of plays.

Assisting Miss English in the present production is Mrs. Hilda Esson, who is also producing and acting in the supporting play, "The Eternal Song."

Mrs. Esson was associated with the University Dramatic Club in student days.

♦ ♦ ♦

Provide Funds For Christmas Tree

MRS. A. S. ROSENTHAL, of Adelaide, wife of Commander Rosenthal, was elected president of the Navy League Women's Committee in Adelaide at its recent meeting, and the previous president, Mrs. S. R. Symonds, was elected to the committee.

This committee, which had lapsed after the war period, was revived about four years ago by Mrs. Frank Marcus and Mrs. Symonds. Its object is to aid naval ratings and their dependents, and it has assumed the responsibility of providing the money for a Christmas tree each year. To assist the funds a bridge party has been arranged for November 24.

Mrs. Marcus was re-elected organizing chairman of the committee.

♦ ♦ ♦

Helping Mothers And Babies' Association

THE Yarn Spinners Club is the name under which a number of Adelaide women work for the Mothers and Babies' Association of South Australia. During the past few months members, who meet once a week at one another's homes, have made 64 rugs and sent many parcels of knitted goods to the association for distribution.

Mrs. S. A. Gerner founded the club about four years ago. Mrs. A. Bryne is president, with Mrs. C. R. Ellis as honorary secretary.

♦ ♦ ♦

Madras University Graduate Specialises in Economics

AN interesting visitor to Australia from India is Mrs. Komala Craig, who was a teacher at the college at Saniriniketan, founded and conducted by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher.

She has come to Australia to visit her late husband's mother in Sydney. Mrs. Craig obtained her Master of Arts degree at the Madras University shortly after her marriage and specialised in economics. She will probably take a further course in this subject at Sydney University.

Working for National Service Scheme

TO stimulate the training and enrolment of volunteers for service in national emergency, the Joint State Council of Voluntary Aid Detachments of Victoria has formulated a plan which has been forwarded to about 30 women's organisations in Victoria.

Women who are on the council, which has Mr. Stanley Addison as secretary, are Mrs. Clarence Weber, Lady Latham, and Mrs. Carlyle Smyth. They are working hard to bring the scheme into operation.

Each organisation has been asked to call for volunteers from its members. The volunteers will be drafted into various sections according to their special training, and will be available to help when called upon in time of war, national disaster, bushfire danger, epidemic, or any other urgent cause.

There will be four sections, clerical, commissariat, first-aid, and technical. It is suggested that each organisation undertaking to form such groups should register with the Joint State Council and be prepared to co-operate with it.

Twenty-Five Years A Missioner

IN celebration of her 25 years of work as a missioner, Sister Dora, of Brompton, South Australia, has just published a little book—her sixth—dealing with her life work as a missioner, when she first changed her name from Miss Estelle George to Sister Dora.

Sister Dora, who is a well-known personality in Adelaide, worked first with the Adelaide Central Methodist Mission, but 13 years ago founded the Bowden and Brompton Methodist Mission, where she helps provide distressed families with clothing and other necessities.

At the moment, she is working for a fete to be held on November 28—just a month before Christmas, as she is, if possible, determined to help make the festive season a really festive one in her district.

♦ ♦ ♦

President of Modern Language Teachers' Assn.

MISS GWEN DOWSON, of Swanbourne, West Australia, who has been appointed headmistress of the Giverny Memorial Church of England School for Girls, Toowoomba, Queensland, is well known in Perth's cultural and education circles.

She is a prominent member of the Alliance Francaise, and president of the Modern Language Teachers' Association of W.A., since 1934.

Mrs. Dowson has given lectures on modern methods of teaching foreign languages at the University.

When returning to Australia after doing research work in England and on the Continent, Miss Dowson had the interesting experience of an interview with Gandhi at his home in India, and of meeting members of his family.

♦ ♦ ♦

Enjoyed Feast Of Music Abroad

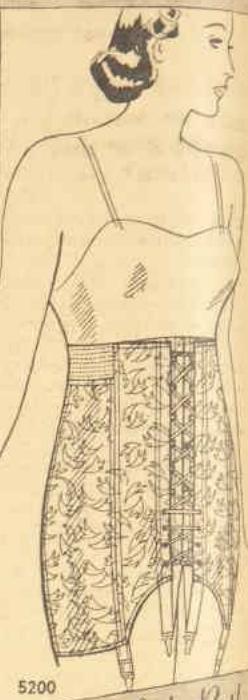
MRS. A. E. MILLHOUSE, well known in Melbourne as Miss Muriel Cheek, of the Melbourne Conservatorium, enjoyed a feast of music during her recent year's tour abroad.

Among the many concerts she attended was one to celebrate the 75th birthday of Madame Blanche Marchesi. It was held at the Wigmore Hall, London, and the veteran artist gave a wonderful performance.

In Zurich Mrs. Millhouse attended a performance of a modern opera by Paul Hindemith, entitled "Matisse de Mahler". It dealt with the life of a painter, and was so impressive that the audience sat enthralled from 7.30 p.m. till nearly midnight.

The interest shown by young people in serious music greatly impressed Mrs. Millhouse. There were packed houses everywhere. More than 15,000 people were crammed into the pavilion at Cardiff for the National Eisteddfod, and hundreds paid 2/- for the privilege of standing outside the doors to hear this choral performance.

If it's COMFORT You're after



You'll be more comfortable than ever before in this Lady Ruth No. 5200. Fashioned of dainty batiste cloth, it is the lightest Practical Front Coat made. The bias-cut inner belt, reinforced with adjustable lacing, gives splendid figure control. For Average Figures 22-30.

Lady Ruth



BARKO
CONDITION POWDERS

1/6 Box of 20 Powders — At all Chemists
For FREE Book on Dogs, send 1/- to Mrs. Barker & Co., 80 King St., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid every day, your food and liquids. It just decays in the system. We break up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks dim.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A good purgative doesn't get at the system. It takes the poison out. You get rid of the liver to get those two pounds of bile flowing free and make you feel "up and at 'em". Herbs gentle yet strong in making bile free.

Ask for CALMEL'S Little Liver Bile. It's name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

SCORPIANS are not easy to estimate or know. But why should they be? They invariably find it difficult to understand themselves.

THE majority of Scorpio people have a good sense of humor.

The only thing to be sure of is that your idea of a joke is the same as theirs, otherwise you may be stepping on dangerous ground. For, although Scorpions (those born between October 24 and November 23) are generally rather jolly and witty people, they can become resentful and hard if humiliated or upset.

On the other hand, Scorpions in a carnival mood provide a real experience. They have a childlike streak in them which simply glories in having an occasional good time.

The more noise they can make, the better. They can become the life of any party, and give the hostess just cause for thanks.

At other times they can be exceptionally serious and quiet, capable of impressing their personalities upon others, and of earning both love and esteem.

Still, it is well to remember that once a Scorpio has become a friend and given his confidence you may rest assured he will prove staunch and kind.

Self-Control Needed

ALL Scorpio-born folk should spare no effort to learn self-control, for this is the characteristic by which they will develop their own success and happiness. Lacking it, they seldom amount to much, despite their fine capabilities and attributes.

Never be entirely deceived by the seemingly modest and placid Scorpio! This type is rare, and seldom continues to display this attitude throughout life. There comes a breaking-out time, and Scorpio steps out in no uncertain manner.

If the capable and jolly kind, he will suddenly seem to be quite "famous" for his success and popularity. If the kindly type, he is likely to shine in some humane or advisory field of endeavor, beloved by his fellows for his generosity and goodness.

And if he belongs to the less-desirable type, then the breaking-out process usually brings riotous living, maddies, and dishonor.

When a Scorpio is good, he is very, very good, but when he is bad (or extremely secretive), he will bear constant watching.

Born Leaders

SCORPIO children should be trained with special care; they nearly always make some sort of stir in their own particular environment. They should be taught how to utilize their great gifts wisely and with kindness.

They should be shown that impatience, bad temper, and biting sarcasm are cheap and undignified weapons. They should be taught that one good and kindly deed will earn them more of the respect they really crave than will all their efforts to create fear.

Scorpions are born bosses and leaders, and can thus prove a blessing or a curse to their fellows.

Both young and old should learn to conserve their marvellous fund of energy. They seem untiring, and are eaten up by ambitions, interests, and excitements. They thrive on change and hard work, on responsibilities and approbation.

But therein lies their gravest danger to health, success, and happiness.

A Wedding present for her...



Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Now is the time to put your ambitious plans into operation. Make the most of November 20 and 24, though success will not be good since these plans are well laid that no time is wasted on non-essentials. Make changes, be optimistic, seek favors.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): You are not out of the woods yet, so continue to live cautiously for a few days, especially on November 20, 21 and 22 (respectively). Losses, partings, opposition and all sorts of other troubles can catch up with you if you are unaware of the true quality.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Difficult times ahead for most Geminians. Work will be best for a few weeks. Better material? comes in on November 22, 23 and 24; if you wish to avoid estrangements, arguments, losses or other difficulties. Avoid changes of all kinds.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Be sure to finish up important matters before November grows much older. Work hard on November 20, 21 and 22 (very early), getting your affairs satisfactorily arranged.

LEO (July 22 to August 22): Fortune will smile on you in November at this time. They should therefore be optimistic and confident about new enterprises or changes. November 22 (after a very fair, but November 21 and 23 even better. Go after what you want then.

VIRO (August 22 to September 22): November 20 and 21 can be fair for you, but thereafter live cautiously for a while, especially on November 22, 23 and 24.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 22): November 19 just fair. November 23 and 24 poor.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 22): Waste no time. Be sure to get important business done on November 20, 21 and 22 (respectively). Hard work should pay good dividends, but procrastination will bring failure.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): You delude in taking chances, so get busy now. For November 22, 23 and 24 should bring opportunities. If you can't come up to your own, go after things. Seek advancement in some way. Avoid rashness, but be optimistic.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 22): November 23 and 24 just fair for you.

AQUARIUS (January 22 to February 22): November 19 (bad), 22 (p.m.), 23 and 24 quite fair.

PISCES (February 22 to March 22): Do not procrastinate. Work hard on November 20, 21 and 22 (respectively). November 23 (after a very fair, but November 21 and 22 even better. Go after what you want then.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



Would you like to sell sketches to Editors, Publishers and Advertisers? Provided you have the aptitude for sketching whatever your age, and whether you have had little or no previous training—STOTT'S can teach you to produce Sketches that sell.

Stott's Correspondence College.

100 Russell St., Melbourne, 70 Pitt St., Sydney, 280 Adelaide St., Brisbane, 49 Flinders St., Adelaide, 254 Murray St., Perth.

Send the Coupon. Cut here

Without obligation, please send me free full particulars of your Courses in Commercial Art and Sketching, etc.

My Name
Address
A.W.W.2238

The little ones deserve some consideration for their future well-being. They come into the world innocent of what is before them—but the understanding parent can materially assist to make the road of life smoother and safer for them by providing some form of guaranteed income.

If you are a holder of Commonwealth Bonds maturing 15th December next, convert them now. The money you subscribed patriotically may yet be a valuable wedding present for your small daughter.

Loan investments are backed by all the Governments of Australia, and the interest is paid half-yearly.

Decide to-day to buy Bonds for your children and other dependents. The new £72,000,000 Cash and Conversion Loan, paying 3½% interest, is now open, including £4,000,000 for Defence purposes. Its success involves your security as a citizen and Australia's future as a democracy.

Applications for Bonds or Stock may be lodged with any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or through any member of a recognised Australian Stock Exchange.





PALE BLUE BAROLA fashions this two-piece frock worn by Eleanor Lynn, of R.K.O. All-around pleats are stitched to just below the hips. The broad-shouldered jumper top features the longer length and is trimmed with navy silk accents.

Better Than Medicine

Continued from Page 7

"ARE you all right?" queried Finlay suddenly. Cameron hardly seemed to hear, but went on with a painful chuckle.

"They were on the point of sending for Snoddie when I arrived. But I put a spoke in his wheel, I tell ye." Then he slumped back in his chair quite limply.

Finlay was now thoroughly concerned, and, without a word, he left the room and asked the housekeeper to bring in some hot soup. Yet when Janet brought in the hot refreshment Cameron refused it testily, and abruptly, a moment later, in a curious voice, he said to Finlay:

"I think I'll get upstairs."

He rose, but when half-way to the door he pressed his hand to his side, took a sharp breath, and collapsed.

"Dodd!" he exclaimed. "It catches me here, right enough."

Finlay rushed to the other's assistance, blaming himself now in grim reality. With a struggle he got Cameron upstairs to his bedroom, helped him out of his clothes, and got him into bed.

Without further ado he made a rapid examination. He found no definite signs, yet somehow he did not like the condition of Cameron's chest.

Ignoring the old man's protests, he poulticed him, with Janet's assistance, then dosed him with hot toddy and quinine. He waited in the bedroom until Cameron fell

into a restless sleep. He hoped that he would be all right in the morning.

But next morning Cameron was not all right. When Finlay went in at six o'clock he found him flushed, fevered, breathing rapidly and tormented by a short, suppressed cough. Once again Finlay examined Cameron, and when he had finished his features were rigid.

This time there was no doubt about it. Cameron had pneumonia, lobar pneumonia, and Cameron himself was aware of the fact, for gazing at Finlay with distressed yet quizzical eyes he gasped:

"The right lung, isn't it?" And at Finlay's silence "Well, it seems I'm in for it this time, sure enough."

Cameron was in for it with a vengeance. And, confronted by this grave emergency, Finlay marshalled all his forces to meet it.

Without hesitation he telephoned Linglister, the big wholesale chemists in Glasgow, who also ran a local medical agency. Through them he obtained a young temporary assistant—a raw Highlander named Frazer, who arrived early that same afternoon.

Finlay, keyed to a high tension, put the fear of God in Frazer, deputed to him the surgeries and all the unimportant work; then, retaining the serious cases, he rushed through them as quickly as he could. The rest of his time he devoted entirely to Cameron.

FINLAY was well aware that there could be no miracle, no immediate and spontaneous cure. Lobar pneumonia ran its days usually, each day showing a steady deterioration in the patient's condition before the crisis came bringing a benign, almost instantaneous relief. And so with a passionate intensity he threw himself into the task of pulling Cameron through these nine fateful days.

It looked as though he would succeed, too, for Cameron, despite his pain and discomfort, was cheerful at the start.

In this fashion for the first three days all went smoothly, and the condition ran a normal course. On the fourth day, with alarming unexpectedness, Cameron took a sudden turn for the worse.

As he read the sick man's temperature and felt his running pulse Finlay steeled himself to betray no anxiety, but underneath his heart throbbed with a sudden fear. It redoubled his attentions. All the night and the following night he sat up with Cameron himself, gentle, tender as a woman, prepared for every emergency, making a almost superhuman effort to see the ominous advancing tide. He without avail.

On the sixth day Cameron was definitely worse, and tossed through long, sleepless hours that night. Accordingly, on the seventh day, delaying no longer, but with a heavy heart, Finlay had Hardman sent from Glasgow.

Hardman, the best-known medical specialist in the west of Scotland, arrived in the afternoon with his precision.

He was kind, but, alas, far from reassuring.

In plain truth, Hardman held on but little hope, and he could do no more than urge Finlay to continue the measures which he was taking.

When Hardman had gone Finlay stood for a moment alone in the sitting-room, realising the truth of what the specialist had said—Cameron was failing utterly to maintain his earlier agreeable stamina. At the thought an almost insupportable feeling of wretchedness rushed over Finlay. He pressed his hand to his brow.

"Oh, God," he prayed also "spare him this once!"

But it seemed as the hours passed that Finlay's prayer would be in vain.

The eighth day came without shadow of improvement. Then Finlay doubled his efforts at stimulation, using strychnine, brandy and even oxygen; though he battled frantically to arrest its growing weakness in the sick man, it seemed as if all were useless.

The old fighting quality, which had been so characteristic of Cameron, seemed finally extinguished.

HE could not rouse himself to take much nourishment. He had ceased to respond to his medicine, as Finlay's murmured words of entreaty and encouragement seemed to fall on deaf ears.

By this time it had become generally known throughout Lericet how dangerously ill was Cameron. All day long messages and signs of sympathy kept pouring into the house from the town and the surrounding district.

Then came the ninth day, punctuated with fatality, with the knowledge that now inevitably the balance must swing—towards slow recovery or that swift conclusion which Finlay could not bear to contemplate.

All afternoon he sat by the ailing man, watching Cameron's strength ebb away under his own eyes.

Cameron was perfectly conscious now, and almost placid. Weakly he turned his head, an indication that he wished to speak.

"I'm afraid, Finlay, lad," he whispered. "It's all up with me that's come."

Unable to reply, Finlay clasped his hands until the nails bit into his palms. Violently he shook his head. But unheeding, Cameron went on.

"I'm real glad to leave the practice to ye, Finlay. It's in fair fat shape. Ye'll do well with it—maybe better than I've done. Come to that, I'd like ye to know, now I've loved ye like a son."

The tears streamed from Finlay's eyes, his body was shaken by sobs. Blindingly he thought—this is the end. He knew Cameron well enough to understand that such a violation of his inveterate reserve, such an open revelation of his innocent heart could come only with the sense of approaching dissolution.

Please turn to Page 42



*When someone
dear to you... is near to you*



Will he find the natural loveliness that invites romance, or will he find an artificial

"powdered look" that gives your face the appearance of a mask? Some women always "look" powdered—others have discovered Three Flowers, the face powder so delicately transparent, that

your natural colouring glows vibrantly through. Some women are forever powdering—others

have learned



by experience that Three Flowers Face Powder adheres perfectly for

box today and see his admiring glances multiply! 2/6d and 3/9d.

In 7 smart daytime and evening shades to suit your individuality...



three flowers
FACE POWDER

RICHARD HUDDNUT • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

Intimate Jottings

I LIKE—

The pale blue sheer curtains with an appliquéd border of dark blue rabbits with which Mrs. Geoffrey Lowe has furnished the nursery of her Wahroonga home.

Change in Wedding Plans

WHEN May Warby and Victor Long, both of Queensland, were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill, last Tuesday, it was a fortnight after the original wedding date. It so happened that in Race Week, a day before they were to be married, the bride was hurried to hospital, so the wedding didn't take place until last week.

The majority of wedding guests were country people. Some of them stayed in town until the wedding eventually took place, but others had to return to their properties in the Far West and weren't able to spare the time to come to Sydney again.

The bride was attended by her sisters, Quenie and May Warby. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Long, of Moree.

After their honeymoon the bride and bridegroom will live at The Deep, Tara, Queensland.

Gymkhana at Boorowa

NEWS has just reached me of the Boorowa River Polo Club's gymkhana on November 5, and the polished dance which was such a cheery finale to the day.

The club—it was their second anniversary—is fortunate in having a polo ground in an attractive setting near the river. The gymkhana was at Mr. Tom Prosser's property, Strafford, and the dance was in the woolshed at Newsham Park.

As well as local residents, scores of people arrived from Cowra, Binalong, Yass, Young and Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ashton went from Manly, and Jim, in a short speech, said he considered that Boorowa gave promise of a first-rate polo team, judging from the horsemanship he had seen at the gymkhana.

Well-known people present included the club's president, Mr. J. V. Flannery, and Mrs. Flannery, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hyles, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brady, Major and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Horrie Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Clive Hume.

Among members of the Younger Set were Margaret Spicer, Jean McPherson, Elaine Moeser, Helen Flannery, Bessie Kelly, Peggy Squire, Jean Dougall, Marie Coen (Sydney).

An exhibition of Kenneth Macqueen's water-colours will be declared open by Mrs. Neddy Dangar at the Grosvenor Galleries this Wednesday.

Parties and Travels

ELIZABETH DOWNES, of Camden, will be among the guests at Hailsham, Bexhill-on-Sea, on November 26, when her cousin, Mac Nahan, celebrates his coming of age.

Next year, when Elizabeth reaches England—she will be in the Orcades in February—she intends studying dramatic art. But before then she has the excitement of her elder sister Phyllis' return from abroad and her visiting to Doug Murray.

Wedding Guests

MOLLIE HELL went to Bremer Bay last week to stay with her sister, Mrs. A. B. Bettison, for the Arnott-Bettison wedding. Nea Arnott also went from Sydney to Merimbula.

Arriving This Week

ONE of the best-known residents of the Dungog district, Mrs. J. K. Mackay, sen., of Dungog, is returning to Sydney in the Orion after a year abroad. When the ship arrives this Thursday she will be greeted by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mackay, jun., and other members of her family.

This was Mrs. Mackay's first visit to her homeland since she came to Australia as a babe about half a century ago.

Aviators Marry

DOROTHY LESTRANGE, of Miss Vale, went by plane to Brabourne to be bridesmaid to her sister, Esther Lestrange, well-known young Queensland airwoman, to Mike Mather, who also is a pilot. The best man, Frank Thomas, is from Sydney, and the bridegroom's father, Canon Mather, who will officiate at the ceremony, is from Newcastle.



CHERIE CONNELL, of Edgecliff, who is being welcomed at numerous parties after her recent trip abroad. The last party was a luncheon given by Mrs. Rudolph Durre, at the Australia Hotel.

Dorothy Weising.

Off to Palm Beach

WITH the temperature nearing the century mark these days, lots of the social set are getting ready for Palm Beach. Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley have taken a new house handy to the beach. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Feakes have bought a house on the hill. Ruth Wilson will entertain a house party. Moya and Laurie Barnes and the Peters family will open their lovely beach-front homes for Christmas parties.

And at anchor off the beach during Christmas will be the Arnott family's luxury cruisers, Lauriana and Oomoobah.

Flowers for Small Patient

ONE of the smallest patients at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital was given part of Lady Wakehurst's bouquet last Thursday. When, with other little patients, she was being presented to the Governor's lady, the little girl was attacked by shyness and hid behind a palm. So Lady Wakehurst, with a charming gesture, tempted her from her hiding-place with flowers of her bouquet.

Lady Wakehurst went to the hospital to unveil the statue of Imhotep, Egyptian God of Medicine, which has been placed in the hospital grounds.

To Java by Air

MARJORIE SHARD left for Singapore in the flying-boat last week with Mr. H. H. McNall and Mrs. McNall, the lucky winners of the Royal Sydney Golf Club Cup sweep. Marjorie has already seen Java by air, on a previous trip. This time she plans to spend a few days at Bali.

Books Needed for Bush Club

THIS Tuesday is the day to take a gift of books, magazines or illustrated papers to the Bush Book Club, 19 Bligh Street. It is the annual Collection Day. Hundreds of books are brought to send to lonely people in the outback, but no matter how many books are sent to the club still more are needed.

Lady Gowrie, who sends gifts to the club several times a year, will officially open the Book Day at 11 a.m.

Nursery Rhyme Fair

DRESSED to represent nursery rhymes, the stalls at the Nursery Rhyme Fair will make a colorful scene in the garden at Karriane, Nelson Street, Wollongong, this Friday and Saturday.

Many committee members of the Australian Mothercraft Society, for which the fair is being held, will be stallholders—among them the president (Lady Owen), Madames W. A. Mackay, L. V. Waterhouse, Anderson Stuart, F. P. Evans, Jack Cassidy, and Joyce Mather.

Lady Wakehurst will declare the fair open at 3 p.m. on Friday.

Thousands of Poppies

HUNDREDS of thousands of red poppy petals falling from the ceiling of the Town Hall on Armistice Day made an unforgettable sight for those who crowded the hall for the Festival of Remembrance.

In Sydney on Armistice Day, poppies were sold by attractive members of the Younger Set to raise funds for the Returned Soldiers' League. The vendors included many well-known girls, among them June Chamberlain, Mollie Cox, Wendy Yates, Heather Wright, Margaret Cary, Robin Eakin, Joyce Ewington, Marie Crisp, Heather MacLeod, Jean Rose, Rosemary Wandy, June Singer, Dawn Williams.

Cricket Eleven Present

ALL members of the Randwick first grade cricket eleven were present at St. Jude's Church, Randwick, last Sunday, when Neil Graham, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Marks, was christened. Alec Marks is the popular captain of the Randwick Club.

Also present were Ray Marks and her fiance, Eric Potter, who announced their engagement at the Cricketers' Ball, held to welcome Test cricketers on November 5.

by Caroline.



In Town for Wedding

THE bridal party and wedding guests came from all parts of the State for the wedding last Thursday at St. Philip's of Margaret Weston Davis to John Sparkes. The bride, who has done mannequin work in Sydney, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Watson Davis, of Ladysmith, Wagga. The bridegroom, who is with Pitt, Son and Badgery, is the son of Mrs. J. M. Sparkes, of West Maitland.

Tall, slim Margaret Sparkes, sister of the bridegroom, was a bridesmaid. John Traill (Maitland) was best man, and John Alison (Dungog) was a groomsman. Alice Hayes came from Wagga for the wedding, Alec Henderson and Ralph Harper from Merriwa.

In time for Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Alan Potter, of Point Piper, are expected home from abroad.

Lady Wakehurst's Ambition

AT the Society of Women Writers' luncheon last week Lady Wakehurst gave a delightful glimpse of her unofficial self. She admitted a secret ambition to write, adding, "but I've never published a word." This indicates that she might have an amount of verse or prose hidden away, which she is perhaps too shy to bring forth, as both her husband, Lord Wakehurst, and her half-sister, Margot, Lady Oxford, have published books.

Lady Wakehurst said with that charming, whimsical expression of hers, "Margot has always been my hero—or should I say heroine."

Returned Home

AGAIN ensconced in their Edgecliff home are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Willsallen. They returned from abroad to the Orkneys, disembarking in Melbourne to see their daughter, Mrs. Bill Baillie. Last week they came on to Sydney in the Strathmore, accompanied by their son Peter, who went to Melbourne to meet them from his station property, Widgeongully.

Did You Know—

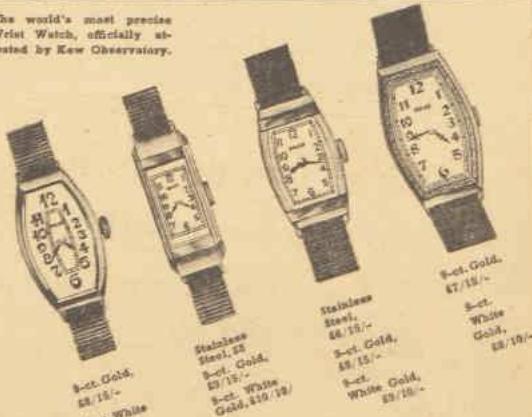
That the smartest suits in London have gold embroidery, such as men of the Army and Navy wear, on collars and cuffs?

ROLEX

WRIST WATCHES

31 WORLD RECORDS

The world's most precise Wrist Watch, officially tested by Kew Observatory.



F. WOLFF & SOHN, KARLSRUHE, BADEN



SQUARE BOX ROUND BOX

Large . . . 6/- Med. . . 5/-

Extra Large. 8/- Large . . . 8/-

Trial Size 1/-

Obtainable Everywhere. Sole Australian

Representatives: MCGOWENS & OAKLEY

308 Bourke St., Melbourne.

Better Than Medicine

Continued from Page 40

THREE was silence in the room for a long time. Then, with a feeble glimmer of his old humor, Cameron screwed up his eye and gazed at Finlay.

"It's funny," he reflected, "to think I got this going out to Currie's." A pause for breath. "But, mind ye, it was worth it, man, worth it a' the way. Since I'm to go, I'll go happy in the knowledge that I've done Snoddie in the e's."

At these strange characteristic words, something fatalistic and predestined flashed through Finlay's brain. It was inspiration, heaven-sent and direct. Mastering his emotion, he looked at Cameron steadily.

"That's just the pity of it," he declared slowly and distinctly. "You didn't do Snoddie down after all."

There was a queer pause.

"What?" whispered Cameron with intense surprise. "What in thunder do ye mean?"

Holding his expression masklike, Finlay shook his head in an assumption of defeat.

"No," he repeated, "that's just the pity of it. The minute you were on your back here the Curries threw me out of the house and had Snoddie in. It's been a triumph for him from the start to finish. He's stolen the Curries from us for good and all. Deed, since you must know the truth, he's bragging about it all over the town." And, adding

detail rapidly upon detail, Finlay plied on the agony.

Another bar of silence, while through the dim mists that closed in upon him Cameron painfully reflected. Then, slowly but surely, a strange light began to glisten in his eye.

"Dye mean to say," he muttered, "that Snoddie's bragging all over the town that he's licked me hollow?"

"Indeed I do," replied Finlay instantly, concealing as best he could the rising hope which swelled within his breast. "He's bragging about it up hill and down dale."

No, indeed, there was no mistake of it—Cameron gathered himself together. The light in the dim eye grew, the old fighting spirit reawakened and renewed.

"Is that a fact?" said he. "Here, hand me that bowl of gruel. I think I'll take a sup o't."

Trembling between exultation and anxiety, Finlay took the bowl which Cameron had consistently refused all day and spooned it carefully into the sick man's lips. When it was finished Cameron made an impatient movement with his hands.

"It's fushionless stuff that," he croaked. "Away and get me some strong beef-tea."

He had his beef-tea. Then he had his medicine, which previously he had furtively waved away.

Strength and determination seemed to flow back into him. His



Colorful And Ne-

Louise Platt, of Paramatta, chooses white linen as her spectator sport frock. A gay green, and white striped blouse with a long neck is worn under the long-sleeved bolero of white linen.

glance, fixed upon the ceiling, appeared to review all that must be done to Snoddie.

He spoke no more, but at ten o'clock he took more nourishment, then fell directly into a deep sleep. Waiting with grim intensity beside the bedside, Finlay watched the sleeping man.

The minutes passed and merged into hours, then gradually, almost imperceptibly, an apparently insignificant thing happened. Beads of sweat broke gently on Cameron's brow. But to Finlay it was not insignificant. He could have cried out aloud.

CAREFULLY he felt Cameron's pulse, which was stronger and slower; took his temperature, which had fallen to normal.

Yes. It was the crisis. Cameron was saved.

An overwhelming weakness seized Finlay. He crept out of the room to where, on the landing, Janet waited. There he told her.

They stared at each other, then suddenly, on the self-same landing, Janet clasped Finlay in her arms and hugged him.

Next morning Cameron woke up infinitely refreshed and bawling, albeit feebly, for nourishment.

As he sipped some hough tea, all at once from the town steeple the bells began cheerfully to peal.

"What's that?" asked Cameron breathlessly. "Some ediot gettin' wed?"

"No," said Finlay quietly, "those bells are for you."

It was the truth. Jubilant at the news of Cameron's release from death, they were ringing the bells in thanksgiving and crowds gathered at the Cross to rejoice in the good tidings.

An overwhelming tribute to the respect in which the old doctor was generally held! But there was no

sense of gratification in Cameron's heart, only a fierce determination.

"Wait till I get hold of that Snoddie!" he muttered as he devoured some calf's-foot jelly. "Ta' him bells."

Cameron's recovery was speed. Three weeks later, using a stick, he was able to toddle downstairs.

There, in the sitting-room, he had a little levee, while all his nearest and dearest friends called to congratulate him. Then as the clock struck five a man came in and advanced briskly to shake hands.

Instinctively Finlay hid a smile for the man was Neil Currie.

"Well," cried Currie in his hearty style, pump-handling Cameron genially. "I'm delighted you've cheated the de'il like myself." The turning to pat Finlay on the back. "We owe a vote of thanks, you an me, to this young man. Here's paid the both o' us through."

Highly incensed, Cameron told Currie up and down.

"What in thunder are ye talking about?" he roared. "And by the same token, ye're no friend of mine. Didn't ye have Snoddie in the moment I was laid on my back?"

"Snoddie!" cried Currie, astounded. "What do you mean, ye gomeril? What do ye take me for? It was Finlay here that saw me through from start to finish. In between the whiles he was nursing you."

Cameron's face was a study.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said at last, gazing from one to the other.

Then, a complete understanding of the strategy which Finlay had adopted dawned upon him, he laughed awkwardly while a suspicious moisture crept into his eyes.

"Well," said he meekly, "Snoddie—I suppose after all, the creature has his uses."

And there the last word was said upon it.

(Copyright.)



"MY BEAUTY CARE
IS SIMPLE... I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY.. IT
LEAVES MY SKIN SO
SOFT AND SMOOTH"

Mary Maguire
in "KEEP SMILING"
A G.B.D. Release



You should use LUX TOILET SOAP
because it's
Supercreamed

One soap—and only one—cleanses your skin deeply and thoroughly and at the same time softens and refines the texture. It's Lux Toilet Soap, supercreamed! The special skin cream actually blended into each tablet of Lux Toilet Soap makes all the difference—it protects, softens and safeguards your skin's natural lubricating oils, giving it a lovely supple feeling and a smooth, camera-clear look.



A LEVER PRODUCT

ENO IS DIFFERENT
because

ENO contains no Epsom,
Glauber or other harsh purg-
ative mineral salts.

ENO contains no sugar to
overheat the blood and can
safely be taken in cases of
diabetes.

ENO is non-irritant and non-
bitter forming.

ENO is pleasant to taste, safe,
mild yet thorough in action.

**ENO'S
"FRUIT
SALT"**

TRADE MARK

dates

ENO costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

No energy?

If you feel that you have no energy for anything, take a glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" at any time during the day. Eno cools and purifies the blood, tones up the system, and restores natural vigour and energy.



You will always feel proud of owning a Savina Watch—proud of its appearance and proud of its unfailing accuracy. Ask your Jeweller to show you the full range of Ladies' and Gentlemen's styles. Made specially for Australian conditions.

Savina
WATCHES

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

Limping and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first day you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, circulation simply feels away and the whole system is toned and strengthened. This is not magic, though the *relief does seem magical*, it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto. The tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test the wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and longer and full activity. *Nature's own great powers of healing*. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been shown to the general public before; it takes you back and feels years younger, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Complete your name and address to: **ELASTO**, 100 Pitt Street, for your FREE copy of the *Wonderful Elasto Booklet*. Or write for a copy of Elasto with booklet enclosed from your dealer or chemist and see for yourself what a wonderful addition Elasto makes. Available from chemist and store chemists. Price 7/-, one mark's postage.

LOSE YOUR FAT THIS EASY WAY

YOUTH-O-FORM
"Chew" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr. New double your ears, no made or have been guaranteed for your lifetime. See for details. **YOUTH-O-FORM** 1/- week treatment 25/-, 30 dose Carton 45/- See details. Youth-O-Firm at any Chemist.

DEAF?

"Chew" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr. New double your ears, no made or have been guaranteed for your lifetime. See for details. **YOUTH-O-FORM** 1/- week treatment 25/-, 30 dose Carton 45/- See details. Youth-O-Firm at any Chemist.



LUCILLE BRUNTELL, as Christopher Robin, with Mr. Edward Bear in a scene from "When We Were Very Young." (See story below.)

Childhood is Very Dull Without Fairies

Radio Story-teller's Plea for the World of Make-believe

Don't be afraid to let your children live in the world of dreams and fantasy their rich imagination creates for them.

This is the advice of Lucille Bruntell, who has made a career for herself in the telling of tales for children. She is specially noted for her interpretations of the Christopher Robin series.

To Miss Bruntell there is nothing sadder than children who have been denied the joys of the fairy-tale world.

It is a world they may imagine for themselves, or which they may conceive out of the treasure store of children's literature.

If they miss all this they have missed something which is theirs by right and which nothing else in life can quite replace.

"How much more full of delight is the life of a child to whom bush moss is not just moss but a carpet on which the fairies dance," said Miss Bruntell.

"And what a lot of childhood fun is swept away when an imaginative youngster is told that the 'little people' she thinks she sees or the playmate she creates for her lonely hours is merely the product of silly imagination."

Magic in a Slum

MISS BRUNTELL became interested in the imagination of children through an experience in an East-End slum in London.

It was such a dirty slum that this Australian girl hesitated to walk down it.

Then she saw some children, unkempt urchins, at play, and was struck by the miracle of their make-believe.

They had scraped up the mud from the gutter into a mound and planted it with a few stalks and broken stems from a garbage bin.

Circle it they sang quite joyously, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"

The dirt mound and the floral remnants were transformed in their minds to a bower of roses.

Miss Bruntell joined in the party and offered to tell them a story, and they soon gathered round in open-eyed wonder to gasp at the tale of Cinderella.

The story was interrupted by a raspy voice calling one of the audience, and the story-teller became acutely conscious of the spell she had cast when she noticed that the small girl crept away on tiptoe.

This scene led directly to her scene of satisfying childhood's hunger for a story, for the romantic fantasies of their dreams.

She has studied the fairy lore of every country, but most of the tales

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS ... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothy Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, November 16.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "Maison Rouge," by Dumas. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 17.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, November 18.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 19.—3.30 p.m.: Meet the Band Leaders. 3.0 p.m.: Hits of Today.

SUNDAY, November 20.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Richard Crooks (tenor). 6.10 p.m.: Cole Porter Memories.

MONDAY, November 21.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 22.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

she tells now are the products of her own mind.

"Some of the stories of Grimm and Andersen will live as long as time lasts, but it is a tremendously fascinating experience to develop your own story as you go along," said Miss Bruntell.

"I like to shape the tale to the reaction of my small listeners, and watch the wonder come into their eyes when they hear of gallant deeds and high romance."

Miss Bruntell tells some of her fairy stories over Station 2GB each Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 4.30 p.m.

"HAD WONDERFUL RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION"

"I've been a great sufferer from indigestion, and being advised by a friend to try TWIN SODA I did, and had wonderful relief. I sleep well, eat practically anything. TWIN SODA is worth its weight in gold," writes Mr. R. C. F. of West Maitland. (The original of this uncollected tribute is on file.) TWIN SODA's double action neutralizes excess stomach acid and ends digestive troubles permanently. Buy TWIN SODA from your chemist. Only 1/6 a large packet.***



Schiaparelli says...

"Cutex Clover is a perfect stimulant for this season's leading costume colours—wear it with navy, grey, green or beige." Take this famous Paris dressmaker's hint! Select one of these rich shades—Clover, Tulip, Thistle, Laurel, Heather—to stir up colour excitement in your new ensemble.

Here's News! Cutex is now available in a newer type polish that flows on smoothly and easily without running down on the sides of the nail. Its sparkling lustre lasts days longer than the old style—without a hint of chipping, peeling, or fading!

CUTEX
Nail Polish



DON'T PAY A PENNY

for your
Classified
Ads. until
you get replies



The Daily Telegraph's new plan guarantees replies to your classified ads. or no cost to you.

Under this plan, unless you get a written reply to your Daily Telegraph Classified Ad., you don't pay a penny. Here are the conditions:

No names, addresses or telephone numbers can appear in classified advertisements inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" (the only exception to this rule is the inserting of a locality). All replies to such ads. must be directed to a Daily Telegraph

Box Number, and must be picked up by the advertiser.

Payment for Classified Ads. inserted on the basis of "No Reply, No Charge" is made only when a reply is received—no reply, no payment. The charges for this type of classified ad. are 1/- per line week days, and 1/3 per line Saturdays, some classifications less.

Decide now that the next time you want to insert a classified ad. you will put it in the Daily Telegraph first—and so not risk a penny.

DAILY TELEGRAPH
Classified Ads. Phone M6635

MID CITY OFFICE, 161 Pitt Street, Sydney, between Martin Place and Hunter Street.



"I'll do," MacVey said. "Balance the boat for me." Melville and Lount crawled aft to Mayhew and lay flat to windward. They got Dame Ellen and Ida and Connie to move forward slightly and crouch as far up to windward as they could.

The reef was so close now that they had to shout above the roar of it to be heard. Great jagged teeth of black rock fang up from the bottom, tearing the waters into white anger, biting them to shreds. They watched it, fascinated, as the boat skimmed along beside it. It was like a live thing, that reef, writhing in righteous anger, snarling and screaming in torment, forbidding them freedom.

MacVey didn't speak again. He wore off slightly, watching the beach for tide, watching Linehardt's crew. They were well out of revolver range, but the men on the beach followed along like children following a parade, helpless to stop it, but unable to give up the sight of it.

When they passed the break in the reef, MacVey stood well off from it, studying it carefully. It was a race, boiling hotly through two up-thrusts of rock, churning pure white between them, howling with glee. The others saw what MacVey had done when he sailed the broken Storm Child through that gap—the steadiness of the man, the sure hand—and they knew he would get them through again. Well beyond it, he came about and headed back toward it. Twice more he sailed past the break, watching it closely. The third time, as he approached, he had the tide. They all knew it somehow as they crouched there watching him. They tightened inside with the knowledge and waited, tense and breathless.

Slowly he headed up, and suddenly there was that same lift under the boat that they had felt on the Storm Child—a shuddering and steady lift that took her and forced her along in its grip, giving her speed and life and quick momentum. She raced now, tearing along toward the break, singing with it, screaming and tightening with her with Melville and Sherman at

down. One brief second of breathlessness and they shot between the two black rocks, rising on the tide race above them, nosing down beyond in a steep dive, almost burying her nose, but rising again at the last moment, heeled well over and howling through the spray of her own passage like a skinned rock. The letdown was terrific when they came out into the open sea. Their lungs caved inside them and they were gasping through clenched teeth; their hands ached with the tension of hanging on. Their eyes were red with it and the salt water, and their cramped legs under them were dead.

For a moment no one thought of the black schooner—no one could. Then suddenly she was there, not three hundred yards ahead of them.

"There are three men on her," MacVey said quietly to Sherman. "When I come alongside, you and Melville and Lount board her and take her over. Make it quick and make it sure. Don't fall me."

He was approaching her on the starboard tack, using the belly of the sail to hide his people from the men on the schooner, running in even.

"Go off on the fly," he said. "I'll sail right past her. Go off shooting."

Lount was in the bow now, crouching, with Connie's revolver in his hand, below the gunwale. Melville crawled up beside him. Sherman crept forward to where Mayhew was, and took Dame Ellen's pistol from him.

"Ready," MacVey called softly.

There was a half from the schooner—a long-drawn shout across the waters. Under the boom, Sherman could see her so close now that he was almost aboard. One of her men was at the wheel, the other two were forward on the port side, waiting to handle the boat as they came along. MacVey sailed right down on her and came about, laying the small boat almost against her black planking, and in that moment Joe Lount sprang off and onto her with Melville and Sherman at

his heels. They carried her two men halfway across the deck, kicking at their kneecaps and smashing their guns into their faces. The man at her wheel shouted once, and stood there, his mouth half open, unable to move, and the whole thing was over and done with. Her two men forward lay where their rush had taken them, with Melville standing above them, amazed, laughing down at them and waving his gun in their faces like an admonishing finger.

"Jest take it easy, gumpmen! Jest take it easy!" he howled. "You gotta new boss, tha's all!"

Lount took the wheel and the man who had had it sat down on a locker top and stared at him, unable to speak.

Sherman waved him forward to the other two, and he got up dumbly and went forward. MacVey was coming in again, and this time, when he came alongside, he let his sail down with a quick running shriek. Sherman got the three women aboard and gave MacVey a hand up.

The man was unsteady on his feet. He stood by the main shrouds, holding on to them, breathing softly for a second, his eyes closed.

Then he said: "We'll tow the boat. Lead her ast'rd," and he walked slowly back to the cockpit and sat down heavily. Sherman secured the boat and came back to him.

"Listen," he said: "Mayhew's going to take a look at that side of yours. Can you get down into the cabin?"

"I can, but I won't," MacVey said. "Get Melville."

Melville came aft.

"Steward," MacVey said, "search the fo'c'sle for anything that might be used as a weapon and get those three men below—into it. I want them off the deck. Search them for knives before you send them down."

"Yes, cap'n."

MacVey sat quietly for a moment, then he smiled at Dame Ellen. "I can't give you a steward, for I have to use Melville myself," he said, "but you'd better go down and dry off. Take Miss Yates and Mrs. Setton along with you. . . . Drumm! You go down and get me Chart 528, if you can find it, and get the log."

WHEN Sherman came back with the chart, MacVey laid off his course to Palmyra Island.

"Roughly, one-o-seven magnetic," he said. "If you miss Palmyra, you've got Washington Island ahead of you, and if you miss Washington, you're still got Fanning. You can't miss them all. I want my fore-sail and my main. Get them up, Drumm! Move! . . . You, Mayhew, move! . . . Come up, Lount!" Lount brought the wheel up slightly. "Hold it. Steady as she goes."

The wind was freshening with evening, coming off King Bradley's island with a cool breath. They swayed up the fore-sail and the fore-sail and the main, trimming them down, flattening them to the wind, tightening Linehardt's schooner to her long run. Sherman stowed the log and took his reading. When he came back to MacVey, the man had his course worked out and laid with Lount making good directly on it.

The quick twilight was leaping down on them now, racing from the dark-blue hummock of Bradley's island, sprinting across the waters to bring them darkness. There was a tiny point of bright light on the island—a fire that Linehardt's crew had made—but all the rest of the world was empty around them—empty and vast and cooling off for night. Lount stood to the wheel with MacVey lying beside him on the locker top with his eyes closed. There was the smell of cooking from below and Connie Yates came up the companionway.

The whole lower part of MacVey's shirt and the belt line of his trousers were darkening slowly with black blood. Sherman wanted to cross to Connie and touch her, but some decency in him stopped him, in case MacVey opened his eyes. Then MacVey did open them and looked at Joe Lount.

"This time," he said slowly, "I'm going to hang you, Joe." All the color left Joe Lount's dark face. The clean scrubbed look of him



HERE is the next of the Peter Piper tongue-twisters, and should cause you no bother. It's an easy one.

H H H

HUMPHREY HUNCHBACK

HUMPHREY Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs.

Did Humphrey Hunchback have a hundred hedgehogs?

If Humphrey Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs, Where's the hundred hedgehogs Humphrey Hunchback had?

(Next week the 1 1 1 tongue-twister.)

would never come back. He stood there at the wheel, looking down at MacVey, a pathetic island boy with all the weakness of his crooked blood in his frightened eyes.

"Tell me why you killed Fanning," MacVey said, and his voice was infinitely soft and infinitely ting. "You know that I know you killed him."

"Yes, sir," Joe said, "I know."

"You're too stupid to lie, Joe. Tell the truth. I got you off that one is Paperete, but I won't let you off a white man."

Please turn to Page 45



Betty Grable
Paramount Player

"DAMP-SET"
your wave
with VELMOL

It works on any hair, on any wave and takes but four minutes!

It's the smart new way to "damp-set" your own hair—save time and expense! And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- chemist, store or hairdresser.)

Velmol "damp-set" keeps hair fantastically fresh . . . never "stiff" or "oily." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm" last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL

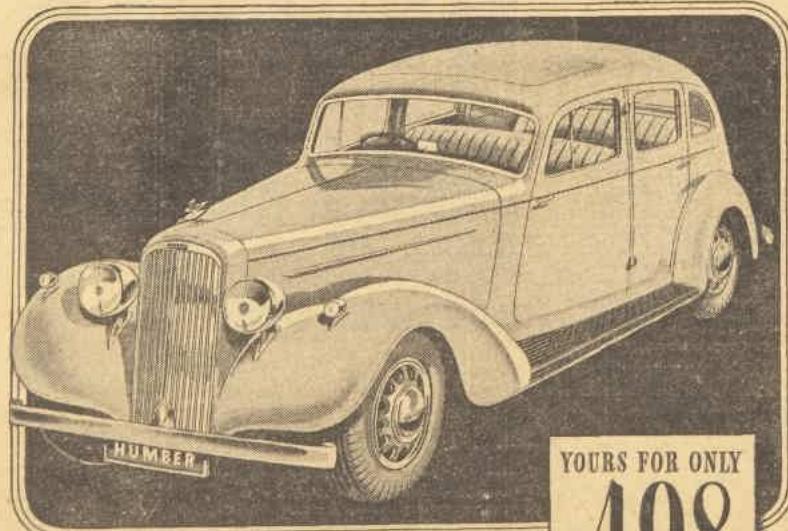
THREE STEPS
1. Run with comb through hair.
2. Brush through with VELMOL.
3. Then wrap in crepe hat, or crepe hat, or finger-wave comb.

...for Holidays

The Australian
Women's Weekly
Travel Bureau

ST. JAMES BUILDING,
ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

Now YOU can afford a HUMBER Snipe



YOURS FOR ONLY

£498
Finest of
England's Fine Cars

N.Y.C.
JOHN MCGRATH LTD.
155 Elizabeth Street,
Sydney.

World Exporters
ROOTES
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London
Australian and N.Z. Representatives
C. E. BLAYNEY
Kensington Building,
Margaret St., Sydney, N.S.W.

South Australia:
DEVONSHIRE MOTORS LTD.
71 Franklin Street,
Adelaide.

Toronto:
B. L. HOLLIS MOTORS
York Street,
Montreal.

Queensland:
JOHN MCGRATH LTD.
308 Wickham Street,
Brisbane.

W. Australia:
SKIPPER BAILEY MOTOR CO.
909 Hay Street,
Perth.

Victoria:
OVERSEAS MOTORS PTY. LTD.
223 Exhibition Street,
Melbourne, C. I.

1522

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 44

"He kill King Bradley," Joe whispered. "All the boys on the Albatross know that. King Bradley—my father." "That's it, I guess," MacVey closed his eyes again.

"Fanning was saloon steward on the Albatross." Joe swept his arm towards the sea. "Fanning stole the island from King Bradley—he steal how to get there. He beat up the old man in his bed to do it—make him so sick he got to die. All the boys on the Albatross know that—and now's set to King Bradley's boys. Nobody hurt King Bradley, if his boys know."

"Sure," MacVey said.

"So I kill him," Joe said. "Zing." "I don't blame you," MacVey whispered, "but I won't have you killing anybody from behind and I won't have you killing white men at all. I told you that long ago. Go to Honolulu, Joe, and let them hang you. That's a good boy, and you'll go to an ocean where you can always smell land and never be bothered with Bowditch."

Joe drew himself up.

"Yes, sir," he said quietly. "I try to kill him with a gun, but he got that away from me the day before. I stole the gun from the old lady." He was proud again.

"And you stole my razor."

"It was a good razor," Joe said.

"Sharp. Mine dull."

"Yes," MacVey said. "Just tell them that in Honolulu."

"Yes, sir," Joe nodded. "I tell them. I'm not ashamed."

MacVey seemed to settle back against the locker. He seemed to hug down to it, to relax all over. Again he closed his eyes. Sherman stepped close to Connie.

Then MacVey spoke once more, his eyes on the girl.

"You fool," he said quietly. "You did it all, and you threw it away."

He couldn't move, but he hoped desperately that the sun would never again be hot on black rocks; that there never would be breakers below her, or the breath of death stamping up to her from dark jungles.

"There was one man who could hold you against the world," MacVey said, "and he did it. But you won't remember. Women never do. Think about it. Darn them." He drew in his breath thickly and caught it—"Sail her in, Drumm; you do!"—and death came to him suddenly and roughly—a thug on a bar-room floor, kicking at his spine.

The girl was in Sherman's arms, clinging against his shoulder, clinging to him.

They picked up the Hopi at half-past eleven that night. Her whiteness was a swan in the silver flame of the moon. Not one of the new cutters, the Hopi, but one of those old solid Revenue Cutter Service cutters, comfortable and beamy, veteran of the Bering Sea Fisheries Patrol and a thousand Pacific shipwrecks, steaming quietly along about her business, and her business was Linehardt's black schooner.

She spoke them on her loud-speaker, hove to and sent off a boat.

Com. L. M. Houston handed them all aboard himself at the top of his side ladder. He turned over his own cabin and the extra stateroom aft, with the bath that takes up the whole overhang in the Hopi class, to the ladies, and he gave Sherman and Mayhew snug berths in the officers' quarters. Grand boats, those old-timers. There was a phonograph in Houston's saloon with a plaque on it from the N.Y.K. Line, a silver inkwell on his desk from Cunard, a radio from Blue Funnel, and the table itself, mahogany, from the Government of Chile. The Revenue Cutter Service, my masters, antedates the United States Navy, and the Coast Guard descends from it directly. If you think its older people don't feel that in their bones and reflect it in every detail of the sweet way they run their boats, you're just a dreamer.

Houston dined them beautifully that night, and with the coffee he sent his steward, with a note, for his navigator. The navigator came in shortly with a chart. Houston unrolled it in front of Dame Ellen.

He said, "I suppose you've had a lot of stuff given to you in your time, Dame Ellen, but I'll bet you've never had an island given to you."

He smiled. "I heard you sing once in the old Metropolitan when I was a boy, so I'm giving you an island. How's that?" His finger rested on inked lettering at North Latitude 6 degrees—107°—121°; West Longitude 171 degrees—11°—21°—and the lettering below the dot the navigator had put there was Dame Ellen's Island.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die." She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

They sat, each with himself, like tired soldiers who have fought an action and have no further thought for life except the animal necessity for sleep. They turned in and slept the clock round, almost.

While they slept, Houston put a prize crew on Linehardt's schooner. They brought MacVey's body off to the Hopi and buried him the next noon. Sherman, half awake in his bunk, but still unable to move, heard the noon whistle go and felt the Hopi lose headway as they slid MacVey over the side, but it meant nothing to him.

When they slept, Houston put a prize crew on Linehardt's schooner. They brought MacVey's body off to the Hopi and buried him the next noon. Sherman, half awake in his bunk, but still unable to move, heard the noon whistle go and felt the Hopi lose headway as they slid MacVey over the side, but it meant nothing to him.

That was after Houston ran down on the island and took Linehardt's crew aboard. His landing officer checked off the graves and the sunken Albatross and collected the Storm Child's logbook and papers and got all the luggage down from the peak. It was aboard, waiting for the Storm Child's people, when they woke up.

Houston dined them beautifully that night, and with the coffee he sent his steward, with a note, for his navigator. The navigator came in shortly with a chart. Houston unrolled it in front of Dame Ellen.

He said, "I suppose you've had a lot of stuff given to you in your time, Dame Ellen, but I'll bet you've never had an island given to you."

He smiled. "I heard you sing once in the old Metropolitan when I was a boy, so I'm giving you an island. How's that?" His finger rested on inked lettering at North Latitude 6 degrees—107°—121°; West Longitude 171 degrees—11°—21°—and the lettering below the dot the navigator had put there was Dame Ellen's Island.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

She opened her eyes. "That is such a splendid feeling when you are old. Thank you for my island"—and she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek. He was so embarrassed that he sputtered.

Doctor Mayhew touched his hand.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

There was something so desperately real about being on the cutter, something so substantial and safe, that in those first few minutes in Houston's cabin all memory of King Bradley's island left them and they sat without speaking, in an infinite latitude of soul. All the fatigue of the last three days welled up within them, draining their strength from them and leaving them heavy-lidded and speechless. There were no words for the past and none for the present.

Dame Ellen sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. God knows what she thought of in that moment, but what she said was: "Captain Houston, a week ago I knew I was going to die—just as I know I'm sitting here. Now I'm never going to die."

Exciting!
Adorable!
Chic!

THE NEW
PERFUME THRILL!



In sequin black
and chromium
flasks from half a
crown to fifty
shillings and the
rate novelty pack
shown below.

mischief



Moulded miniature
Top Hats—Black
or White. They
make cute sub-
stitutes after the
perfume bottle has
been removed.

Handbag size bottle
nestling in white silk in-
side a miniature Lady's
Hat Box—complete
with gay travel labels
from all the smartest
places in the world.



A CREATION OF SAVILLE PERFUMERY LTD., WATFORD, ENGLAND.

Obtainable at all good Chemists and Stores.

CW-jo

HE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS SKINNY BODY

...But He Gained 30 Lbs.
Quickly on "Vikelp" Tablets
...Now Feels Fine!

Like Thousands of Others He Found
the 12 Minerals + 6 Vitamins + Food
Iodine in "VIKELP" Quickest Way
Yet to Add Pounds, Build New
Strength & Energy—Without Drugs!

Read his actual letter...

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighborhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I supposed they knew what I was ashamed of. I was too thin. I used to... Even when I was in the sun in the summer I was ashamed to have my friends called up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen "VIKELP" Tablets in a magazine. I thought I would try them. I did. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what "VIKELP" Tablets have done for me. I am thankful to "VIKELP" Tablets for what their vitamins have done for me. Yours truly, L. P. Curious."

99 times out of 100 these dangerous underweight conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "VIKELP" is made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the 6 vital vitamins A, B, C, D, E, K, and the 12 important minerals, but also contains 1000 mg. of Food Iodine. Minerals found in "VIKELP" are: Sodium, Potassium, Chloride, Magnesium, Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron, Copper, Zinc, Manganese, etc., and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalize your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add pounds of firm flesh."

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address and we will send you absolutely free a fascinating 16-page booklet on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Big, Big, Big, Big Muscles—How to Gain Weight and Their Effects on the Human Body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight normalising. Absolutely free. No obligation. Vikelp DRPTE: 113/WW, G.P.O., Box 2679 SW, Sydney.

VIKELP
BRAND
HEALTH and BODY BUILDING TABLETS

Sold as Kelpmalt in U.S.A.

50c

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 45

MAYHEW smiled, and in a flash Sherman saw the ultimate soul of the man—the quiet determination that had carried him through to the end of this thing. Following Fanning to Sydney and getting King Bradley's cigarette case from him in the Canberra Hotel. Calmly finishing the cruise on the Storm Child in Honolulu; getting his cigarette case back after Fanning stole it again. Never quite coming into the open himself in anything, but standing back of it all with a cunning brain and making everybody else work for him to accomplish the ends he had decided to accomplish.

"You haven't, by any chance, forgotten our agreement, Doctor Mayhew?" Dame Ellen asked him.

He looked up at her.

"On the Storm Child," she said. "Share and share alike. We all signed it."

"No," Mayhew said quietly, "I haven't forgotten it."

Ida put out a hand to Mayhew's arm. "Have you ever seen these pearls before?" she asked him. "Are they King Bradley's pearls?"

"If they aren't," Sherman said, "I've been victimised. It was I, little one, who lifted them from King Bradley's saloon table, under twenty feet of water. And I don't intend to forget it very quickly."

"You did?" Ida looked at him.

"I did," Sherman nodded.

Ida shrugged and held out her cigarette to the coal of Dame Ellen's for a light. "That's perfectly splendid," she said.

"Where did you ever see them before?" Connie looked at Mayhew. "On King Bradley's saloon table, my dear."

She stared at him. "When?"

"A good many years ago."

"You knew Bradley?"

"Oh, yes." His eyes had that faraway look again, suddenly. He sat back and stared across the table. "A good many years ago. There weren't so many in those days, but they were all the finest there are."

Sherman was still looking at Ida Sefton.

"What's perfectly splendid about what?"

Ida inhaled smoke and let it out slowly. "I just like it," she said, "that you found three hundred and fifty pearls on King Bradley's saloon table, that's all. I can like it, can't I, if I want to?" She smiled.

Mayhew looked at her. "Oh, yes." He began to count out the pearls again. No one spoke. He moved them apart into five groups of seventy pearls each and he moved one group in front of Dame Ellen, one in front of Connie Yates, one in front of Ida and one in front of Sherman. One he kept himself.

"Now," he said quietly, "the agreement is satisfied, but if you all are willing I suggest one pearl apiece to Melville."

Ida Sefton stretched her hand out towards him. "There must be something else first, if you don't mind," she said.

"What must there be, Mrs. Sefton?"

"A statement from you setting forth the fact that you had seen those pearls before Mr. Drumm took them from the sunken Albatross—that you identify them—and a statement from Mr. Drumm that he went down on the Albatross and brought them up from King Bradley's saloon table."

"Somebody else will write it," Sherman laughed. "I'll sign it, but I won't write it."

Mayhew said, "I shall write Sir Charles Luder, personally, Mrs. Sefton, if that will help you."

She stared at him. "My goodness, have I slipped that badly?"

He smiled. "I've known who you were since I met you in Honolulu. That's why I wanted to meet you," he said.

"If Mr. Drumm hadn't dared you to go on the Storm Child, I should have"—he bowed—"to make it easy for you." He turned to Dame Ellen. "Mrs. Sefton," he said, "is the very charming claim agent for Luder's, Ltd., who had the pearls insured."

Ida looked at them. "Darn!" she said. "I am slipping."

"So is Mr. Drumm slipping," Mayhew smiled. "Aren't you, Mr. Drumm?"

"I don't think so," Sherman grinned. "Pacific Indemnity won't pay on the Albatross. I've saved them three and a half millions. Bradley carried no liability clause, and she sank with open sea cocks, so we're clear."

Dame Ellen leaned across the table.

"Doctor Mayhew, do you mind very much telling us just who you are?"

He sat back and looked over her head for a moment, while they waited. He said, "No, I don't mind. But I am not a very pleasant person. I warn you. I broke an old man's heart. Breaking hearts is never very pleasant, and I have paid for it. Dame Ellen, I am a surgeon, but I have never performed a very great operation. I am a student, but I have never produced anything of my own creation. I am a listener to other people's theories, but I have never evolved one of my own. That has been my payment. The consciousness of failure has sat upon my shoulders for many years, but I was too old in my puttering habits of life to change them."

"To change them for what?"

"To become, Dame Ellen, an island trader, to command my own boat, to fight men for the love of fighting, to tear a fortune out of the Pacific Ocean."

"What old man wanted you to do that—King Bradley?" Ida leaned towards him.

"Yes," he said.

"What in the world for?"

"Because," Mayhew said quickly, "I am his son. Queen Lili-koomee was my mother." He moved the pearls towards each of them with a gentle sweep of his hands.

"I give you these gratefully, for your pleasant company," he said, "and they are mine to give. When Fanning got my father's cigarette case, my father sent me his will. It gave me his fortune, if I found Fanning, found the Albatross and found the fortune, I hope I have kept faith with his wishes, not for the money involved, but for the sense of satisfaction it has given me."

He smiled at Dame Ellen. "I don't feel like a failure to-night." He stood up, a short stout figure, but with something infinitely fine in his face. "I feel better than I have felt in years. My father was a nobleman in these waters—a robber baron, a king and a tribal deity. I never could be all of that, but at least, after a mis-spent life, I could keep faith with him at the end. And I have done that."

SHERMAN touched Mayhew's arm. "Lount—"

Mayhew shrugged. "I am the head of my family. Mr. Drumm, Joe Lount came to me in Honolulu to give me the privilege of killing Fanning for what he did to the King. I declined it. On the Storm Child he told me that he was going to do it. I forbade him, but blood runs hot when it is young, my friends, and who shall stop it in the islands? Not the United States Government, in a thousand years. They will hang Joe Lount in Honolulu, but the motives that actuated him will never die as long as hearts beat in the Islands."

Later, at the after rail, Connie and Sherman stood looking down the pathway of the moon. Ida Sefton's laughter came to them down the breath of the Hopi's passing. She was on the bridge, with the young navigating officer. They could hear Mayhew's voice droning pleasantly to Dame Ellen in the shadow of the after deckhouse.

"Vienna," he said, "I remember one morning at Gottschalch—I walked up from the station and had breakfast. Not at the Excelsior, but at a little bun shop—"

Dame Ellen said: "Doctor Mayhew, you are doubling. You have told me this before."

"I am growing old," he said softly. "And I am very thankful for it, Dame Ellen."

Sherman's hand tightened on Connie's arm.

Far off behind the Hopi, far down the horizon now, lay King Bradley's Island, silent again under the Pacific moon, alone for eternity. Sherman felt her thoughts in his own mind.

"MacVey?"

She nodded.

"What was he, Sherman?"

"Part of this—he swept his arm across the rail. "Not a man—something better than a man—a god perhaps, entitled to his sacrifices"—he remembered suddenly the whispering in the winds that last hour before the Storm Child struck the reef—dead men's voices muttering in it eternally, laughing and chuckling madly down the vast Pacific distances, and suddenly in them he heard MacVey's shouting above them all.

She turned to him. "There is something so infinitely decent in you, Sherman, that it tightens my throat when I feel it."

"Quiet, woman," he said. "Don't talk with those lips. That's blasphemy. Kiss me with them. You are lovely."

(Copyright)

DON'T BUY ANY SPRAY
INSIST ON
FLY-TOX
THE INSECT SPRAY THAT
KILLS

There's a big difference
in insect sprays—a difference
in quality. Spray
Fly-Tox, and all flies,
mosquitoes, cockroaches,
ants, fleas and moths,
etc., in your home will
die. Fly-Tox KILLS.
Insist on Fly-Tox, and
refuse substitutes.

COSTS
NO MORE
THAN
ORDINARY
SPRAYS

INSIST ON
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS
ALL INSECTS



"He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's blood vessels cool. Give this gentle apertive to children up to 14 years of age.

Hints to Mothers: Look seated free on request.
Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, S.E.

Do You Know?

When the girls gathered round and asked Bet How her hair was so beautifully set? "It's easy," she said. As she lowered her head, "I'm simply just using DAMPETTE."

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-gross waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle. Contains Vitamin F.

He laughed, too. He didn't mind if the laugh was at him, so long as they were laughing together.

He wanted to kiss her. If he had wanted to kiss Helen like this, she would have been kissed long since.

Also, he knew that if ever he did kiss this girl, he wouldn't be the first. And he didn't care. It was the last who mattered.

"I'll come every evening, while I'm here, if you'll teach me."

"I'd love to. But this is my last evening. I'm going to Northport for a private show. And then I'm signing up for six months in Paris."

"Paris?" He felt faintly sick. "I suppose you are French—aren't you? I mean with that name?"

"Pure Bow Bells. And my name's Smith. But Frances Smith couldn't dance at a night club."

No nice girl could. Old Heathley could have told him that. But Old Heathley was miles away. Its voice was lost in Ben Ayres' band playing "Last Year's Love."

Terry let his mouth brush against her sweet hair.

"Don't go!" he said.

When they came back finally to Bowen's table, they found him very tired and bored.

"I'm sick of chaperoning. If you kids want to stay on, you can. I'm going home. And, by the way, Paris, what about marrying me some time next week, darling?"

"Can't, my dear, I'm going to Northport."

"These modern women!" Roscoe complained to Terry. "A fellow can't get in a date edgeways."

"It's a joke," Frances explained. "He proposes to me every time he sees me."

"If I asked you to marry me," Terry said coolly. "I'd mean it."

He was looking her in the eyes.

"Well—do you?"

"Yes," he said.

Roscoe found that very funny.

But a month later he wrote a short letter to Jim Turner in Old Heathley.

That young fellow of yours is going back to you with an order for and that I need as little as I need turkey's eggs. But he's married Frances Larche, otherwise Smith, whom I've been trying to marry for

Vivacious Lady

Continued from Page 5

the last three years. And anyone who can walk off with my girl, right under my nose, has got something and is worth cultivating. He may finish up as Prime Minister. He needs watching."

It was true. Terry and Frances were married. Sometimes Frances could hardly believe that she had gone quietly to the registry office and had married this young man from a small country town whom she had known for less than a month.

Someone else could hardly believe it also. His mother and father.

"I didn't telegraph," Terry had written with engaging simplicity, "because I thought it might be a bit of a shock. And we couldn't wait. Frances had a job offered her in Paris and she had to decide one way or the other. You see, she's a dancer—a professional dancer in a night club. That's where I met her. Her real name is Frances Smith."

An alias. The disguise of the underworld! Who had Terry married? Jane Morgan let the letter drop in her lap. She looked across the breakfast table at Peter, who was trying to be professionally analytical and acid.

"Things like this don't happen except in cheap novels," he said. "Not to decent people like us. So I presume it hasn't really happened." He unfolded his morning paper with a gust of uncontrollable fury.

GIRLIGAGS



"AN all-Australian couple is a self-made man with a delicate semi-made wife."

"I won't have a lot of fast, good-for-nothing London women cluttering up my house. I shall tell him so."

"He's only bringing one," his wife ventured.

"Don't try to be funny, Jane."

She wasn't. She was, in fact, completely shattered. Terry had left them—really left them. He had behaved incredibly. Without even an explanation, an apology, or sense of wrong-doing he was bringing a hostile, disturbing stranger into their orderly and happy lives. And then there was Helen. She would have to be told at once.

Helen was just as fine as Jane had known she would be. She didn't break down. She was gentle and sweet and comforting.

"Terry is so young," she said. "And, after all, she may be very nice. Some of these women are, you know."

"A professional dancer!" Jane said her blue eyes blazing. She wanted to add, "And with a sweet girl like you waiting for him." But they both knew that and it was too cruel to be talked about. Not that people wouldn't talk. It would be "Poor Helen!" from now on in varying accents—Helen's sweet mouth tightened faintly—unless, of course, something happened.

Frances and Terry were incredibly, incredulously happy.

Apart from loving him, Frances found it fun to go places with Terry.

If there was a higher peak in the world than the one on which they stood, neither of them knew it.

And then, the moment the train pulled out of King's Cross Station, something happened. It was as though London, having taken Terry to the station and seen him off, turned her back and forgot him. Her enchantment withdrew itself with a last farewell wave of shimmering illusions. He was left high and dry. The wheels under him chattered. "You are going home, young man." And above their insistence he began to hear the voice

of Old Heathley, more and more distinctly.

On the opposite seat was the girl he'd married, whom he desperately loved—a Londoner. But in twenty-four hours Old Heathley would be looking her over with pursed lips, noting the extravagantly smart suit, the high heels, the lipstic, the little hat tilted so rakishly over one eye.

Frances was looking out of the window as though she were saying good-bye to things. She turned and met his eyes.

"Let's go and have a cigarette, darling."

He had forgotten that she smoked. Or rather it had seemed so natural, so much part of her background that he hadn't thought about it. But in Old Heathley—in his mother's drawing-room—well, it was going to be different. Very different.

TERRY knew what she looked like—to Old Heathley. He knew what his mother and father saw in her as she swung down the platform with her easy, long-legged stride. They stood in close formation, awaiting the invader, with forlorn, helpless hostility. He knew with awful exactness what his mother felt when Frances took her exuberantly in her arms and kissed her. He knew that intoxicating perfume.

"You're Terry's mother, aren't you? If you aren't, I've done something dreadful. But I was sure—I recognised his eyes. But I shan't call you mother. You're much too young. I shall call you Jane."

The very platform seemed to shudder under their feet. Terry saw his father's face—in look of almost physical shock as though someone had slapped it—and immediately he felt the shock himself.

Jane Morgan settled her hair severely. "Jane" indeed! Nobody ever called her Jane except Peter. And even he occasionally addressed her as "Mother."

The very platform seemed to shudder under their feet. Terry saw his father's face—in look of almost physical shock as though someone had slapped it—and immediately he felt the shock himself.

Jane Morgan settled her hair severely. "Jane" indeed! Nobody ever called her Jane except Peter. And even he occasionally addressed her as "Mother."

A frozen silence. Dr. Morgan scowled at her from under his thick grey brows. Terry and Paris London had been bad enough. Something had to be done to stop this ridiculous conversation, if only for Jane's sake. Fortunately, there was his collection. Everybody talked about his collection. They darn well had to.

SOMETIMES it quite irritated her as though she were nothing but an institution. She saw the beads of perspiration on her son's forehead and her husband's sour grimace. Two rather stupid-looking men, she thought impatiently. Why shouldn't she be called "Jane"? It was a perfectly good name. She rather liked the sound of it.

She gave the girl's arm a pat.

"Terry's wife is welcome," she said.

Supper that night was almost a party. Just to show Old Heathley how delighted they were at Terry's marriage, Helen came to show that she and Terry had been best friends, and that she was as delighted as anybody. Ronald came, on a reluctant invitation, because he had to see for himself what his cousin had actually been up to.

Helen was sweet. Terry knew what everyone thought—but he had let her down. He didn't know whether he had or he hadn't.

They were all watching Frances out of the corners of their eyes, or down their noses, or with a direct glare. (Terry remembered with a pang that she was accustomed to people staring at her as though she were public property. Helen talked to her, as one girl to another. Yes, Frances answered a polite question, she'd travelled round a lot. She'd had an engagement rarely lasted more than six weeks. And then you might have to move from the West End of London up to the North of England. She had been going to Paris. But had married Terry instead. Next year perhaps she might be married again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure.)

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/- and in the original 5/- bottles. An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.**

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders. It is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/- and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.**

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

See advertisement on page 20 for details of how to remove corns and calluses. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Drives out corns and calluses, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-sapine and zinc. Absorbable gel. Easy directions on label. 1/2 hour's service and you're free. The manufacturer refunds your money if NOXACORN fails to remove any corn or callus.

Please turn to Page 48



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS

AFTER COOKING AND CLEANING, USE SOLVOL! ITS PENETRATING LATHER CLEANS HANDS OF METAL POLISH... STOVE-BLACK... FRUIT AND VEGETABLE STAINS. IT SWEEPS AWAY INGRAINED DUST AND GREASE... GETS HANDS SOFT AND WHITE WITHOUT SCRUBBING. YET IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

J. KIRKIN & SONS LTD.

25-264-19



IMPORTANT: Be sure you get Steradent. Dentists recommend it.

RECOMMENDED BY: RAYAN, LTD. (Perfumers) Ltd., London.

Steradent
kills and sterilizes false teeth

Marvellous new method ends washing-day drudgery

"GREATEST DISCOVERY IN YEARS!"

say Housewives

FINISHED MY WASH?
YES, AGES AGO! IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH TIME-AND FUEL-THE RINSO METHOD SAVES. AND EASY! I FEEL AS FRESH AS A DAISY!

RUB AND SCRUB?
GOODNESS NO, NOT ANY LONGER! I USE THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD! NO MORE STIRRING OVER A STEAMING COPPER FOR 20 TO 30 MINUTES FOR ME!

JUST TAKE A PEEK AT MY CLOTHES-LINE!
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A SPARKLING WHITE WASH?

WHO wouldn't like to snap fingers at washing-day bogies—hard rubbing... wearisome washing-through... long hours in a hot, steamy laundry? Then here's your chance! The Rinso 2-minute boil method cuts down boiling time from 30 minutes to just 3 minutes... ends all rubbing. Your whole wash is brilliantly clean and out on the line to dry almost before you know it. Think of the ease of it!

4.275.15

Think of the big saving in time, in fuel and money! Try the Rinso 2-minute boil.

Protect SILKS, COLOURS and WOOLLENS with RINSO

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through, without rubbing, in lukewarm Rinso suds—to keep them lovely and new-looking always.

A LEVINE PRODUCT



Every box of Menthoids contains the valuable Diet Chart which will help you be sure you get genuine Menthoids. Refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine.

FREE
DIET CHART

12 Days' Treatment. 3/6 Month's Treatment. 6/6

Don't Fear High Blood Pressure

More than 12,000 Australians died in one year from High Blood Pressure and its effects. Hence the new medical prescription, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, comes as a Godsend and gives new hope of recovery from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, High Blood Pressure, which are all caused by poisons in the blood stream.

Don't drug yourself with pain tablets. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. They will purify your blood of poisons—add pain-free vigorous years to your life. Menthoids are safe for the most delicate patient because they contain no drugs of any kind.



"I Collapsed with HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE now quite well, thanks to MENTHOIDS"

"I had been warned that my blood pressure was too high, and I had not idea it had become serious until I collapsed in the street. Several of my friends recommended me to take a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. The result was wonderful. My kidney pains are again normal. The headaches and

dizziness have gone, and my doctor tells me that as long as I keep my blood pressure at the present level, I have no worry. I will never again be without Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. They certainly saved my life." Gratefully yours, R.B.W.

Vivacious Lady

Continued from Page 47

"YOU'RE not, by any chance, interested in birds' eggs are you, Frances?" he interrupted sharply.

She looked at him with laughter in her calm grey eyes.

"Not at all. Are you, Peter?"

Terry stared down at his plate. There was nowhere else to look with safety. Why hadn't he warned her about the eggs? Why did she have to call everybody by their first name? In another minute she might call his father "darling."

"It just happens," Dr. Morgan said with elaborate irony, "that I have one of the largest collections in the country—"

"Well—I used to collect things myself," Frances said. "But when I took to dancing I had to give it up. You can't have a profession and mess around, too, can you?"

There was no possible answer. Peter pushed back his plate. No—he wouldn't have a second helping. He wasn't hungry. So this girl thought she had a profession, did she? And he hadn't. Not any more. He was just an old fool-messing around. Well, she hadn't pretended to take interest in his eggs. There was that much to her credit.

"A profession has to be kept going," Frances went on easily. "I don't care whether it's your mind or your legs. Stick off for a month, and you feel the difference. But I'm going to teach Terry all I know. I've been thinking I might start a dancing class. He says he's the best dancer in Old Heathly. So I should think you need me." She opened her silk evening bag. "Give me a light, darling."

It was the moment for which Terry had been waiting with set teeth. In the grim silence their eyes met through the lavender cloud of smoke and his eyes told her that he loved her and was standing by. But he felt his mother's hurt, blue gaze. He felt his father's nerves twitch.

Afterwards, Ronald offered to see Helen to her door and to his considerable astonishment his offer was accepted. Frances followed Jane to the spare room which had been so hastily prepared.

"I'm afraid it's not quite what it should be," Jane said almost humbly. "But you gave me so little time—"

"I know. You poor dears. It must have been an awful blow. We should have waited. But Terry didn't want me to go to Paris. And I didn't want to go, either. You see, we're so desperately in love—"

Jane started slightly. She'd been worrying about the room, and the words "desperately in love" struck through her preoccupation like a sudden clash of cymbals. It was literally a shocking expression. It shocked her as she hadn't been shocked for years—not since she was a girl.

"Well, it's done," she said, "and we've all got to settle down, haven't we? I expect my dear, we're very different from people you've had to deal with—"

Frances stood leaning against the window-frame smiling at her.

"Oh, I don't know. I've had to do with so many kinds—some of them distinctly queer. But I've managed. People like me and I like them. The thing is to realise we're all queer in our different ways, and to put up with each other."

JANE found herself drifting from her purpose. She almost forgot what it was. But the memory of Peter's anguish and furious face steadied her. Peter rarely cared enough about anything to be angry. But when he did there was no stopping him. He just went on and on.

"But, my dear—there are certain standards, aren't there? We have to conform to them. Some of ours may come hard on you. For instance—smoking. We—my husband—people here don't like girls smoking. It isn't considered right—"

"Why not?"

Jane didn't know. She felt flustered and annoyed—not, oddly enough, with this direct, unflinching enemy, but with Peter, who appeared to her suddenly as a rather tiresome, elderly gentleman who made a lot of fuss.

"What I mean is—if you must smoke—couldn't you please do it in your own room—I mean not where it will offend people—?"

"Does it offend you, Jane?"

Jane didn't know the answer to that either. She had been thinking about what Peter and Old Heathly thought. It occurred to her, with a fresh stab of annoyance, that perhaps none of them ever really thought at all.

"It's for Terry's sake," she said,

not very coherently. "It would make life easier."

The girl was silent for a moment. The smile had died out of her eyes. She looked—Jane realised with more confusion—rather shocked.

"You know, Jane. Terry—did you make an honest woman of me. I'm honest. It's just about all I am. And you see I do smoke and I don't see why I shouldn't. But I couldn't smoke—or do anything else—in corners. I just couldn't. Not even for Terry."

"I see," Jane said. She felt only dejected, but rather shamefully defeated.

Jim Turner, from across the official desk, took unofficial note. Certainly two months of marriage had done wonders to Terry. Morgan though most probably he didn't know it. He was much thinner. The blue eyes were harassed. He was so sure of himself or anything. The country boy, Turner reflected contentedly, had taken a knock.

"And now are the old folks taking it?"

"Fine."

It wasn't true; they were taking it badly. For the first time their peaceful lives had been shaken to the foundations. Indirectly Terry was to blame; directly it was Frances doing. She'd hurt them all. She'd hurt his father about his eggs so now the old man wouldn't even mention them. She'd hurt his mother by smoking, mixing cocktails, and by setting up what she called a home in a barn that had been "made over" by some long-departed artists who had left nothing but the barn as a trace of their unwanted passing. But it had a huge draughty living-room where you could dance, as Frances pointed out conclusively.

T

HE dancing day was the last straw. It was as affront to everybody—to the community by the inspiration that it needed lessons; to the Morgan traditions which did not include professional dancers, worst of all it suggested that Terry couldn't support his wife. He could and he would. He drove home now in his second-hand car, fiercely determined to tell her so.

The gramophone was playing "Last Year's Love."

She fairly caught him in her arms.

"Darling—let's dance."

He had to. She swept him from his feet just as she had done that first time. But he danced better now, with authority and a sense of well-being that he simply couldn't help. The needle ran itself screaming off the record before he remembered what he had meant to say. Also that as usual she had forgotten supper.

"Darling—you've come on marvelously. One of these days we'll get Old Heathly an exhibition—"

"Frances—look here—we can't do things like this. This isn't London—"

"You don't mean it, darling."

"You call everyone 'darling,'" he said bitterly.

"Ah, but with such different feelings."

She was challenging him to last with her. But he wouldn't. He couldn't afford to.

"For one thing," he said. "I've got to eat once in a while. And not out of a tin—"

"Of course, I know. Just as soon as I've got my class going, we'll have a real cook and a real butler, and live like princes—"

"There isn't going to be an dancing class."

"Why not?"

She was always saying "Why not?"

He had an invariable answer.

"Because it isn't right—"

"Why isn't it?"

He found himself stuttering.

"We don't do that sort of thing—"

"You mean you don't earn your own living?"

"Our—our wives don't. They don't have to. It looks as though I couldn't afford to keep us both."

"You can't, darling."

"I could if you behaved like an ordinary wife. If you learned to cook, for instance—"

"That wouldn't be earning a living I suppose?" There was a point of fire in her grey eyes, but she remained exasperatingly good-humored. "Besides, I've never been cooking just hasn't one of my talents. I'm a dancer, and always will be. Don't you see, darling?"—she was half-pleading with him—"it's the best I've got? I've got to live as my best, haven't I?"

Please turn to Page 49

Six Children without Teething Troubles



"Effects of Whooping Cough Overcome"

Mrs. M. S. FLETCHER writes:—"I have given all my six children Ashton & Parsons' Teething Powders, and have never had any trouble with their teeth; they all slept well. My last baby had an attack of whooping-cough when he was only two months old, which kept him down quite a lot, but now at ten months is a strong and happy. He has six teeth cut, and two now coming through. My mother gave your powders to me as a baby, and I have sold many friends about them."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental in the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, non-irritating and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Ashton & Parsons' Ltd., Box 24 P.O., North Sydney.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets painlessly enable you to reduce, safely and easily. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your ideal and are once more the proud owner of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold in all chemists at 4/3 per package. You can secure them direct from the Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney, N.S.W.*

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

BY SECRETARY WITH 30 YEARS' SUCCESS.—"I have been an almost insatiable curer, but I have not touched a drink since I took a course of Eucracy. He says he will never drink again," writes a grateful reader.

Dept. B, EUCRACY CO., 22 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.**

Vivacious Lady

Continued from Page 48

HE wouldn't listen. He was, in a sense, too frightened. For, in spite of her lightness, he guessed that he was up against something implacable in her—something that he might have understood if he had thought of her in the terms of his own ambition. But a woman didn't have a man's ambition. A woman was like his mother—a helpmate, a background. He took refuge in one obvious fact.

"Anyhow, you won't have a class. Nobody will come to it—"

"I've got two pupils already."

"Who?" he demanded.

"Well, there's Jim Turner."

"I don't believe it!"

"Terry! All right; ask him. He said he thought it was a grand idea. He's done some dancing in his day, and he believes in keeping up in the hardware business."

For a moment Terry was speechless. For some inexplicable reason Jim Turner had double-crossed him. Perhaps he thought his employer's wife was an easy mark. Terry did not know that he was panic-stricken. He did know, with a certain satisfaction, that, at least, he had completely lost his temper.

"And the other one, if I may ask?"

"That's the end. I won't have it."

"Darling, you'll have to. He's paid for six lessons on the nail."

"You'll return the money to-morrow. Ronald's not fit for any decent girl!"

"Don't be idiotic, Terry. He's nothing but a sad, misguided puppy whose sins would make a saint laugh. I could manage him with my hands tied."

"You aren't going to have the chance."

"You aren't a bully, are you, darling?"

"No, I'm not. I'm just reasonable, and I have some rights."

"Some," she admitted dangerously.

"And none if I don't love you."

"Perhaps you don't."

"Perhaps I won't."

It was all wrong. She had put on that record to remind him of their first happiness. She had meant to tell him what Turner had said to her:

"I'm going to open a London office. Just as soon as you've finished making a good job of him, he can take over."

But she couldn't tell him now. She let him storm out of the room, slamming the barn door furiously behind him. Her own lips were tight closed in a short-lived, but bitter, indignation.

THERE was no end to the trouble Frances caused.

In the first place, young Old Heathley went dance mad. Hitherto, dancing had been a social activity indulged in cautiously on specified occasions, and with an end to matrimony. Now it became an end in itself. Conversation at parties deserted personalities and revolved round balances, chalets, cortezas, pivots, and twinkles. Young people no longer danced together because they liked each other, but because their steps matched.

Then Ronald boasted that he had turned "professional." Nothing that Ronald did could be worse than what Old Heathley already suspected of him. But the announcement that he and Frances were to do an exhibition show at the annual hospital dance gave impetus to a fast circulating rumor. No one knew who started it.

Terry didn't know himself how it reached him. Frances didn't hear it at all; she was too busy. She had engaged a cook who made delicious meals that Terry wouldn't eat. He wasn't going to live on his wife's earnings, he told himself fiercely, least of all when they came out of Ronald's pocket. But he didn't argue any more. She could do what she wanted. Every time she and Ronald practised together he went down to the Elliotts' and took Helen to the pictures or for an ostentatious walk in the moonlight—if there happened to be any moonlight handy.

Everyone knew what was happening.

And then there was Peter Morgan. He had taken to spending his evenings with young Dr. Weston, who was starting a practice in the teeth of Old Heathley's conviction that no one under sixty knew anything. The two men discussed the new diseases discovered by the medical profession for the benefit of mankind, and Jane felt that the birds' eggs had been better. But ever since Frances' outrageous indifference he had refused to have the collection mentioned. He had become "different"—in what way Jane didn't exactly know. But she remembered vaguely why she

had "borrowed" her sister's party dress, and she made a discovery. There had been at least one sad event in their apparently happy and uneventful lives. Somewhere along the road Peter and Jane Morgan had lost each other.

But she still had Terry. Terry had to be happy. The obvious thing to do was to let the inevitable happen. Sooner or later, Frances would do what her type always did. She would run away with someone. Probably Ronald. And then, after a decent interval, Terry would marry Helen and settle down. The certainty was in Helen's calm gaze every time she met Jane's eyes. (Sometimes Jane wished Helen wasn't quite so unfalteringly sweet. Living with her, Jane thought acidly, would be like living in a sweet shop on a diet of sugar.)

Jane never knew why she set out that day to "have a talk" with Frances. The young Morgan menace was on the rocks. Which was where she and Helen intended it to be. She ought to have been satisfied. But she wasn't.

She was feeling curiously old and unmoved when she reached the outskirts of the town and the discredited barn.

Jane Morgan stopped dead. For, incredibly, a full string orchestra was playing "The Blue Danube."

She had danced to "The Blue Danube" years ago. The last time had been in the spring—just before her marriage. Now it was winter. But winter could be lovely, too.

She tiptoed to one of the low-built windows. She wasn't consciously spying. She was a little middle-aged girl creeping up on a magic flock of memories, frightened of putting them to flight. She did not know what she expected to see. She saw Frances all alone, dancing "The Blue Danube" just as she had done that night when she had danced her way into Terry's amazed heart. Jane didn't know about that. But for the first time she saw Frances with her son's eyes. Her throat tightened. She had never seen anything so beautiful. And suddenly, amazingly, she understood. The girl wasn't undisciplined. You had to rule yourself with an iron hand to do anything so perfectly. She didn't dance to hurt and outrage people—not even to make a living. She danced because she had to. It was her priceless gift—a deep sense of the joy of life—of some secret rhythm of happiness. The happiness was in her intent and lovely face.

Jane unatched the rickety door and went in, and Frances seemed to drop motionless like a shot bird. The two women stood there looking at each other. But the music went on. And then as though she had read what was in the older woman's eyes, Frances went up to her.

"Jane darling—let's dance—"

"My dear, I'm an old woman."

"You're not. How old are you? Fifty? That's nothing. I'm looking forward to being fifty. I shall be an alive as ever. Only things won't hurt us as much—"

(So she really loved Terry and was unhappy, too.)

"Oh, but they do, my dear."

"Do they? I'm sorry. Let's forget them now. Let's dance."

"Frances, I can't. I've forgotten—"

"No, you haven't. One never forgets. It's easy. Only smoothly, darling. Give each step an equal value. That's it. I knew you could

You have such pretty feet."

IT was like being let out of prison. It was as though one's real self, young and joyous, danced out of one's tired body, back into a gay procession. When the music stopped she was laughing and only a little breathless. The girl's eyes met hers with such smiling tenderness, she put her head down on Frances' shoulder and burst into a storm of tears.

Dr. Peter Morgan had been for a country walk. Not birds' nesting. That stupid business was over. He'd made up his mind finally. He didn't care what people thought of him, old age or not, he was going back into practice. He'd show people that he wasn't just a doddering old fool, messing round with a lot of useless, idiotic eggs.

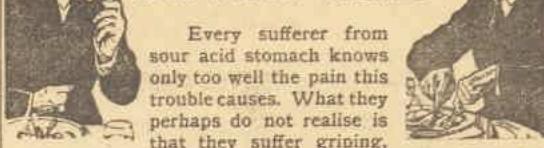
He stopped at the barn on his way back.

Anyhow, he meant to have a talk with his son's wife. He'd read her the riot act about this dance business. He'd tell her that she was wrecking Terry's life and breaking his mother's heart. And he wasn't going to have his wife's heart broken.

Please turn to Page 50

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives INSTANT RELIEF



Every sufferer from sour acid stomach knows only too well the pain this trouble causes. What they perhaps do not realise is that they suffer gripping,

burning pain because the actual stomach lining is being attacked. Excess acid is literally eating into the stomach wall. Nothing will stop your pain until you neutralise the excess acidity and protect the stomach and digestive organs from further attack. This is what De Witt's Antacid Powder will do for you at once.

That is why time and time again one-time sufferers tell you De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instantaneous relief. Its action is so soothing. It just calms down the burning pains and allows you to perfectly digest and consequently thoroughly enjoy your meals.

It is indeed the quick action of De Witt's Antacid Powder that proves such a blessing to sufferers from digestive misery. Relief from the very first dose and then permanent benefit. To stop digestive trouble at once, and get back a healthy appetite, there is no better advice than this—

**TAKE
DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER**

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

Mr. D. Catmur, St. Flanders Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney, writes:—

"I suffered for some years with Indigestion, and had to be careful what I ate. About a month ago I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder, and I am pleased to say have found its properties wonderful. After one dose I noted improvement, and after using one canister was completely benefited. I am able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects."

£225

in Australian Money Buys this Really Astounding

TOUR OF EUROPE

LEAVING PER R.M.S. "ORION," MARCH 22

THIS YEAR WE PROVIDED OUR PARTY WITH THE OUTSTANDING TOUR OF 1938. NEXT YEAR'S TOUR PROVIDES AN EVEN BIGGER BARGAIN.

OUR PARTY WILL VISIT

Naples	Nice	Monte Carlo
Mentone	Cannes	Marceilles
Grenoble	Lyon	Vichy
Paris	Brussels	Verdun
Durgo	The Rhine	Hamburg
Lucerne	Mayence	Flensburg
Interlaken	Lugano	Strom
Rome	Milan	Florence
Vienna	Prague	Prague
Budapest	Dresden	Amsterdam
Venice	London	Edinburgh
The Black Forest	Kandy	Shakespeare's Country

53 DAYS' ESCORTED TOUR . . . 12 COUNTRIES

Remember this: £225 not only includes exchange, but provides the 53 days tour of Europe, with first class hotel, winter and summer, all rail travel on the Continent and Britain, train fares from station to hotel, tips, side-trips, etc., etc., and return steamer fares, tourist class.

SEND OR CALL FOR DAY-TO-DAY ITINERARY
COMPARE PRICES AND PLACES

Early Application is Advisable to Ensure Berths

THE AUSTRALIAN Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel. MA4496.

SEND FOR OUR
"HOLIDAY NEWS"
FREE

HERE ARE SOME BARGAINS IN RECOMMENDED HOLIDAYS

Orange, 5 days Xmas, £5/10/- Melbourne, Great Ocean, Port Fairy, Great Ocean, 10 days £12/10/-, return all: Day Trip to Great Ocean, New Year Party to Barrier Reef, 14 days £16/11/- Coorong (20/-), 15 days, £10/10/-; Coorong, inclusive 4 days' motor tour (10 days in all), £15/10/-; S.A. Gulf, 11 days, £19/10/-, pay all: Barragerang Valley, car and accommodation, one week, £2/15/-

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel. MA4496

BON MARCHE

"Ideal" Vacuum Cleaner

BIGGER! BETTER VALUE!

(Inset) is the famous feature of the "Ideal," the household spray.



On Terms: 2/6 Wkly.

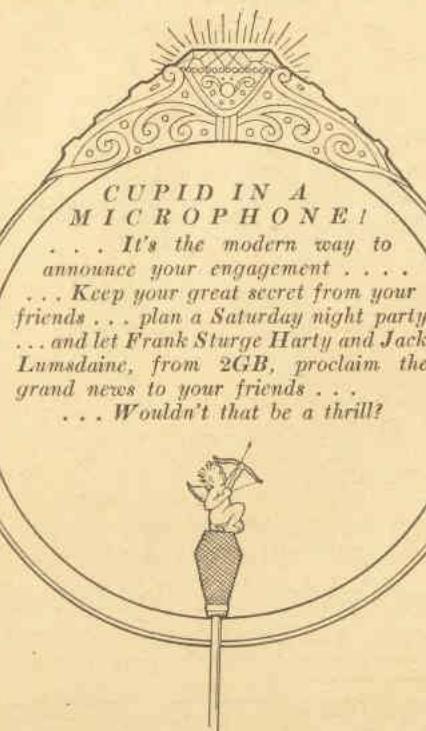
The machine is smartly finished with chromium metal parts and highly polished. It runs smoothly on rubber tyred wheels. Each piece is easy to attach and the entire workmanship of the "Ideal" is superior to that of many machines costing more and those priced in the same category. The motor is set in rubber, making it harmless.

Easy terms are 10/- deposit and 2/6 weekly. Price, £8/8/-

1. Long, pliable metal tube.
2. Long length of Dex and fittings.
3. Large, powerful suction section for rugs, carpets, etc.
4. Soft finish polishing pad.
5. Handy corner brush.
6. Bent metal tube for picture rail cleaning.
7. Lounge suite nozzle smoothly finished for protecting fabrics.
8. Two lengths of metal tubing. Indispensable.
9. Strong brush for wood work and attaching to No. 6 for picture rails.

Terms: FREE OF INTEREST for 16 Months

BON MARCHE LIMITED
1 BROADWAY . . . SYDNEY



But you must first call PERSONALLY on Frank Sturge Harty at 2GB to give him the details. Any day, Monday to Friday, between 6 and 6.30 p.m.

"CUPID'S CONQUESTS"
2GB with FRANK STURGE HARTY and JACK LUMSDAINE SATURDAYS. 8.30 p.m.

Vivacious Lady

Continued from Page 49

INCIDENTALLY he'd drop a remark about going into partnership with young Penton. That would show her—

A band was playing "The Blue Danube."

Dr. Peter Morgan followed in Jane Morgan's footsteps. He peered through the low-built window. What he saw held him motionless. But when the music stopped he went as he had come, only more quietly, almost surreptitiously. And with a very peculiar expression on his sardonic face.

Terry said suddenly that he wasn't going. Frances, half-way up the ladder-like stairs that led to their bedroom, stopped and looked down at him. They were both very white and tense like duellists who have exchanged the preliminary salute.

"If you don't," she said, "everyone will think there's something wrong between us."

"There is," he thrust back at her. "What and why?" she asked.

He floundered out of reach of her direct attack.

"I'm not going to watch my wife making an exhibition of herself."

"I was making an exhibition of myself when you fell in love with me."

"You weren't my wife then."

"Anyway, you loved me with your eyes open," she said. "I am a dancer and I was dancing. If I had known you had wanted me to be knitting, I wouldn't have married you. It wasn't fair to either of us—"

He let her go. He couldn't find the way to tell her the difficult, confused truth. He knew that if he went with her she would seem to him as beautiful as she had seemed to him that first night. Every step would be a thing of beauty. And yet, all the time, he would be seeing her as his mother and father would be seeing her. He couldn't bear it. And so he let her go—alone.

"I'm opening that office next month," Jim Turner said, patting her arm. "I think he's ready for it. Done to a turn. You've made him too hot for Old Heathley, and the place is getting too hot for both of you. He's through with things here."

Frances smiled wanly. It was no time to tell him that Terry might be through with her too—or she with him. Or both. She didn't quite know herself what had happened to them.

She did an easy, showy turn with Ronald. The Tennis Club had never seen anything like it. They were ecstatically horrified.

Frances knew what they felt. She didn't care any more. Jane had had to stay at home to nurse Peter, who had made a cold into an excuse. Terry had said openly that he was ashamed to come. So she danced just for herself.

When it was over she wouldn't answer the applause. She knew what it meant. They applauded and wanted her as Terry had applauded and wanted her—in spite of their better judgment. But she longed to be wanted with pride and understanding.

So she let Ronald drive her home. She was so unaware of him that she hardly realised what was happening when he pulled up at the side of the road and kissed her. "Ronald, are you mad or drunk?"

"Dead sober and sane, my dear." He was really very nervous. He had already more than a dim idea that Helen's challenge had dragged him into depths beyond his swimming capacity. The only thing was to keep cool. "After all, you and I are people of the world, Frances. We can look facts in the face. You and Terry are through. And you don't have to worry about him either. He's got Helen. He was practically engaged to her until you turned up. And now everyone's just waiting for you to make a breakaway so that he can trot back to her."

"I see," she said. She leaned across him, opened the door on his side, and gently but firmly pushed him out. "You'll make quite a good dancer, if you live long enough," she said; "but you'll never live long enough to grow up."

She let in the clutch and left him standing in the road with his mouth open.

Jane wondered impatiently why a sick doctor was always so much more difficult than any normal person.

Her thoughts may have thrown off some sort of disturbing radiation. At any rate, Dr. Peter Morgan felt dis-

turbed. He was trying to screw himself up to the point of telling her about the proposed partnership when Frances came in. Both of them instinctively recognised disaster.

And yet she was very quiet. She wore her everyday things and the jaunty little hat that had so outraged them.

"I'm going, darlings," she said. "I know now it's been a mad mistake. Terry belongs to you—not me. I'm going to give him up to that nice girl you all love—"

"I don't," Jane interrupted sharply.

"Well—Terry does. Ronald told me. I pushed him out of his own car. But I shall pick him up again. Well run away together and then Terry can get his divorce—"

"He'll do nothing of the sort," Dr. Morgan began fuming. "In our family when we make our beds we lie on 'em—"

"Perhaps it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Perhaps it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood up. She spoke composedly and to Dr. Morgan's utter amazement she was speaking to him. "I've been a dishonest woman, Peter. All my life I've never done a thing because I wanted to, but because I thought someone else thought I ought to want to. I've been your wife. I've been Terry's mother. I've never been myself. I've never had an honest thought of my own. I've pretended to be interested in your eggs when I'm sick of them." She folded up her knitting. "I've got a nest egg of my own, Frances. I'd saved it for a rainy day. I'd much rather spend it on having a good time. If you don't mind, my dear, I'm coming with you—"

"Well, it's time our family didn't," Jane said. She stood

HOME MAKER

November 19, 1938

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

First Page

BUILD BEAUTY with FOOD

Take fresh fruit and vegetable juices scientifically mixed and special building foods for beauty of figure . . . and for your eyes, hair and teeth too

IT is possible to build beauty with food, or rather by the eating of certain foods, according to Dr. Hauser, well-known American dietitian, who advises the film stars and other lovelies what to eat for figure and facial beauty.

If you are underweight you can acquire curves with a building-up diet.

But before going on a building-up diet you must first cleanse the system thoroughly.

This can be done by drinking for a few days fresh fruit and vegetable juices in abundance. Include orange, pineapple, tomato and other fresh juices and drink at least a quart a day with or between meals.

After this flushing regime you can start building up your weight with special diet.

But remember to chew all your food thoroughly—starches especially, because these are partly digested in the mouth—and don't drink water with your meals. Have fruit juices or milk instead.

And make sure you include in your diet every day whole grains, such as wholewheat bread, fresh green vegetables, fresh milk and fresh fruit, and young tender meats.

Ripe bananas are good, and with milk make an excellent food.

Bananas supply a digestive ferment which helps to digest other food.

It's a good idea to whip bananas into milk and drink this several times a day.

Building Cocktails

DRINK building cocktails, too. These are made by mixing one fresh egg-yolk into a glass of orange juice and adding 1 tablespoon of honey. Beat until foamy.

Usually thin people will find it better to eat less and more often. Thus you can have a building cocktail at 10 in the morning and again at four in the afternoon.

Here is a suggested building-up menu:

Breakfast: Cooked wholewheat or



A DIET RICH in natural foods helps Janice Dawson, Fox actress, to maintain the sparkle in her eyes, the beauty of her teeth, and the gloss on her hair.

steel-cut oats with handful of raisins and cream; wholewheat toast with butter and honey, glass of milk.

10 a.m.: Mashed ripe banana in glass of milk.

Luncheon: Vegetable and fruit salad sprinkled with ground nuts, wholewheat bread and butter, beverage.

4 p.m.: Orange juice with egg-yolk and honey.

Dinner: Tomato juice, sirloin steak, onions, new potatoes with parsley, cauliflower; lettuce salad with lemon juice and oil dressing; peach pie and cream, beverage.

If your hair is your main problem—if it is lustreless, poor in growth or going grey—you can improve its condition.

Third of a Series of Articles on Eating for Beauty.

—By—
JANETTE

—



FRESH fruit juices and vegetable salads taken daily are the foundations of health and beauty.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now —



I know now that for real economy Kayser MIR-O-KLEER stockings stand alone. They're cunningly shaped to slim your ankles, and they're made of the finest, sheerest silk, clear as crystal—RING-LESS . . . SHADOWLESS. Service-weights—Sheers—or Super Sheers, priced from only 4/11 to 7/11.

What My Patients Ask Me

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: I cannot look from the top of a high building or drive on a high mountain road without a serious upset to my nerves. Can I overcome this?

SOME nervous and highly-strung individuals suffer from what the doctors call "phobias." That is, they have abnormal and fixed fears.

For example, there is "agoraphobia," the dread of open spaces. A rather common form is "claustrophobia." This is the fear of small or confining places, with perhaps an unwillingness to enter a building or take an elevator.

Other persons constantly seek to avoid what they consider to be the humiliating touch of another.

The fear of using even the cleaning of a towel or wash basin that may have been used by someone else is a common obsession.

A more serious form of obsession or fixed idea is the impulse to jump off the top of a high building.

There are individuals who complain of shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a sense of constriction in the chest or throat.

In many instances these strange ideas arouse unnecessary apprehension. Usually they are harmless and yield readily to treatment.

Those who have such symptoms should consult the family physician, or a neurologist.

A careful investigation of all possible causes for the disorder should be made.

In most instances complete cure occurs after the patient is made to understand the emotional reason for his condition.

It is well to bear in mind that none of these conditions is a form of insanity.

They are always related to some simple nervous upset. Sensible advice will probably end the disturbance.

For the Eyes

EYES need fluorine for good health, and this element is found in sea foods; steel-cut oats, cod liver oil, watercress; beets, garlic, cabbage, spinach, and egg-yolk.

Vitamin A is also necessary for the eyes. This is found in liver, spinach, fresh butter, fresh cream, fresh milk, cheese, egg-yolks, cod liver oil, carrots, tomatoes, bananas, corn, oranges, pineapples.

Eat plentifully of these foods then if you want to maintain the beauty of your eyes.

Summing up, it is obvious that by including in your daily diet the natural, "living" foods, such as whole grains, fresh fruit, and vegetables together with milk, eggs and cheese, you can always be sure of getting the essential elements your body needs for health and beauty generally.



Hands grow lovelier

Four year ago scientists first learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, heals burns and wounds quicker and better. Then Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now you get its benefits for your hands in Pond's Cream Lotion. Now Pond's restores to your hands the precious "skin-vitamin" lost by washing and exposure. Now you can keep your hands soft, smooth, youthful, no matter how busy you are.

Use Pond's every time you wash your hands.



Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

For Young Wives and Mothers

Common Summer Complaint

THERE is one summer complaint that is a serious danger, and mothers should prepare for it by studying and applying preventive measures.

This is diarrhoea, which is more prevalent among artificially-fed than among breast-fed infants, and is due to lack of cleanliness in preparing baby's food, using milk which has "gone off," or to flies settling on baby's milk-mixture, feeding-bottles, and teats.

It may also be caused by giving a wrongly-balanced milk-mixture, giving too much food, and by baby catching a chill through being wrongly handled.

Before preparing baby's food for the day the mother should wash her hands thoroughly.

All food and feeding utensils should be kept under cover.

Artificial Food

If you cannot get a supply of good fresh cow's milk for making up baby's artificial food, use a full-cream dried milk.

Both fresh cow's milk and dried milk require modification before being given to a human baby. Recipes for modifying milk (either fresh or dried) may be obtained from the Australian Mothercraft Society, 263 Elizabeth St., Sydney. (Enclose a stamped envelope for reply, and state baby's age, weight, condition, and previous feeding.)

By
MARY
TRUBY
KING

Care must be taken to keep baby's milk - mixture cool between feeds, and scrupulous attention should be paid to the sterilisation of the feeding utensils and teats.

During the summer months pay particular attention to the color, number and consistency of baby's motions. A motion which is green WHEN PASSED should be regarded as a warning, and only warm boiled water given at the next feed.

It is impossible to give definite rules which apply to every case of diarrhoea. Individual treatment is necessary, but, generally speaking, if a second green relaxed motion is passed within a short time of the first, the mother should give a dose of castor oil, followed by boiled water only for the next two or three feedings.

Meantime she should consult her doctor.



"COME TO MOTHER." Yes, but only after the hands have been thoroughly washed, for in summer extra hygienic precautions must be taken is the advice of baby welfare experts.

If baby is less than six weeks old the dose of castor oil is half a teaspoon. Otherwise, unless baby is very delicate, a full teaspoon of oil may be given.

If baby is breast-fed, the mother should draw off the milk from her breasts at the usual feeding times (either by expressing with the fingers and thumb, or by a breast-pump.)

If the motions are improving after the period on boiled water only, baby's next feed may consist of a few ounces of boiled, warm water

followed by a few minutes at the breast. At the next feeding time if baby appears to be progressing well give rather less water and longer at the breast. Do not hasten too quickly.

If baby is bottle-fed, dilute the fat (whether in the form of emulsion or pure cod liver oil.) It is not well taken in cases of diarrhoea.

It should be reintroduced GRADUALLY when baby has quite recovered.

Now! GUARANTEED
RINGLESS SHEERS, ONLY
4/11 A PAIR



Ask for
BOND'S
NUMBER
333

4/11 A PAIR
AT ALL SMART STORES.

For the same lovely stocking in SERVICE
SHEERS..BOND'S NUMBER 999, 4/11 a pair

Bless them!
Only 4/11 a pair
for the dullest
of dull finished
pure silk...and
guaranteed
ringless!

Your ordinary
stockings are
reinforced only
over the big toe.
Bond's Number 333
sheers are
reinforced all
round the toes...

Hurrah for
extra mileage! Extra
elasticity! See
how the reinforced
heel panel comes
out smartly here...
just where shoes
rub ankles most.

And three more
favourites by Bond's

"FASCINATION"
the elegant grenadine sheer, priced at 7/11
"REFINEMENT"
the crepe sheer that is famous, priced at 7/11
"ADMIRATION"
pure silk chiffon, priced at 5/11 a pair

Night and Day... IN ONE ROOM

The bed-sitting-room is no longer a makeshift—it has acquired character and charm.

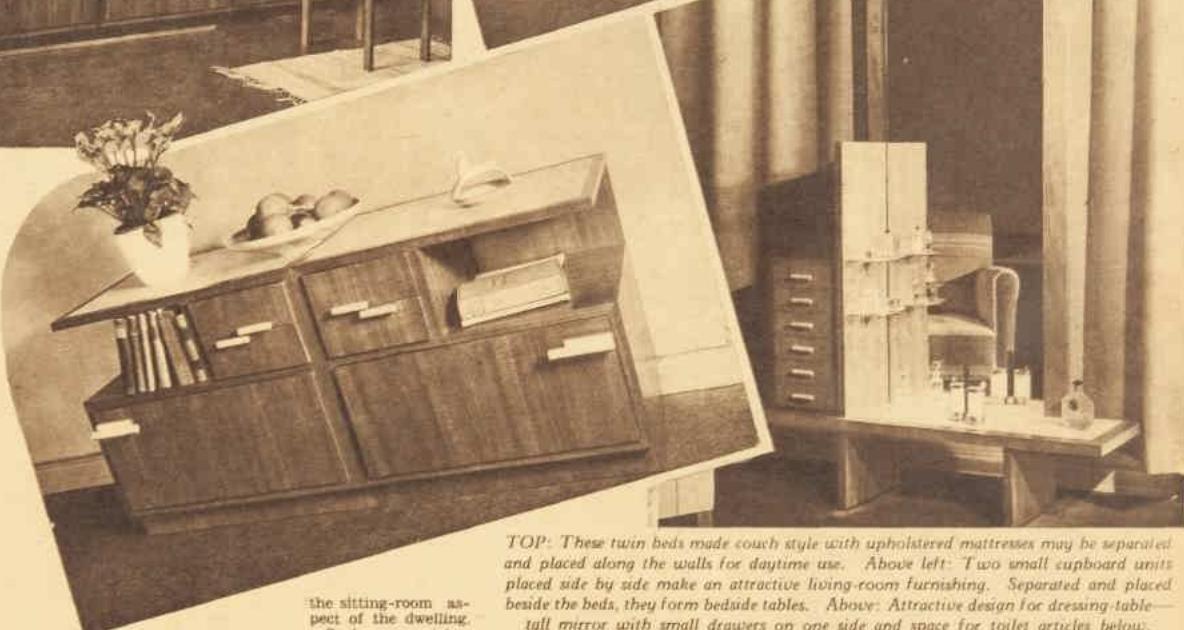


TWIN WARDROBES, perfectly plain in design, take the place of several smaller pieces and are less obtrusive.

LIVING in one room can be lots of fun if you choose a quiet color scheme and plain, well-proportioned furniture.

As a rule, the annoying thing about the ordinary bed-sitting-room is that it usually remains—most obstinately so—a hybrid.

It is incapable of appearing at one time wholly bedroom or wholly sitting-room.



TOP: These twin beds made couch style with upholstered mattresses may be separated and placed along the walls for daytime use. Above left: Two small cupboard units placed side by side make an attractive living-room furnishing. Separated and placed beside the beds, they form bedside tables. Above: Attractive design for dressing-table—tall mirror with small drawers on one side and space for toilet articles below.

the sitting-room aspect of the dwelling.

Such are the beds shown here, solidly built of brown maple (which wood was also used for the wardrobe) and bearing mattresses covered with gaily striped material. Should the arrangement in the photograph be considered too "bedroomy," the beds could be separated and placed against a wall lengthwise.

Excellent examples of furniture designed to fit aptly into the daytime as well as the night-time aspect of a room are presented by two small cupboard units of uniform design.

Placed separately, one on either side of the bed, they form most attractive and convenient bedside tables with ample space for a bedside lamp, a clock or other small articles.

Placed together they form a most pleasing piece of living-room furniture, a combined buffet and bookcase. They, too, are of maple wood and their tops are covered with white linoleum which can be easily cleaned or renewed.

Naturally you must have a mirror and a dressing-table, some such discreet arrangement as that shown on this page with plenty of small drawers to harbor the more intimate toilet articles.

White Linoleum

ONE of the greatest problems is to obtain sufficient space for discreet storage. Provided the shape and size of the room allow it, one large, very plain cupboard will usually be found most convenient.

Strangely enough, it will be least conspicuous, too, for its broad, smooth surfaces do not obtrude on the attention as would a number of smaller chests and cupboards standing here and there about the room.

And the fewer pieces of furniture you have scattered about, the less cluttered will your room appear.

The cupboard in our illustration, which is really two cupboards of uniform size, is, in spite of great size, charmingly unobtrusive.

This is the result of the justness of its proportions and of the simple, unaffected plainness of its design. One portion serves to accommodate bedding; the other is most neatly arranged with shelves and drawers for linen and ample hanging space for storing clothes.

Beds should be as plain as possible, and the more they resemble couches the better will they fit into

the walls and a soft, subdued design in rust and primrose tones.

In this case the carpet provided a brighter note of color. The beds supplied a contrast but did not

Peaux Sensibles



*FOR SENSITIVE SKINS

Lenthéric of Paris, the master perfumer, has created a face powder so delicate in texture that it suits the most sensitive skin. Its velvet texture does not mask your own complexion. Natural shades to match every type of skin, bring the radiance of youth! Prices from 1/0 a box.

Available also for liquids. *Emulsion* and *Tweed* the exhalant perfume for moderns.

LENTHÉRIC
PARIS

DYNAMEL THAT CHAIR

NO BRUSHMARKS!
Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

DYNAMEL always gives a mirror-smooth surface. Just Dynamel some old piece of furniture for a start — then you'll be eager to modernise your entire kitchen!

DYNAMEL dries twice as fast as ordinary enamels. Thirty-four lovely washable colors at paint stores everywhere.

WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS.

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home"—43,000 copies of the first edition already snapped up by Australian housewives—is in charge of the *Dynamel* FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her for full details about any home decoration problem you may have. Anne Stewart will reply personally by letter giving you the full benefit of her wide experience in home decorating. Address your letter to Miss Anne Stewart, Toolroom Home Decorating Service, Dept. A54, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

ASTERS BRING GAIETY to YOUR GARDEN

These colorful flowers bloom profusely all through autumn, and are splendid for interior decoration, too . . . Says THE OLD GARDENER.

ASTERS are among the most outstanding flowers in the garden, and wherever planted never fail to give a striking and charming effect.

Their rich colors — pinks, mauves, purples, whites, and

so on — blend perfectly against the background of green lawns and general garden landscape.

Asters also make splendid pot plants, and for window-boxes the dwarf types are excellent.

So it does not matter where you live, whether it be in a flat, a cot-



"What's that?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightened, tried to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk!" "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles to-morrow," said Auntie Martha, "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast" said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet." Order some from your grocer to-day.



Raise Them From Seed

ASTERS are easily raised from seed. A shilling packet will supply you with a host of plants.

If you have a window-box, sow the seed direct into it, then when the plants are large enough prick them out and space to the desired distance.

For garden work, make a seed bed in a sheltered portion of the garden, facing the north or north-east, and in such a position where it will be shady during the hotter part of the day.

stage, house, in city, suburb or country, let the aster be one of your popular flowers.

Asters can be grown from seed.

After thoroughly preparing the bed, give it a good soaking and then sprinkle the seed thinly over the surface. Avoid sowing thickly.

Seed should be covered with very light soil. A good plan is to rub well-decayed manure through a fine sieve and cover the seeds with this. In a few days the young plants will show through.

Never allow a seed bed or box to become too dry. Keep moderately moist; not, of course, too wet.

When large enough to handle prick the plants out into shallow boxes, spacing them an inch apart each way in rows. At planting time give the box a good watering about half an hour before planting, and then all you have to do is to carry the box to the bed already prepared, cut around each plant with a knife, and lift out bodily with a good block of soil.

Protect Them

THE best results with asters are achieved when they are grown in a position where a little shade will protect them during the hot summer days.

But they must receive as much morning sun as possible.

They require a moderately rich soil, and one of the main features for success is to apply plenty of good animal manure at the same time.

When the plants have grown to about half size, give the bed a dusting with lime. This not only assists in the flowering stage, but also will keep down all insect pests.

Once asters have been planted out they should be kept on the move. The bed must be kept moist, but on no account over-water the plants.

Late asters always do much better than the early plantings, although I have had wonderful success with seed sown in September.

November and December, and even January, are looked upon as good aster-sowing months. The flowers



ENJOY YOUR GARDEN as Marian Marsh, R.K.O. actress, is doing here, by keeping it gay with flowers. Asters will help by providing color from late summer right up until June.

appear then in the autumn when the heat of the summer has gone.

Varieties can be had now that will flower well into June. Royal Emperor, for instance, is one of the late types.

There are several features which make the aster popular. Their magnificent colors, for instance, their long stems, and the length of time they will keep when cut for decoration purposes.

They are also noted for their carrying qualities. This makes them popular with the cut-flower trade.

When cut for the home and decorative purposes all leaves should be removed, for if the leaves are allowed to remain in the water they decay and give off an offensive odor.

Enemies of the Aster

ONE of the most destructive of insects is the larch needle-bug. This bug is about a quarter of an inch in length, and will fly from plant to plant. It is very difficult to control, and usually makes its appearance in long, dry spells.

A good preventive is to keep down all weeds; for it is in the weeds that the pests make their breeding ground. Spraying with nicotine (black leaf 40) is also effective.

The large black or grey aster-beetle can be eradicated by holding a tin of water with kerosene added under the plant. Shake the plant,

and the grubs will fall into the water. A spraying with arsenate of lead will also be beneficial. Use one teaspoon to every gallon of water. The strength of nicotine is also one teaspoon to a gallon of water.

Many plants are lost from a disease known as yellowing. The plant turns yellow and becomes dwarfed. Sometimes the flowers will open, but the leaves are deformed and green in color. Dusting with an insecticide will prevent further development.

Stem Rot

STEM rot, known to many as white rot, is caused by a fungus that lives in the soil. This disease is one of the worst types. The fungus attacks the roots and then travels up the stem. The stems turn black at the soil surface just as the buds begin to open. The whole plant will die.

There is only one hope of combating this trouble, and that is by sterilisation of the soil with a one per cent. solution of formaldehyde. Wilt-resisting seed also helps. Ask your seed merchant for it.

Make your selection of asters from some of these: Blue Flame, bright navy-blue; Royal Emperor, one of the outstanding varieties; America's Beauty, a good wilt-resister; Californian Giant, varying shades of pink; Rochester, all violet color; Heart of France, another outstanding type with bright red blossoms; Giant Crepe, in many beautiful colors.

SWIMMING CHAMPION



HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK...

BE SHOPWISE



WHEN BUYING CUT FLOWERS, PICK THOSE THAT LOOK AS IF THEY HAD JUST RECENTLY BEEN BUDS. THEY WILL LAST LONGER.

DIAMONDS, TO CLEAN. Wash with soap and water and dry carefully with blotting-paper which, rolled to a point, will reach the crevices in the setting.

MIRRORS. To clean quickly, rub the mirror over with a pad of soft tissue paper, slightly moistened with methylated spirit.

MUD STAINS. When the mud is quite dry, brush out all possible dirt, then rub the stain in water in which potatoes have been boiled. A weak solution of ammonia and boracic acid is often effective, but care must be taken to see that the ammonia does not affect the dye of the fabric.

PASTRY. If you have any pastry left over from your pie-making, wrap in a greaseproof or slightly buttered paper and keep in a cool place.

PERSPIRATION stains can be removed by soaking the stained part in cold water for about 20 minutes and then rubbing over with a cut lemon. Rinse again in cold water and finally wash out in the usual way.

SAUCEPANS—If bright saucepans and kettles have to be used over a smoky fire, smear a little grease over the bright part, and it will prevent the smoke from blackening the kettle. If washed after use in hot water the pan will be as bright as ever.

BORERS. If you are afraid of borers getting into your furniture rub over once a week with a soft duster moistened with kerosene. Polish with a dry cloth.

WASHING WOOLLENS. Add a teaspoonful of olive oil to every gallon of water when you wash woollens. It helps to prevent shrinking and keeps them soft.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EGG. If you run out of an egg just as you start to make a cake, try grating a small carrot finely and adding to the milk used in mixing the cake.

FRYING EGGS. To prevent fried eggs from sticking or breaking, add a teaspoon of flour to the frying-fat.

TEA OR COFFEE POTS. A lump of sugar kept in any disused tea or coffee pot absorbs any moisture and prevents rust or mildew.

INK STAINS ON FABRICS. If stains are fresh, cold milk poured over them will remove the stain. If, however, the stain is of long standing, take equal quantities of powdered tartaric and citric acid. Rub this well over the spot. Use a dry cloth to remove the acid.

LEATHER CHAIRS. Artificial and real leather chairs can be kept in good condition by rubbing over with linseed oil from time to time. This nourishes as well as seasons the leather.

MOROCCO LEATHER. To restore morocco leather to its former good condition take equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; after well rubbing, polish with another soft dry cloth.

COFFEE STAINS. Rub the stain gently with a little glycerine, rinse in tepid water; then iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side until dry.

METAL DOOR-KNOCKERS. The woodwork round a metal knocker will become very soiled if the knocker has to be cleaned with metal polish. But should this happen, rub off the dirty marks with a rag dipped in vaseline. This will remove all the dirty marks and will just leave a trace behind that will prevent further marking for a while.

TO POLISH GLASSES. There are many uses for used teacups. Here's one: Save them after each pot of tea, and when you have about a bucketful, pour over a quart of boiling water and leave for an hour. Strain and bottle the liquid. When polishing mirrors and glasses, apply it on a piece of soft material, flannel, if possible, and you will be surprised at the gloss it imparts.

PLAYING CARDS. Can be cleaned by rubbing on both sides with a little butter on a piece of clean flannel. Then polish with another piece of flannel dipped into dry flour.

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

RENOVATING CURTAIN RINGS. When pins and rings have been in use for some time they are apt to become rusty. To remedy this, let them stand for a few minutes in water to which ammonia has been added. Then take them out and rub well. They will look almost like new again.

USE FOR SOUR MILK. Do not throw away sour milk. If you are making cakes or scones where the recipe calls for milk, use it—it will make your cakes very light.

POLISHED WOOD. To clean polished wood which is not very dirty, pour paraffin on a rag and apply to the wood, rubbing it well. Should the wood be very dirty and need repainting, clean with hot water to which soda has been added, but as this method is apt to take off the paint it should not be adopted unless the repainting is necessary.



PAIN THAT WAS TORTURE

"Pain, muscular cramps, headache and sick feeling, were so bad I had to go to bed. But now, two Myzone tablets with a cup of tea, bring such wonderful relief that I rarely miss even an hour of work or pleasure."

Discover for yourself the different—more immediate, more complete, relief of Myzone's amazing *actevisin* (anti-spasmodic) compound.

Try a couple of Myzone tablets on your next bad headache! No "doping". More lasting relief than any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c. All chemists, 2/- a box.

TO CLEAN A SINK. Moisten a wad of paper with a little paraffin, and thoroughly rub the sink. Then rinse with plenty of water.



... PROVE IT
DOESN'T SCRATCH and PROVE IT
LASTS LONGER!

Sprinkle some Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a cloth. You'll hear no harsh grinding sound because Old Dutch contains no grit. Test any longer Old Dutch lasts, and how much ordinary cleanser and note the difference.

GENEROUS SILVERWARE OFFER
EXTENDED TO JUNE 30th, 1939

2 VINGER & HALL SOUP SPOONS for 3/-.

Get these guaranteed heavy-weight A.I. quality Soup Spoons for only 1/-, P.N. and 2 Windmill bowls from Old Dutch labels. This special, and all the ten units listed below, are made by Vinger & Hall Ltd., Imperial Works, Sheffield—the world's premier cutlers and silversmiths.

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.
I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Pastol Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Offer does not apply in S.A. or Queensland. D. 0.30

HOW TO GET THE SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Pastol Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A.I. Silverplate or Stainless Steel.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 33/- per dozen).
3. 2 DESERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/7 per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 33/- per dozen).
5. 2 TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 6/- per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 19/- per dozen).
7. 2 PAIR FISH SPOONS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 2 FRUIT SPOONS (Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 2 FRUIT FORKS to match the Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 8/-).

FOR ALL EMBROIDERY

use CLARK'S ANCHOR fast color EMBROIDERY THREADS

AVAILABLE IN A WIDE SELECTION OF SHADES

Choose your design from the large range of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your needlework shop.

ASC 13



LIGHT FAIR-HAIRED

Girls Have 47% More Sex-Appeal Than Dark "Fairs"

RECENT scientific tests made show that light fair-haired girls have 47% more sex-appeal than dark "fairs." But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautifully light—without its going dark?

Dark hair is coarse and strong; fair hair, fine and delicate. Yet when dark hair is powdered girls use ordinary soap and water to wash it. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair darkest! What they need is Sta-Blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. It not only prevents light hair from becoming darker but washes darkened hair true to its shade, lightening it. It's the golden beauty of childhood. No other dye or shampoo does this.

Sta-Blond contains "Vitell," the amazing Vitamin which Nature puts in all hair but which ordinary shampoo washes away. That's why Sta-Blond not only prevents brittleness and dandruff, but makes the hair soft, shiny and smooth. It's the only shampoo that won't bleach, dye, or stain. If you want to keep your hair lovely and light as Nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use. Try it just once—try it today! Now Sta-Blond contains enough for two shampoo bottles.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES
STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

BUT SURELY
CONSTIPATION CAN'T BE
RELIEVED BY A FOOD!



IT CAN WITH THIS
FOOD! AND IT'S
THE SAFE WAY, TOO.

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal relieves constipation—without drugs or harsh purgatives

ARE you a martyr to common constipation? Are you constantly having to take harsh aperients to keep yourself regular? If so, it's only because your daily diet isn't providing enough "bulk" to make your bowels act normally.

You see, our modern food—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—has so little bulk that it gets almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue such foods form is too slight to make the bowels move.

This is the real cause of common constipation—and it's something you can't set right just by purging yourself. Indeed, as any doctor will tell you, the habitual use of strong purgatives and harsh aperients is harmful.

What you need is "bulk!"

The one way to get permanent relief is to eat the kind of food that provides bulk. You should eat regularly the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky mass of residue and gives the bowel muscles something they can "take hold of." Fruit and vegetables provide bulk—but seldom enough of it for your needs.

But there is a natural bulk food you can eat—Kellogg's All-Bran—a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal which acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables, but more surely, more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle exercise they need. And it does more: as it passes through the

TO ADORN YOUR HOME

THOUGH the design of this cushion cover is unusual it is not at all difficult to work.

The cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with design ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen or on cream, blue or green Cesarine.

Size is 18 by 18 inches. Prices are:

Cushion cover, linen, 3/-, postage free.

Cushion cover, Cesarine, 2/-, postage free.

Cottons for working, 24 skeins
Anchor stranded cottons, 3/- the
set, or 1/- each.

For embroidering the design you will need the following shades of cotton:

One skein each of Anchor stranded cotton, F441 (pale buttercup); F443 (buttercup); F497 (light grass-green); F498 (grass-green); F552 (puce); F553 (mid-puce); F787 (light French blue); F788 (French blue); F791 (oak leaf); F793 (dark oak leaf).

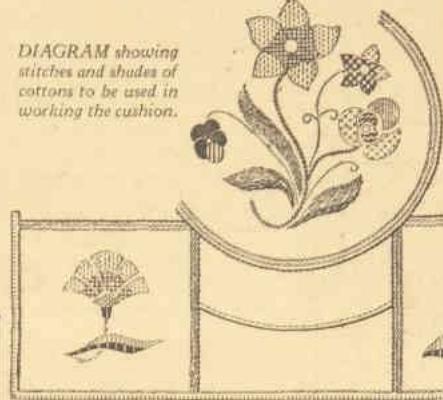
Two skeins each of F407 (Gobelin green); F408 (light Gobelin green); F445 (dark buttercup); F537 (light marigold); F539 (mid-marigold); F816 (mid-terra); F817 (dark terra).

Three strands of cotton are used

*Cushion Cover with
embroidered flowers in a
gay medley of colors—a
charming accessory for
your lounge or dining room*

Needlework Notions

DIAGRAM showing
stitches and shades of
cottons to be used in
working the cushion.



for the embroidery and the diagrams will serve as a guide.

One diagram shows the design, the various dots and lines and other marks indicating the stitches used.

The other diagram gives you a key to the stitches and shades.

The stitches under the letter O indicate long-short stitches. R indicates slanting chain-stitch; C is chain-stitch; U is stem-stitch; and

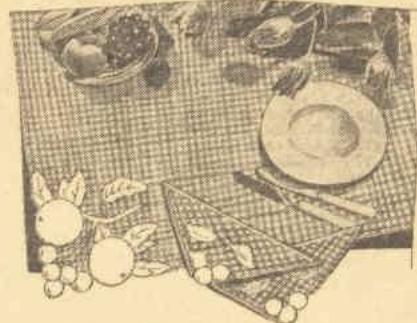
P is blanket-stitch. The diagram also shows you how the stitches are done.

The figures indicate the shade of cotton to use. Thus, in column O, 537 means long-short stitch in light marigold, and 539 indicates mid-marigold.

The edges of the cushion cover should be finished with a piping cord joining all outside seams.

Gingham Picnic Cloth

IDEAL for the coming holidays—a picnic cloth in gingham with matching serviettes. Cloth and serviettes can be obtained from our Needlework Department complete with applique pieces for embroidery design.



SPECIALLY designed for picnic use is this luncheon cloth with matching serviettes adorned with applique work.

This smart cloth measures 36 by 36 inches and is obtainable from our Needlework Department with either plain or spokeshirted edges.

The applique pieces in contrasting shades are supplied with the cloth, which is available in green or blue checked gingham.

This material will launder beautifully.

Prices are:

Cloth, size 36 by 36 inches, 3/-, postage free.

Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Cottons for working, 6d. extra or 1/- a skein.

To work the design, buttonhole all round the design and then cut away the material. Work the apples in green, cherries in red, with green for the leaves and brown for the stamens. Be careful to thoroughly press the work before cutting the material.

One of these cloths with a set of matching serviettes would make a charming Christmas gift for a friend or relative, especially if she is rather fond of picnics during the summer holidays.

Either the blue or green shades would be equally attractive while the design would stand out against either background.

Order your set now and work it in time for Christmas.

ABOVE: This cushion cover is gay with a variety of brilliant flowers embroidered in stranded cottons. It can be obtained ready for working from our Needlework Department.

O	R	U
537	793	751
539	406	768
768		
767	791	491
441		
443	C	79
445	B16	F
553	B17	817
552		
407		
405		
497		
498		
791		

KEY to the designs above. The lines indicate type of stitches to be used and figures the shade of cotton.

I REALLY DO BELIEVE
IN MAGIC AFTER
SEEING TANGEE
CHANGE COLOR ON
MY LIPS TO A GLOW-
ING BLUSH-ROSE!



You'll say it's truly magic, when you see Tangee change from orange in the stick to a blush-rose on your lips. This is the magic of Tangee's famous Color-Change Principle. Tangee isn't paint and cannot give you a "painted look"! Instead it gives a glowing youthful color most natural to you. Because Tangee has a special cream base, it keeps lips soft and appealing.

Color-Change Principle in Rouge and Face Powder too!

Tangee Face Powder brings a warm under-glow natural to your skin tones. Ends that powdered look!

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee Rouge, Compact or Cream, are radiant with delicate color.

World's
Most
Famous
Lipstick

TANGEE
Ends that painted look

Bowers &
Substitutes
Herb
for Tangee
Natural if you
prefer more
color than
the theoretical

Sole Australian Agents, Turners, Melbourne and Sydney

NEEDLEWORK & NOTIONS

IDEAS for CHRISTMAS

WORK this delightful tray mat or traymobile cloth as a Yuletide gift for your best friend.

THESE pretty mats, one designed as a traycloth and the other for a traymobile, are quick and easy to work.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, and the design is available in two sizes.

Prices are:

Tray mat, size 11 by 17 inches, 2/-

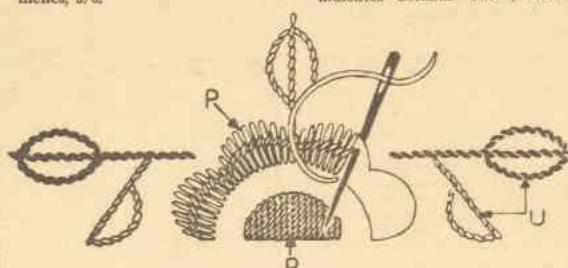
Traymobile cloth, size 14 by 25 inches, 3/6.

Cottons for working, 7d. extra.

To work the cloths you will need one skein each Anchor stranded cotton F.595 (dark steel-blue), F.603 (cream), F.604 (light periwinkle-blue), F.605 (periwinkle-blue), and F.606 (dark periwinkle-blue).

Use three strands for the embroidery and do the edges in buttonhole in the periwinkle-blue cotton.

The diagram will serve as a guide for working the cloths. The letter P indicates Oriental stitch, and for



THIS DIAGRAM is given as a guide for doing the embroidery on the traycloths. The letters indicate the kind of stitch, and the figures tell you the shade of cotton to use. Edges are buttonholed.

YOU CAN OBTAIN this attractive cloth in two sizes, 11 by 17 inches or 14 by 25 inches. It is traced for working in shades of blue and cream on white or colored linen.

Toys For The Children

Make them now at home. You will find the job quite simple.

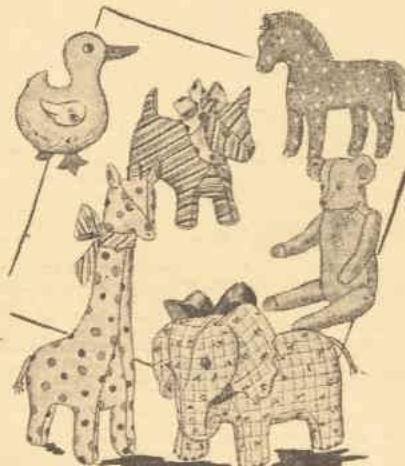
SMALL children adore stuffed toys, and these shown here you can make yourself from paper patterns obtainable from our Needlework Department for 10d. each.

There is an elephant, giraffe, zebra, dog, teddy-bear, and a cute little duck.

Pattern sizes are 10, 16, and 18 ins. Odd scraps of material left over from dressmaking can be used for making these toys.

So see what you have in your scrap-bag and try your hand at toy-making. It's really very easy.

All you have to do is follow the pattern carefully when cutting out the material and take note of the general instructions with each pattern.



THESE cute toys are quite easy to make at home. Paper patterns are available from our Needlework Department at 10d. each. Very little material is needed, odd scraps often being sufficient. Order now in time to make them for Christmas.

this use cotton shade 606. R is satin-stitch, and the shade is 596. U is stem-stitch. Use 595 shade for the dark stem-stitch and 604 for the light.

It would be a good idea to work both these cloths as a gift for a friend who is a bride-to-be. Or work them for yourself in time for Christmas entertaining. They will look so pretty for suppers or teas.

Send To This Address!

ADELAIDE: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castle-reef Street of Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania; Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Sewing, embroidery and crochet cottons that are a joy to use, owing to their resistance and their supple, silky finish. Lasting satisfaction is ensured by reason of their uniform strength, undimmed brilliance and unequalled dyes.

high quality fast colours

can be procured from all art needlework stores

D·M·C
TRADE MARK

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is "California Syrup of Figs" — "Califig". It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the closing, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious "California Syrup of Figs" — "Califig" once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold in all chemists and stores. 1/6 or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Califig" on the package. Get a bottle to-day!!!

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 1d. sent for postage to D. M. C. Ltd., Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Useful Shoe-Bags

GIFTS that are practical are the ones that are appreciated most. Here is a useful set of shoe-bags. They are obtainable traced in cream, blue, or green Cesarine.

The price is 1/3 a pair. The bags are made to fit any size shoe and are specially designed for use when travelling. They keep



SHOE-BAGS make a most useful gift. These can be obtained ready made from our Needlework Department for 1/3 a pair. A little embroidery is all that is necessary to complete them.

shoes neat and compact, and prevent them from rubbing against and perhaps soiling other clothes.

Elastic for the top edge is also included with the bags, which are already made up. All you have to do is a little embroidery.

This can be done in contrasting or matching colors. The bags also launder and wear well.

It is a good idea to have pairs of these bags for all your delicate shoes. Evening shoes, especially, need keeping away from air and dust if they are to retain their pristine freshness for any time.

For travelling, shoe bags prove themselves almost indispensable.



.. THEY must have THIS VITAL FOOD EVERY DAY

CHILDREN'S food must be nutritious enough to provide both for daily energy and ALSO for the sound, healthy development of rapidly growing bodies. That is why they need plenty of Butter — one of the richest of all sources of the Vitamins "A" and "D", essential to healthy growth and resistance to infection, and the formation of strong bones and sound teeth. Give your children every chance to become strong, healthy men and women. Give them AMPLE butter daily in cooked foods, in cut lunches, and at the table.

FREE! "THE NEW NUTRITION"

A comprehensive booklet containing interesting facts about butter and a special cooking section with tested recipes by a well-known authority. Send 2d. stamp to the Australian Dairy Board, 528 Collins Street, Melbourne.



There's no substitute for

Butter
THE VITAL FOOD



"and so the poor dog had none"

The remains of yesterday's joint was made into "To-day's special," with "GRAVOX." It makes "left-overs" into tasty dishes and provides rich gravy for ALL DINNERS.

SALTS, SEASONS,
THICKENS and
BROWNS instantly.
Send 1d. stamp for
FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox
The Ideal
**GRAVY
MAKER**
The Masters are ELEKTRON PTY. LTD.
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy
and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse, rich foods, you feel uncomfortable, especially though you need your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feelretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline, powders and artificial digestives are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and the sour, sick, depressing condition of digestive system is gone. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

CASH PRIZES for RECIPES

Of course, you have tried using up cold cuts from Sunday's roast in the form of risssoles, cottage pies and so on.

But even these, as appetising as they are, pall on the palate after a while.

So try some of the suggestions given below. They may help you out in your cold-meat leftover problems.

WAYS OF USING LEFTOVERS

Stuffed Rolled Pancakes: Cooked meat or fowl. Pancake batter. Prepare batter and leave stand for an hour or so, then prepare filling.

Pancakes: 4oz. flour, 1 egg, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Make batter in the usual way.

Filling: Put in saucepan a little butter, chopped parsley, and a little sage; simmer gently. Then add minced cooked lamb, ham, veal or any cold meats. Season with pepper and salt, and keep hot. Cook pancakes, spread filling on, roll up and put in hot oven until all are ready.

Meat and Vegetable Cutlets: 2 cupfuls vegetables and barley (leftovers), 1 cup cooked meat, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 egg, pepper and salt.

Chop meat very fine and mix with cold cooked vegetables. Add breadcrumbs and a beaten egg, season to taste. Form into cutlets, coat in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat until a golden brown. Garnish with parsley and place on each cutlet a strip of anchovy and a piece of bacon.

Potato Turnovers: 1lb. potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, minced meat of any description, 1 teaspoon plain flour, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, a little milk or stock, pepper and salt to taste, 1 egg.

Meat filling: Fry chopped onion, add flour, parsley, and meat with

just enough liquid to bind; season with pepper and salt.

Boil potatoes and mash with butter. Add half the beaten egg. Season and mould into flat cakes, 1 inch thick, the size of a saucer. On one half of each cake place filling—fold over and brush with remainder of egg. Brown in hot oven.

Minced Meat Omelet: Mince any cold meats, add small chopped onion, season with pepper and salt.

To one large cup of mince add 1 tablespoon flour. Mix well, then beat in 2 eggs.

Make very hot a buttered omelet pan. Drop suitable amounts in, spread, and cook as you would an omelet.

Have waiting, cooked, thinly-sliced rings of onion and tomatoes (first fry onions, then slice in skinned tomatoes); add a little water or stock and season.

Place omelets on heated dish, surround with the savory mixture, and serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. M. Irvine, Thoona, via Devenish, Vic.

JELLIED CHICKEN CAKE

Half pound cold fowl, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1lb. streaky bacon, 1 pint of stock (made from the neck, feet, and giblets of the fowl), a little grated lemon rind, parsley, pepper and salt, and 1oz. gelatine.

Cut eggs into thick slices and place on bottom of well-buttered dish. Cut fowl and bacon and put on top of the egg and chopped parsley, seasoning, and grated lemon rind. Put a few slices of egg on the side of the pie dish, then fill up in alternate layers of egg and fowl, bacon and parsley. Dissolve gelatine in the stock on the stove and pour slowly over contents of the dish, until it is full. Place a buttered paper over the dish and set in a slow oven for one hour. Remove from oven and set in a cool place until required and jellied. When wanted for use, turn out of dish and cut into thin slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Evelyn Burke, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

ATTRACTIVE FRUIT TART

Cooked pastry shell, one cupful whipped cream, slices of preserved peaches, prunes, slices of preserved pineapple. Spread a thin layer of whipped cream on the bottom of the pastry shell. Arrange the peaches on this and place half a slice of pineapple between. Stone the prunes and place one on each

piece of peach. Garnish with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Name Green, c/o Mrs. K. Gilmour, Seabrook Rd., Somerset, Tas.

KENTUCKY TREACLE TART

Make a filling with 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon treacle.

Warm milk; add butter, crumba, brown sugar, nutmeg and grated lemon rind; boil all together. Then add treacle and mix well.

To make the pastry: Cream 1 heaped tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg and 2 tablespoons milk, then sift in 1 cup self-raising flour and mix into a firm dough. Roll out and line a tart-plate or pie dish. Spread with filling. Bake in hot oven till browned, about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thoona, via Devenish, Vic.

THIS WEEK

Sweet and Savory Spreads

SAVORY

Watercress Butter: Take 1oz. butter, 8 tips of watercress, juice of 1/2 a lemon, salt and pepper. Chop watercress very finely. Dissolve in the butter, add salt, pepper and watercress. Very slowly beat in the lemon juice. Spread on bread at once while it is soft. Allow to harden a little before serving.

Cod's Butter: Beat 1oz. of butter to a soft cream and add a good pinch of cod's roe. This is especially good when sprinkled with some freshly-grated cheese.

Anchovy Butter: Beat 1oz. of butter to a soft cream and add a good teaspoonful of anchovy essence. As anchovy essence is rather salt, be very careful about this. Add the anchovy and a little pepper salt to the butter. Mix well and the seasoning generally required.

Tomato Butter: Make this in the same way as anchovy butter, but use a good tablespoonful of tomato sauce in place of the anchovy essence.

Parsley Butter: Beat 1oz. of butter to a soft cream and add a small teaspoonful of chopped parsley and 1/2 a teaspoonful of grated cheese. Beat very well. Season with salt and pepper and spread at once.

Mint Butter: Chop 4 mint leaves very finely. Add a pinch of sugar. With back of spoon rub mint and sugar into a paste. Beat 1oz. butter to a soft cream, add

mint paste and a few drops of vinegar. Beat very well. Season with salt and pepper and spread at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Macaulay, 201 St. George Rd., North Sydney, N.S.W., Melbourne.

SWEET

Apricot Butter: Mix 1lb. dried apricots, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1/2 pint juice of one lemon.

Boil the apricots, then add water and leave overnight. Next day sieve in a strainer. Place the puree in a bowl and add the butter and sugar. Mix well and to it a few minutes add the well-beaten eggs. Continue stirring until the mixture comes to boiling-point, but do not allow to boil. Pour into clean dry form and when cold.

Peach Butter: — Eight small ripe peaches, juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 pint sugar, 1/2 pint water.

Boil the peaches, then add water and sugar, then stew with a little water and leave overnight. When thoroughly soft, strain through a sieve and add the butter, sugar and beaten eggs. Continue stirring until the mixture comes to boiling-point. Do not allow to boil. Transfer to large, smooth, and cold

Lemon Butter: — Three lemons, 1/2 pint sugar, 1/2 pint butter, 2 eggs.

Boil the lemons and beat eggs. Mix butter in a saucepan and add lemon juice, sugar, and beaten eggs. Beat gently heat until the butter is melted. When thoroughly melted, add the beaten eggs and continue stirring until boiling point. Do not allow to boil. Transfer to large, smooth, and cold

jar, and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Brown, Abington, via Armidale, N.S.W.

SILVERGLO

THE GLOWING SILVER FINISH

Brighten up those dull surfaces with a shining coat of SILVERGLO. Made for metal or wood—heat-proof, rust-proof, washable! All paint and hardware stores sell SILVERGLO—the GLOWING Silver Finish.

Made by
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) LTD.
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (Australia) LTD.
ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.



Make Ice Cream at Home . . . Half Price!
HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX



ICE-CREAM...

Here's how TO MAKE IT!

by MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly

RIGHT: Ice-cream can be served as a refreshment at any time. This ice is garnished with almonds and served with crisp wafers. **ABOVE:** You can bake ice-cream by covering the block with meringue and browning in the oven. **LEFT:** Mocha ice-cream is delicious and quite easy to make. See recipe on this page.

... You can serve it in all ways, too—flavored with chocolate, with fruit or fruit juice, garnished with delicious sauces or nuts.

PERHAPS no sweet course is more popular than ice-cream—or more nourishing for that matter.

Which is probably the reason why many housewives now make their own ice-cream and include it in the daily menu as a matter of course. With these days of refrigerators it's a simple matter to have ice-cream on hand all the time to serve for luncheon, dinner, and between meals.

And one of the easiest and quickest ways of making ice-cream at home is to use ice-cream mix.

For just why one cup of cream will hold its shape. Then you add a package of ice-cream mix to 1 cup of milk and heat until smooth. Mix this with the whipped cream, pour into a freezing tray, and pop the mixture into your automatic refrigerator. That's all—and there's no need to stir while the mixture is in the ice-cream mix.

In addition, the ice-cream mix has more texture, and the real old-time flavor of ice-cream.

Below are some recipes for making different kinds of ice-cream with ice-cream mix.

ICE-CREAM BOMBE: By using 1½ cups of milk, instead of milk and cream, these results also make milk sherberts. If all milk is used, whip fruit or fruit juice into sherbert when it is like a soft mush and then continue freezing.

HAND-CHURN RECIPE

Put 1 cup cold milk and 6 cups heavy whipping cream and 1 cup (1½ pints) ice-cream mix into a bowl. Add 1 cup ice-cream mix. Beat all together with an egg-beater until smooth. Pour into freezer can and freeze in low salt mixture (four parts ice to one part coarse salt). Run churn about 10 minutes.

ICE-CREAM TRIFLE

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup (1½ pints) heavy cream, 6 sponge cakes, glace cherries, apricot jam, 1 pint vanilla custard, 1 cup whipped cream, 2 oz. maraschino cherries.

See directions for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Use vanilla ice-cream mix. Halve the sponge cakes and put together again with jam. Place in the bottom of a 1½ pt. dish. Arrange ratafias round the edge. Cover with the custard. When custard is soaked into sponge

and the trifle is required, slice and arrange ice-cream on top. Decorate quickly with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste, and glace cherries.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM

To Make Caramel: Place 3 tablespoons of sugar in a saucepan and cook till deep golden brown. Add 2 tablespoons boiling water. Boil till the sugar is dissolved.

Make vanilla ice-cream according to directions above, add caramel mixture, and, if liked, ½ cup chopped nuts. Freeze.

MOCHA ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup (1½ pints) heavy cream, 1 cup strong coffee (made with milk).

To Make Coffee: Put 3 heaped tablespoons of ground coffee in small coffee bag and boil slowly in 1½ cups of milk for a few minutes. Remove from stove and chill.

Put 1 cup coffee (made with milk), 1 cup whipping cream, and vanilla ice-cream mix in a bowl. Beat with an egg-beater until well-blended and freeze.

ICE-CREAM BOMBE

½ pint cream, 1 packet ice-cream mix, 3 egg-whites, ½ pint milk, flavoring (fruit pulp, nuts, peppermint, chocolate), 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 3 tablespoons icing sugar.

Blend the ice-cream mix with the milk, beating well. Slightly whip cream and fold in. Add flavoring and pour into ice-block trays. Freeze very hard in refrigerator (2-3 hours at maximum). Make a very thick meringue with the egg-whites and sugar. Place the ice-cream on a thick board and cover completely with the meringue, leaving no air-holes. Bake in the oven at a low temperature for ten minutes. Slide carefully out to a dish. When on table, pour rum over the bombe and set alight.

CHOCOLATE MARASCHINO CHERRY ICE-CREAM

One package chocolate ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup (1½ pints) heavy cream, 1 cup chopped maraschino cherries.

See directions for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. After beating the cream, milk, and ice-cream mix together, add chopped maraschino cherries. Mix well and freeze.

HEINZ Mayonnaise

Win generous, deserved praise with your salads by blending them with Heinz Mayonnaise as the finishing touch. It's a secret, a little secret, but so important!

Making mayonnaise is an art to which many women devote endless care. Imagine then how good Heinz Mayonnaise must be when you think that Heinz chefs, with 69 years' experience in making perfect foodstuffs, have devoted years and years, and all their resources, to producing the most delicious possible mayonnaise! You would expect such a mayonnaise—wouldn't you?—to win anybody's praise. It does! Try it! If you don't find Heinz Mayonnaise completely delicious, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full. How's that for a guarantee?

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E. 1., Melbourne, Victoria.



57
MADE IN
AUSTRALIA

- for Salads that Say



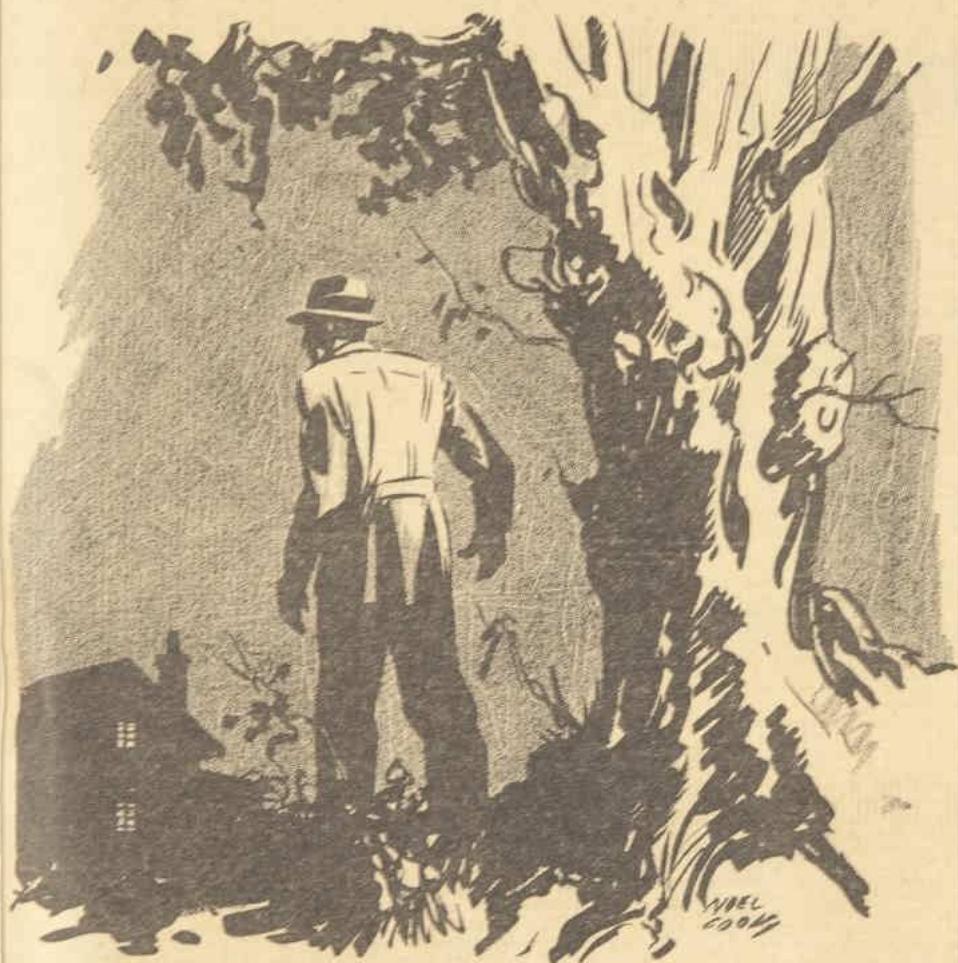
The delicious flavor of
freshly picked Tea-leaf
buds comes to you in
every cup.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
16 NOV 1938
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL
November 19, 1938



By ... DANA SCOTT

SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

By DANA SCOTT

LIFE would be much simpler if events came along with labels on them; the nice ones could be anticipated without qualms and the unpleasant ones, even if they were unavoidable, would at least find you braced to meet them. It's easy, of course, to read warning signs after the fact, but at the time you never see them or, if you do, you are liable to interpret them wrongly.

For instance, when I was invited up to Isobel Loveland's camp for a week-end the signs seemed to spell out an obvious message: dull party in uncomfortable surroundings; possible social complications. There you are. Wrong in almost every particular.

The correct reading was: house party in camp equals setting for crime; winter in Adirondacks equals probable danger; the particular combination of persons involved equals trouble. Added up, the total equals dynamite. And, having arrived at that solution, my next move should have been to pen a politely regretful note to my hostess and say that I was just coming down with elephantiasis or spotted fever. If I had had the wit to do that I should have missed the worst moments of my life—and one of the best. But of course, I did nothing of the sort. I thanked Isobel prettily for her invitation, packed—by a stroke of unwarranted prescience—my warmest clothes and got to the station with ten minutes before traintime.

I did not see any of my fellow members of the house party until I got into the single coach that allows the railway company to dignify the old Northern Local with the grand title of Adirondack Flyer. Then, while I was settling my luggage someone called my name and I turned around to see Gordy and Ann Loveland two seats further down the aisle. I said, "Hello," and hoped that my voice did not express the surprise I felt when I saw them. I simply couldn't believe that they had been invited—or would have accepted the invitation if they were invited—to Isobel Loveland's camp.

Gordy's voice didn't give away a thing. He simply screwed up his little eyes the way he does when he laughs, and bellowed at me, "Come on over and join the party. Ann's started feeling homesick already. She thinks all four of the kids are going to die in her absence and she hates the woods before she's seen a single tree." Then he roared with laughter and heaved himself out of his seat as I came up.

It never occurs to Ann to conceal anything. She said belligerently, "I'm not homesick at all. I just think we were fools to say we'd go to that awful camp at this time of year." From the way she glared at Gordy I knew that this was not

a new argument. Then she turned to me again. "I suppose you are going to Isobel's, too." Her voice was accusing but she didn't wait for me to answer. "Why on earth Isobel wants to make a lot of people wade through snow in the middle of February, in the Adirondacks, is a mystery to me."

I said mildly, "Perhaps she's lonely. After all, she's been there by herself since October. You can't blame her for wanting a little excitement if she's well enough to stand it."

I could not resist defending Isobel. I've always been fond of her and after her widowhood and the breakdown that followed it, she seemed to deserve pity rather than blame. I did not understand, then, why she should have asked Gordy and his wife to visit her. Even though he was her brother-in-law, he had always made it plain that he disapproved of the marriage and that he disliked Isobel personally.

Before Howard Loveland died this attitude of Gordy's had been pronounced enough to cause a coolness between the brothers, and after Howard's sudden death last summer, it had given rise to a great deal of comment. People said that Gordy was bitter because Howard left all his large estate to Isobel without any legacy to his only brother. However, since Isobel had invited Gordy and Ann to her house-party she might be trying to make amends. And if Gordy still resented her position, why had he accepted the invitation? All of which brought me around in a circle to the place I had started from.

Ann returned to her complaint. "What-ever does she expect to do with a house-party way off at the end of nowhere? It must be terribly dull in the woods in winter."

Gordy said maliciously, "Probably that's why she asked us. She wants someone else to be as bored as she is."

I didn't see any reason for concealing facts that everyone was sure to learn in a few hours.

"She's gone in for spiritualism. I gather that she's trying to get into communication with Howard. She wrote me that she'd finally found a way to reach him and she wanted all his old friends to come and be with her when she got the message." I paused for a moment and wondered if I should have told this news to an unsympathetic audience. My attempt to repair the damage was not very successful. "I think it's awfully touching-pathetic—that she should keep on trying to reach him."

Gordy's face had darkened; the usual gaiety had gone and when I spoke of Isobel's spiritualism an expression of contempt had crossed his mouth.

Ann shuddered. "Goodness, it sounds creepy. I hope we won't be there alone with her. Do you know if anyone else is going?"

At that point, the question was answered in person. It was nearly time for the train to leave and suddenly all the rest of the party surged into the car. Fran and Lucy Lindstrom, Hal and Regina O'Brien, and ambling in the rear, Shats Howell. I thought, "How like Isobel to provide the town bachelor for me. I suppose by this time I'm beginning to be known as the town spinster." The idea didn't really annoy me. Since my thirtieth birthday, last year, I decided that I might as well play up to the theory of being married to my art. In a small city like Estruria even a modest literary success is accounted famous, and my old crowd—now the Younger Married Set—was willing to take me at my own figure.

We left the train at Elkhorn Junction. The air was cool and delicious after our stuffy compartment; I could catch the faint unforgettable scent of balsam or fern—whatever it is that makes the peculiar wood odor so pungent.

Then someone shouted, something jingled, and an old-fashioned bobbed drew me beside the platform. A voice called, "You the doctor's party?"

We made a rush; bags and all, and clambered over the sides of the bob. Suddenly everyone began to feel better. I had not been in a sleigh since I was a small child and used to catch rides. We settled ourselves under several layers of horny-smelling blankets and the team started before I realised that our party had been augmented by the addition of two strangers whom I had vaguely noticed waiting on the station porch. One of them was seated next to me and since it is impossible to be formal with a person who is more or less tangled up with you on the floor of a sleigh, we turned and looked at each other, laughed and began to talk. It was too dark to see what this person was like, but he was a man—a large one, from the way he moved beside me—and his voice was nice.

I said: "If I could get disentangled from three bags and a couple of extra coats I could shake hands. Anyhow, I'm Charlotte Costello. Are you going to the doctor's?"

The man laughed and extricated a hand. "You do seem to be rather badly snarled up. Let me help." He managed to do something to the mountain of rugs on top of me and I found a hand, myself. He shook it. "Good. The formalities are attended to. Yes, I am going to the doctor's. At least, I suppose so. I'm here to see Isobel Loveland. My name's Steele."

There was another unfamiliar shape on the opposite side of the sleigh. It was a man so wrapped up that not a scrap of face was visible between his hat brim and the turned-up collar of his fur coat. I asked Mr. Steele, "Is the other gentleman with you?"

He shook his head. "No, I saw him on the train but, of course, I didn't know he

was coming on this party. Don't any of you know him?"

I said, "I don't think so. What did he look like? It's too dark here to recognise anyone."

Steele hesitated. "He's hard to describe." Then he added hastily, "I'm sure you'd have remembered him if he were anyone you knew."

"Was he in the chair-car? I didn't see any familiar faces except in our own party. Of course, we were in the drawing-room most of the time but I did look around at first."

Steele's voice sounded uncomfortable. "I think this chap was in the smoking-room most of the way. That's where I saw him."

Why should the man be embarrassed about an absolute stranger? But he seemed loath to describe him, and I wondered why. After all, we were going to be shut up together in a camp for at least three days, and a certain amount of personal intimacy was bound to follow.

I leaned forward and spoke to the muffled stranger. "My name is Charlotte Costello. Since we're all bound for the camp we may as well introduce ourselves."

The figure across from me did not stir, but the most amazing voice said, "My name is Michael Ruby." That was all. It is hard to explain why that voice should have affected me as it did. For an instant it had a familiar ring, like a voice from the past; then I decided that it was the most beautifully modulated human voice I had ever heard. It had a sort of professional timbre; to hear it was like listening to an aria sung by an operatic star.

After the single admission of his name, he said nothing more. Everyone else in the sleigh was talking like mad. It was the effect of the sleigh ride; we were all reverting to our childhood. I felt gay, and Mr. Steele seemed willing to enter into the spirit of the affair. Only Michael Ruby—what a name!—was silent. I decided to leave him to his dignity and devote myself to Mr. Steele. As a matter of fact I had very little choice of this, if I wanted to talk at all.

On my other side, Gordy and Regina were far too much absorbed in their own conversation to talk to me. Gordy, I thought, had had a few too many drinks on the train and he was in his top form. Ann, from across the sleigh, tried to break into their conversation, but no one could stop Gordy when he had once started. It all seemed to be perfectly harmless anyhow.

She always tries to place new acquaintances and I had made the private guess that Mr. Steele was a doctor, coming perhaps to consult with Isobel's specialist. The guess turned out to be wrong. During the conversation Mr. Steele mentioned the fact that he proposed to see Isobel on legal business.

"Legal? Just when I'd got you nicely placed as a consulting physician."

He said, "Lord, no. I'm a lawyer."

"Don't you even know Dr. Sibellus?"

"Never heard of him. What does he do?"

I giggled. "He's initiating Eluria into the mysteries of psychoanalysis. We're his countryfolk brought up on the simple bromide for nervous complaints. Right now he's curing Isobel of a nervous breakdown. It's really his camp that we're going to. Isobel has been here since October."

Steele asked curiously, "Has he cured her? I can't very well do business with an invalid. Perhaps I ought not to be here."

I reassured him. "Oh, that's all right. Isobel's better. She wrote me that she was fairly well. If she weren't, the doctor

surely wouldn't let her have this party. As a matter of fact, it will probably do her good to think about something as prosaic as business."

He said, "I hope so," but his voice sounded rather dubious, as though he were beginning to wish he hadn't come. However, at the moment I was feeling cheerful. We changed the subject and talked all the rest of the way.

The ride was rather exciting. Our horses trotted along and the sleigh glided marvelously over the snow. The road was a narrow wood track, uphill and down, with trees crowding it on both sides. I have no idea how far we went, four or five miles, certainly.

By this time we had rounded the point and could see dimly across the snow the shape of an island like a black frigate riding a white sea. As we drew nearer we could distinguish the outline of a house with lights shining from the windows. "That's her," the driver said, and we awoke up the slope in front of the camp, where the sleigh stopped. A wide front door opened and Isobel's slender figure was silhouetted against the warm light of the room beyond. Then another shape appeared beside her, voices called greetings they moved forward to welcome us, and we all began to dismount.

I don't remember everything we said when we arrived. I had no reason for noticing particularly. Later, I did begin to listen with more attention, to note details and even times; but that came only after painful experience. On that first night I knew that there was great confusion unloading first ourselves, then our various bags and wraps and luggage. People rushed about, and I got into the house as quickly as possible because I was cold. I kissed Isobel and thought that she still looked terribly thin and strained. Then I made for the fireplace and performed a few simple experiments to see whether there was ever going to be any more feeling in my fingers and toes. Mr. Steele brought in my luggage and stood beside Isobel for a few minutes talking. Then I met our host and his wife.

Isobel introduced us and, despite my curiosity about these people, at that first meeting I got no more than a hasty impression. Mrs. Sibellus—small, dark, sunburned—smiled tightly at me and murmured something indistinguishable. The doctor clicked his heels together, took my hand, kissed it. This rather unhornered me—my training has been largely democratic—so that I was aware only of a blond Nordic head in the act of bowing and then, a minute later, of a pair of pale blue eyes with pupils so minute that there was something hypnotic about them: X-ray eyes. I had an unpleasant feeling that the doctor was counting the buttons on the back of my dress. However, his manner was pleasant. He spoke without an accent, but with an inflection that was foreign. He said the usual things.

"Mrs. Loveland has spoken much about you. It will be good for her to see old friends."

I murmured something rather inadequate in reply.

Isobel has a real gift for making parties go. That night, although she looked ill, she was very gay, quite in her old vein. She went from one of us to another smiling her angelic smile, gesturing with her tiny hands, talking to us excitedly in her heart-breaking voice. At first she had looked unusually pale, but as the excitement of our arrival caught her, two spots of color began to burn in her cheeks.

She turned from Sibellus to greet Fran and Lindy. At least, I suppose that she greeted Fran. But there was a sudden glow—as though a light had been turned on, suddenly, inside her mind—when she spoke to Lindy. She did not say anything unusual. Simply, "Oh, Lindy, I'm so glad to see you." But the way she said it!

Lindy looked embarrassed. "Marvelous of you to invite us here, Bel." He was the only one who ever called her by this nickname. He flushed a little as he spoke, and I saw him drop her hand hastily.

Isobel did not seem to notice his embarrassment. She said eagerly, "Oh, I've been dying to have you come. I wrote as soon as the doctor said I might. I've something terribly exciting to tell you."

And then Regina rushed up to her and broke in upon the conversation. Isobel kissed Regina and greeted her warmly.

Regina returned the embrace with the most perfect aplomb. I was watching Lindy's face for some sign of feeling, but he looked singularly blank. However, he did not hear the exciting news that Isobel had to tell him, and I felt that he was not eager to hear it. He took Fran's arm and led her to the fireplace, a perfectly natural thing to do. Only, for some reason, I suspected that he was glad to escape. I decided for the twentieth time to begin minding my own business.

One other curiosity was satisfied in the first brief moment of entrance. I wanted to know what Michael Ruby looked like; to see what sort of face and personality went with that marvelous, dramatic, professional voice. It was the shock of my life. He had taken off his coat and hat and I saw his face. I do not know how to describe it. Something terrible had happened to it. Perhaps it had been burned. That was all I could think of. In any case, the skin was not normal skin; it was inhuman, dead looking, shiny as though it had been lacquered.

The same accident must have injured his features; although they were all there, they seemed to have been modelled artificially out of that dreadful imitation skin.

They looked patched together as though someone had built them up out of putty, then covered them with a queer varnished hide. I actually looked twice and counted them over to myself to be sure none was missing; two eyes, one nose, one mouth, all complete. What was lacking was any trace of expression. The man wore, quite obviously, a wig; a dark, slightly wavy wig. I did not know how I knew that it was a wig, but I did know.

There I stood staring. What brought me to myself was the sudden realisation that the man was staring back at me, unblinking, expressionless. I snapped into consciousness and tried to behave as though nothing unusual had happened, but I was shaken. Michael Ruby, indeed! At that moment I would have staked anything that even his name was as built up and artificial as his face. But the voice? It seemed impossible that so beautiful a sound could have issued from so inhuman a mouth. Then he spoke again.

"Won't you have a drink, Miss Costello? I'm sure you must be frozen, too." It was the voice I had heard before, beautiful, harmonious, musical.

I tried to be calm. "Thanks, I will. I do need it." I did, too. I felt as though I had been conversing with a golem.

The size of the camp surprised me at first.

I had been brought up on sketchy little snacks and primitive camping arrangements; this was anything but sketchy.

The camp had originally been built as a summer

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

hotel and had been used more recently as a sanatorium, which accounted somewhat for its luxury. The only primitive feature I could discover was the lack of electricity. The doctor told us, later, that in summer they had their own lighting plant but that in winter they did not bother with it. However, there were old-fashioned oil lamps downstairs and plenty of candles for the bedrooms.

Isobel took us on a rapid sight-seeing tour.

"On the right, ladies and gentlemen, is the living-room where we live, and on the left the dining-room where we dine and the game room where we gamble."

We crowded in after her and looked about. Both were vast rooms, made vaster that night by the shadowy spaces left by rather feeble oil lamps. Both rooms had cobblestone fireplaces at the gable ends and a series of french windows along three sides, opening on a verandah which ran around the whole house.

The dining-room, which was obviously too large for a party of our size, had been temporarily partitioned off with a row of screens and only the portion beyond the screens was used for dining. The front end of the room was turned into a game room. There was a pool table of sorts with a top that could be used for ping-pong, a beanbag rack, a space marked off for putting and shuffleboard and card tables. The place was really rather attractive.

The second floor arrangements were a further pleasant surprise. There were bathrooms adjoining almost every bedroom, and even running hot water in the pipes! I simply gasped. Hot water on tap and soft mattresses on the beds, instead of those special crushed-concrete devices invariably supplied at most B&B resorts, I could hardly bear it. As soon as I was alone in my room I went and turned on the hot water, then bounced on the bed. My senses had not deceived me, after all. I decided that I was going to have a wonderful time.

From my room, which was on the main corridor just opposite the head of the stairs, I could hear Isobel conducting the rest of the party to their rooms.

The bedrooms lined a long hall that ran the full width of the main wing. My room faced the front of the camp. Beyond me, at the right, Isobel had already installed Slatz and Mr. Steele, sharing the room next mine; and at the end, Mr. Ruby. At my left I could hear Ann's voice dominating the general uproar as it always did, announcing her pleasure at being located next to Frannie Lindstrom.

The Lindstroms were my neighbors on the left, and Gordy and Ann were next to them. On the other side of the corridor, Regina and Hal had the corner room opposite the 'Lovelands'; theirs was the only bedroom on that side of the stairs.

Beyond the stairhead, facing the rear, were successively, Isobel's room and that of the Sibellins'. There were bathrooms enough to go round, which was extraordinary in a camp; one between Ruby's room and Slatz', one between mine and the Lindstroms' and one shared by the Sibellins' and Isobel. The O'Brien's room opened into a very large bathroom that had originally been a ladies' dressing-room in the old hotel days and hence had an outside door into the hall. Beyond that was a linen closet. The Lovelands' were supposed to go share with the O'Briens on this vast bathroom.

Downstairs there was a sort of back hall, directly behind the bar, and opening from it by a door. From this hall a door at the rear led to the immense kitchen on the

left. The kitchen was also reached, by way of a passage pantry with swinging doors, from the dining-room. To the right of the kitchen, also at the rear, was a large storeroom. In front of the storeroom, and opening both into the back hall and the main living-room, was a small room, once the hotel office, I believe, and now used as a private study by the doctor. A flight of stairs led from the back hall to the upper hall, and from this the four rooms of the servants' quarters opened.

These consisted of two bedrooms at the back, one of which was now occupied by Bill and Jenny Huyck, the servants of the camp; another vacant room at the left, which for convenience opened into the linen room; and across the hall, the servants' bathroom. From this upper hall a short flight of three or four steps led to a door opening on the landing of the front staircase, so that the servants' wing could be reached from either floor of the main wing.

I am giving the household arrangements here in elaborate detail, in order to make clear from the first how we were situated, and to avoid confusion, if possible, when I come to describe the scenes that were acted against this setting. On that first night, naturally, I knew no more about the camp than I could see from the living-room downstairs and my own room upstairs. Later, I came to know that house like the palm of my hand; know it and loathe it.

One of the few alleviating circumstances of the affair was the fact that Jenny Huyck was a good cook. The dinner she served us that first night was excellent. It had been late when we arrived, and after our sleigh ride everyone was ravenous; we fell upon Jenny's provender like a pack of timber wolves.

After dinner we adjourned to the living-room and sat about near the fire, talking. Later, Gordy, who was always too active to stay long in one place, wandered into the hall and established himself at the bar. After that, the party was a success as far as he was concerned. He claimed that the place was perfect.

Although at first he had not been too cordial to Isobel, he was affable enough in general, and with the aid of a few drinks he finished the evening as the life of the party. Ann tried to quell him, with the usual results.

He said, "Leave me alone, woman. I will not be bossed. The life in the wilds is the only life for a real, red-blooded he-man. Great open spaces—"

Someone interrupted with, "Great open bottles is what you mean."

He did not mind. He went about insisting that everyone join him in a nightcap. Especially, he wanted to see Regina with a nightcap. Everyone shouted, "He said, 'I've seen you in a bathing cap and a skating cap but I've always wanted to see you with a nightcap.'

Regina said, laughing, "If that's all you want, your ambition shall be satisfied," and they went off together to the bar. Laughter. As wit it was pretty crude but it was light-hearted, and we all felt good. Ann looked rather peevish, but no one paid any attention to her, certainly not Gordy. He continued to play the fool with Regina until someone suggested that it was time to go to bed. The party broke up.

While I was preparing for bed, Isobel came in and talked to me. She still wore the look of excitement I had noticed earlier in the evening, and while she talked she kept clenching and unclenching her hands.

It made me remember that she was really not yet well; that our rowdy party might have been too much for her.

"Why didn't you shut us up or send us to bed earlier? You look tired. Apparently all your friends are too dumb to realize that you are an invalid and ought not to be upset. That was perfect bedlam downstairs after Gordy got started."

She refused to admit it. "No. It was good for me. I've had nearly four months of rest. I need some excitement." I remember enjoying her voice as I always have; thinking that it was almost perfect in its way as Michael Ruby's. It reminded me to ask her about him.

She was eager to explain. "I wanted to tell you. He's my great discovery. He's the person I asked you all up here to meet."

I must have looked startled. She went on quickly. "He is the medium who has finally got into communication with Howard. I wrote you about it. I have been trying to reach him ever since he died, but something prevented me. I had messages from other spirits saying that he was trying to get through to me, too, but he couldn't. Then Mr. Ruby succeeded." I must have shown my disapproval of this subject, for she said eagerly, "Don't refuse this, Charl. I know that you probably think spiritualism is all a fake—but it isn't. I have proof. That's what I want you to hear. That's why I asked you to come up."

I felt extremely uncomfortable. It was impossible to be brutal with Isobel and simply say that the whole business was odious and that she ought to forget it and occupy herself with more mundane, normal things. But it was just as bad to have her involve herself with what I could not consider anything but charlatanism. I did not know what to say. While I was stalling for time I thought I might as well get a little more information about our new members. I asked her about them.

"Well—Jim Steele is a lawyer and a grand person. You'll like him. I know, because I do." For the moment, however, Isobel's interest was centred wholly upon her other guest. "I only know Michael Ruby through correspondence, but he seems to be a wonderful medium. His letters were really extraordinary. I'd never heard of him until he wrote me that he had been getting messages from a control who kept mentioning my name. Finally he decided that someone was trying to communicate with me. That was why he wrote. He told me about the messages he'd had, and I give you my word, Charl, they were amazing. They told things about me that no one living could have known."

"Where did he come from?" I asked.

Isobel hesitated. "I don't know exactly. He seems to have wandered about—Boston and New York; and he's been abroad. Then he moved to the city and has been travelling from there. I think he's given seances in Etruria once or twice a month or something like that. It was through those connections that he found my address and wrote me about the messages."

"It's funny I never heard of him." I don't know now why I felt so suspicious of Ruby. There was no reason except my instinctive aversion to his appearance.

Isobel said rather pathetically, "People who are interested in spiritualism don't advertise the fact. They know they will be laughed at."

I felt like a brute. "I'm sorry, darling. I'm not laughing at you. It's merely that you might get well sooner if you tried to stop thinking about your loss and lived a more normal life. It's not natural to live this way."

Isobel said with spirit, "I need strength

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

and guidance. And I get that from Beyond. You simply can't understand unless you've been through what I have."

I had to admit that I couldn't.

"What does Dr. Sibellius think about all this?" I asked curiously. She was making an odd combination; the Man of Science and the Man of Faith. It might be interesting to watch.

Isobel shrugged her shoulders. "He hates it, of course. Says it's all rubbish. But that is because he wants to cure me by psychoanalysis alone. You can't blame him. I'm sorry he's so annoyed, but I must do as I think best. I have problems to solve, and I need help. The doctor has done what he could, but I need authority from Beyond. Human powers are limited when it comes to dealing with the soul."

As she spoke I felt a sort of excitement in her; her voice rose perceptibly and I could see her clenched hands tremble. Talking about souls makes me nervous myself.

Isobel said with a kind of desperate persistence, "I've got to go on with this. I've got to." Then, with a rush, "I want to have a seance to-morrow night after dinner. I chose this group of people particularly because they were friends of mine or Howard's. If he has a message for anyone, it ought to be one of us. And I believe that Ruby will be able to get it." She looked at me almost defiantly. After a slight pause she added, "Do try to make them understand it, Chari. I know they'll be surprised, but they've got to help me. You will try to persuade them, won't you?"

It seemed harmless enough. And Isobel was so earnest about it that finally I agreed to do what I could.

I slept late the next morning; when I got downstairs most of the party had finished breakfast and were sitting around the fire discussing plans for the day. They were talking about a long hike across country to another lake. Being something of a house plant, I was not too thrilled by the idea, but the men particularly were keen to go. The girls were less enthusiastic, except for Regina, who always took the men's side. When I demurred, she began to tease me.

"What's the matter with Chari? Getting so old for a little exercise?"

I said tarry, "Certainly not. My only point is that I don't know my way around these woods and it looks like a poor day to be lost."

Isobel seemed very gay this morning and I was glad to see her absorbed in anything so practical and vigorous as a tramp in the woods. She and Lindy and Regina were in leading spirits, with Gordy a close second. It was a weird combination. The rest of us tried to be sporting about it and we finally started off from the camp by about ten-thirty.

It was a wild day. I am used to good mid-winter winters, but not to weather like that. The wind was blowing a regular gale that sent snowflakes against our faces in a stinging shower.

I am not remarkably adept with snowshoes but I managed to get along well enough. State minus the brandy barrel—and Jim Steele propped me when I weakened and we had a gay time altogether. The trail was still fairly plain in spite of drifting, and we reached the shores of Lost Lake sometime around noon. By that time the storm had increased to a blizzard and the air was filled with flying particles. My appetite was strongly suggesting lunch, so that I was glad to turn around and start back up the trail.

I shall not soon forget the tramp back to the island. If the outfit had seemed

arduous, the home trail was impossible. The storm had redoubled its fury; the wind, which earlier had quartered us, now drove straight into our faces so that we walked bent against it, and the trail grew more blurred and difficult to follow with every step we took. We had been a gay party on the way out; now we were in earnest. No one had breath to spare for idle chatter. We attended strictly to business.

After a half-hour's struggle I was glad to stop in the partial shelter of the trees and catch my breath. Through the smother of flying snow dim shapes showed where the others were resting. Someone came over to me and spoke. It was Isobel, looking exhausted, and I thought again that she should not have attempted such an exertion. She came very close to me and shouted above the wind, "Have you seen Lindy? He was with us at the lake, but I can't find him now. He isn't with the others."

I panted about, but it was impossible to be certain who was who. I shouted back, "Have you asked everyone? I can't see anything in this storm. Probably he's behind some trees."

ISOBEL shook her head. "I've looked everywhere. He isn't with this bunch." Her face was drawn. "Neither is Regina. I can't find either of them."

Before she added this last piece of information I had begun to be worried. It was a terrible day and one member of a party might easily lose sight of the rest of the group. But when she said that Regina was missing, too, I felt calm again. They were not lost; not unintentionally lost, that is. If those two were absent, I was certain that it was by deliberate purpose. They were safe enough. Lindy was a rash creature, but Regina could be depended upon to save her skin. She could also be depended upon to cause trouble, which she was now doing. I tried to soothe Isobel. She refused to listen to me, however, and went on to question other members of the party.

Finally someone—Ruby, it was—agreed to go back along the trail to see if he could find them, while we stood about in an acutely uncomfortable state of mind and waited. No one talked much. Hal leaned against a tree looking pretty grim, and Ann put her arm around Fran Lindstrom, who was, I noticed, far calmer than Isobel. After what seemed hours, Ruby came back. When he caught his breath, he reported that they were not on the trail. He had gone all the way back to the lake but he said that about a half mile down the trail there had been a side trail cutting off to the left, and he thought that fresh tracks had gone that way.

If the weather had occupied our energies thus far, the con tempest occupied our minds for the rest of the day.

We reached camp at half-past two and I was never gladder to see anything. I staggered up the slope and into the camp with what felt like my last gasp. Before the front door had closed upon us, I heard Isobel ask the doctor, who had come to greet us, "Have the others got here?"

The doctor said, "No," in a surprised tone. She did not trouble to explain, but turned away and climbed wearily up the stairs to her own room. The rest of us were glad to sit down and pant for a while after we had finally struggled out of our ice-coated gear. As soon as we had revived sufficiently we assembled in the dining-room and did justice to Jenny's cooking. All, that is, except Isobel, who did not come down to lunch.

She sent word that she was too tired to eat now but would join us later.

After lunch we simply slogged. There was a beautiful fire in the living-room fireplace, and we disposed ourselves around it in attitudes of complete abandon. Temporarily, at least, I felt grand; tired and warm and well-fed. I could not even work up much agitation about the wandering couple. It seemed to me that if they preferred an empty hut in a snowstorm to a warm camp and a hot luncheon, it was strictly their own funeral.

Lindy and Regina have in sight at exactly five o'clock.

There was some excitement when they arrived, of course. We all rushed out into the hall to see them and everyone asked questions at once. They were extremely casual about the whole thing. Just took the wrong trail at the forks, they explained.

Hal said with heavy sarcasm, "By mistake, of course."

Regina smiled at him impudently and answered, "Of course. I don't see how the rest of you ever managed to keep on it. Lindy and I had an awful time."

No one believed her. Those two did not look as though they had been suffering. Lindy was a trifle sheepish, but Regina was in top form. If ever I saw a cat-after-a-canary episode, Regina was the cat.

When Isobel came downstairs to dinner she was as calm and lovely as usual, wearing a particularly beautiful dress of black lace—French, of course—and looking like an angel. Her manner was gay and untroubled. When Lindy and Fran came down, she inquired about the adventure as though it were the most natural thing in the world; said that people often took that trail by mistake. Aside from this, nothing further was said about the affair. Regina was more high-powered than ever; Gordy, who, judging by Ann's thundercloud expression, had been caught in another storm, was acting like a demon. I remember thinking what a fool Ann was to let him see that he could annoy her. It did her no good and only made Gordy worse. He and Regina carried on like kids.

When we had assembled in the living-room after dinner they were still irrepressible. Isobel had announced that she had something to say to us. Even while she talked, those two were whispering and glancing where they sat on a sofa by the fireplace.

Isobel made a sort of little speech.

"As you all know, I have been for several months under the care of Dr. Sibellius. He is, if he will allow me to say so, a very great person. I have the deepest respect and gratitude for what he has done for me. I was in a terrible condition, emotionally, and he has brought me out into the light. But I must say at once that he does not approve what I am doing now. He is a scientist and believes that the only truths are material facts."

"With due deference to his learning, I cannot agree with him. I have come to believe that beyond our small human comprehension are realms which can be explored and can enlarge our experience. I believe that if we can only communicate with the dwellers in that other world we will receive a valuable guidance. I have already had proofs of that. That is why I have asked Mr. Ruby to come to the camp.

Dr. Sibellius believes that the approach to the human soul must be through human agency. Mr. Ruby believes that it can come also through superhuman agency. I

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

see no reason why these two methods need be mutually exclusive. I believe in both agencies, and it is in an effort to make use of both that I have asked Mr. Ruby to help me." She paused for a moment. Presently she went on more informally.

"I've told some of you about the messages I've already received. You see"—she smiled rather sadly—"since Howard died I've felt that he wanted to communicate with me. I can't explain how I've known this, but I have. There can be no doubt."

At this point Gordy said in a disagreeable tone, "Why not let poor Howdy alone? He's out of this now and he ought to be thankful." I could have slain him for it. Isobel said pathetically, "But, Gordy, he wants me to reach him. I can't be mistaken. He is trying to get in touch with me. It is partly for his sake that I am doing this. You ought to want me to."

Gordy muttered something, but his tone was ungracious. I said quickly, "Go on, Isobel. Tell us what you plan to do."

She brightened. "I want to hold seances with Mr. Ruby. He has already been in communication with Howard, and the messages ask us to sit for him. We can begin to-night. The doctor has given his consent."

We all looked towards the doctor. He was expressionless, but polite. "Of course I am glad to have you amuse yourselves in any way you choose. I am bound to say that I cannot credit the findings of spiritualism. I know too much about human psychology. But if you wish to mislead yourselves, it is no affair of mine."

The doctor rose and excused himself, looking superior and contemptuous. His wife followed him.

Isobel then directed proceedings. We were to sit around a table in the centre of the room and spread our hands along the edge of the table so that our fingers touched to form a circle. Ruby sat in a large chair with Isobel on one side and Ann, who was quite excited by this performance, on the other. The ordinary lamps were blown out; instead, we had one small lamp with a heavy red glass globe, like those used in photographers' developing rooms. The effect was pretty ghastly. In the enormous living-room, the rest of our usual illumination left great areas of shadow, but with only this single red light the place was cavernous and unholly. I did not like it. To add to our gloom, the storm outside was raging higher than ever.

At first we sat without speaking; nothing at all happened. I was beginning to feel rather foolish when I heard someone sigh deeply and Isobel whispered, "He's going into his trance."

She meant Ruby, of course. A distinct chill went up my spine as I listened to his slow, heavy breathing. Ruby awake was bad enough, but somehow, in this condition, he seemed sepulchral. There was another long silence. No one dared to move or speak. Then a voice was heard, a soft voice like a child's chattering and twittering rapidly and unintelligibly. I could not make out what it said. This went on for a long time; all of us sitting there like stone images, clutching the table.

Once Isobel asked a question. "Who is the control?" The childish voice babbled more rapidly but said nothing that we could understand. I felt still more like a fool.

Finally Gordy said in a bored voice, "If this is the best Howdy can do, he's worse off than I thought he was."

Regina laughed, and Isobel caught her breath in a sob. Someone moved back his

chair. I decided to take a hand. "This doesn't seem to be successful, Isobel. Is there anything else he could do?"

She said tremulously, "He generally uses the ouija board. That's his best method. But I was very anxious to try a trance sitting. He warned me that it would probably fail, I only thought that it seemed so much more direct. But we can try the other, if you like."

Gordy said brutally, "I don't like anything about it," and got up from the table.

Soon after this, I noticed that Ruby had stopped that queer breathing and was sitting up straighter in his chair. Isobel turned to him. He asked, "Did you get anything?" He appeared to know nothing of what had happened.

She answered, "No. Nothing we could understand. There was a voice but we couldn't get a word of it."

Ruby said regretfully, "I was afraid you wouldn't. I seldom do. The board is my only sure method."

Someone lighted a lamp. Gordy went over to the stairs. "I'm going to bed. If you get Howdy's number, give him my love." His face looked dark and angry. Everyone seemed upset. Isobel was bitterly disappointed. I tried to cheer her up.

"Don't feel sad. Let's not try any more to-night. Everyone is tired and cross. We'll have another go at it to-morrow when we're in better tempers. Mr. Ruby won't mind waiting."

He said gravely, "Of course not."

Isobel's voice was imploring. "Will you all promise to help me to-morrow night? I've simply got to get this message. You don't know how important it is to me."

We all promised. After that the party broke up.

On Saturday morning it was still raining; cloudbursts, torrents, deluges. I have never seen more violent downpour. A south wind was whipping through the trees and making the windows of the house rattle like musketry. The hours dragged, tempers shortened, wives snapped at husbands, husbands retired in dudgeon—usually to the bar. Regina kidnapped Lindy. Ann scolded everyone. Isobel looked depressed. After a morning at least two years long, I went straight upstairs from lunch and took a nap. How the others may have disposed of the afternoon was a matter of indifference to me.

It was four o'clock when I awoke and languidly began to dress. There was no reason to hurry. Heaven knew. I tried the bathroom door and found it locked, which was enough excuse to allow me another nap. The second time I got up I was annoyed to find the door still locked. This bathroom lay between my room and the Lindstroms', with a door into each. They must have locked it on the inside and forgotten it. I knocked once, then went out into the hall. The hall door was locked, too, so I decided to knock on their door. There was no response here either, and I was about to rap again when I heard a muffled sob from the room within. Fran was crying. For a moment I had an impulse to go in and comfort her, but on second thought refrained. The cause for her tears was undoubtedly Lindy's gyrations; therefore, altogether too personal to admit sympathy even from a friend.

I went back to my room and wondered what to do. I still had not washed my face and I wanted to. Then I remembered hearing Regina and Ann discussing their vast mutual bathroom. I hurried down the corridor and listened. Apparently the room was empty. I turned the knob, and crept in as quietly as possible. Then, as

quietly as I had crept in, I crept out. Through the thin inside door I could hear a quarrel raging in the bedroom. Hal and Regina were in mid-career of an extremely personal discussion. Even for a brief moment I was in the room, it was impossible to avoid catching the name Hal had mentioned. His voice had been rough with anger. The name, of course, was Lindy.

Isobel joined me on the stairs, and probably because I was in the mood to see alarming symptoms in everyone I met. I imagined that she looked peculiarly strained. She was certainly pale and violet shadows lay beneath her eyes. I asked if she felt well. She smiled rather wanly as she assented.

"I'm a bit tired, perhaps. I usually sleep after lunch, but to-day Ann has been weeping on my shoulder, so that I missed my nap. I shall be all right, though. We'll have cocktails before dinner and they will cheer everyone up."

In the living-room another languid bridge game was in progress. The doctor and his wife were playing with Lindy and Jim Steele. We stood watching them for a moment. Then Isobel, who had been standing behind Lindy, leaned over and spoke to him in a low voice. Lindy looked frightened at first, then he pushed back his chair and rose.

He said nervously, "Will you excuse me if I quit the game? I have to go." He did not explain further, and I had an idea Isobel had told him that Fran was crying. However, he did not go upstairs, but out toward the bar. Isobel waited for a moment and then drifted across the room and into the doctor's study.

Cocktails appeared as advertised before dinner, and did cheer the party considerably. When the dinner bell rang Regina descended in her usual radiance—marvelously dressed and gay. No one would have dreamed that she had spent her afternoon in single combat. Hal was silent, as usual, and it was possible that they had settled their differences. Fran was so pale that she worried me a little. In spite of our doctor in attendance, the camp was a poor place to be ill.

Isobel puzzled me. Was she paler than before? Was her expression tragic or only tired? I could not decide. In any case she was in no condition to go through trying emotional scenes. Both were quiet during the meal.

With such a good start, I was looking forward to an agreeable evening, forgetting the seance we had promised to attend. When Isobel spoke of it immediately after dinner, my heart sank into my boots. Why must she persist? Certainly the experiment last night had been anything but a success. But the others, excepting the doctor and his wife, grumbling or amiable, finally took their seats around the table and Ruby explained the plan of attack.

To-night we were to see Ruby at his best. He was going to use the ouija board—or planchette as it is sometimes called—to transcribe his messages. It seems that this was his special system. The planchette consists of a small heart-shaped board mounted upon three short wooden legs. The whole affair is not more than six inches long by perhaps four wide, and stands approximately one inch high. This little object is used as a sort of movable pointer. The medium and the subject—Ruby and Isobel in this case—each rest a hand upon the little platform that in turn rests upon a wooden lapboard printed with the letters of the alphabet in large capitals, with the cardinal numerals, the single words "Yes" and "No" in the two upper corners, and a few miscellaneous squiggle

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

by way of decoration. When the spirit descends on the control, controls the little table goes darting about the board, hither and yon, pointing to letters one after another, and thereby spelling out the words of a message.

Described coldly, this sounds entirely a matter of the volition of the operators. But they claim otherwise, after I had expressed my incredulity. Ruby made me try it with him, and I admit that I at least had to part in the thing's gyrations. Ruby may have, although he said not, and made me try it with anyone I chose. That seemed fair, and I selected Jim Steele as the cool-minded person in the room.

At first nothing happened and I turned to smile at Ruby. Then, all at once, the planchette began to leap about. It not only moved, it contorted, sometimes on two legs, or even on one. It positively flew back and forth over the letters, scarcely pausing long enough to allow them to be transcribed. What it spelled was: "Amelia was over a terror. Bright, diligent, avid but disagreeable." Everyone shouted with laughter, and I accused Jim, point-blank, of managing the thing. I had not pushed it, but someone certainly had. It had travelled like a streak.

Ruby smiled. "Did you push it, Mr. Steele?" he asked.

Jim looked puzzled. "No. Honestly I didn't. I thought all the time that Charl was doing it. I could feel the push."

I denied this indignantly. "I did not. Why should I push when I was the one to want it proved? But I did feel it being pushed, and I could have sworn that you did it."

Jim shook his head good-naturedly. "I don't know any of the answers. But what was the meaning of that message? I don't even know who Amelia is."

The Etrurians roared. Amelia, in our childhood, had been the teacher's pet of the school, the good example of the whole town. Her name had been anathema to us. But she had been too good to live and, in fact, had not. She was doubtless mourned in higher circles, but not, I regret to say, by many of her playmates. After this explanation, everyone was feeling happier and more interested, and the serious business of the evening began.

Since it was Isobel who wanted to receive a message, she was Ruby's assistant. They sat close together, holding the lap-board on their knees, each with the right hand resting lightly on the planchette. I was next to Isobel with a paper and pencil to transcribe the messages as they came. The others sat about watching. We must have waited ten minutes in utter silence, until Gordy, who never could hold still properly, whispered, "He's stalled his engine. Has anyone got a crank?" Regina giggled, and for a moment I feared that all was lost. Then suddenly the little board gave a jerk and everyone said "Hush" simultaneously.

Slowly, at first, and then with increasing speed the pointer began to move about the board. It behaved queerly; it did not point at the letters, but instead, whirled about, dashed to the very edge of the board and then back again, aimlessly, as though it had lost its way. Finally Isobel said softly to Ruby, "Does this mean that it has not yet received a control?"

Ruby answered without moving his lips at all. "Yes. Wait."

We all held our breaths. There was a second short pause, as though the thing were resting; then with a deliberate and steady motion the planchette began to spell out words, moving carefully from letter to letter, remaining on each long

enough to leave no doubt as to its intention, then passing on to the next. As we had agreed, I spoke each letter aloud as it was indicated and then wrote it down in order on my paper. This was the first message.

"I am home free but far from God."

Everyone gasped. There was no need to read the message out. Every eye had been glued to the board after it began to write. Ann asked in awed tones, "What does it mean? Is that Howdy?"

Isobel's hand was trembling visibly on the pointer, but she did not look up. The thing was moving again with the precision which meant a message.

"I have damaged very heart." Something left out, evidently.

Then it wrote very quickly, as though in great agitation.

"Christ—do escape by air."

Ann screamed, and Ruby took his hand from the board. He said, "We cannot hope to get a lucid message unless everyone is quiet and attentive. You will remember that this is a spirit not long passed over who is trying for the first time in his experience to communicate. It is often difficult for them at first. We must be patient. I will ask you not to speak again until I give the signal."

Silence once more. There was another quiet interval; then the board crept slowly forward as though it were gathering strength. This time it spelled the name "Isobel." She lifted her head and looked straight at Ruby. He nodded. She asked almost inaudibly, "Who is the control?"

The board replied, "H.R.L." It repeated the letters, in that order, several times. Ruby asked calmly, "Have you a message for Isobel?"

The pointer ran straight across the board and stopped over the word "Yes" written in the left-hand corner. Ruby's voice sounded. "Will you give her the message here?"

The board jerked once, then remained over "Yes." Meanwhile we were waiting for the message which, as before, began slowly, then quickened as though gathering power as it went. The words read: "Tell Isobel we know everything here. Be sure—happiness must be regained." Then it stopped.

Isobel cried out, "Oh—make it go on. He must say more." She was weeping now.

Ruby said, "Wait."

Under their hands the pointer began to jerk about again, darting over the board with no sort of order or sense. I stopped trying to take down the letters. It was all nonsense. Someone seemed to be playing tag with the thing. Ann said, "It's crazy again," and had to be hushed. Finally it seemed to settle down to business and I transcribed its message. "She lit a fire. She wanted a fire. She had a reason." We looked at each other in surprise. It made sense, but what did it mean? Ruby asked, "Who is the control now?"

The reply came instantly, "J. M. Blackburn & Co."

Naturally, we laughed. Ruby stopped us. "This is a control I often get. We may learn something from him. He may explain that first bit."

The board was very active now. "Red—red—red. All wet with snow, she took it down. He kissed her. She wanted a fire." Still gibberish, as far as I could see. Gordy said disgustedly, "What the devil is he talking about? Ask your friend to speak English."

As though in answer to him, the board spelled, "Your wife wanted to know what happened. She was very angry. Tell her

that she is late. This is not her party now." Brief pause. Then—"Genevra has lost her hold. Howard says that Genevra has no red hair. He knows Genevra. He says tell Genevra that he will help her."

It seemed to have got off the track completely and could talk of nothing but Genevra, whoever she was. Isobel drew a long breath of disappointment. Then she took her hand from the indicator and stood up. I thought for a second that she was going to faint, and I should not have blamed her. I felt queerish myself. But she did not. She swayed for just a moment, and Lindy started to his feet to catch her. Then she steadied herself by the table and said,

"I'm all right. But I think that everyone needs a drink before we have any more transcription. I'll go and fix it. Wait a minute."

The drink was certainly not a bad idea. Gordy offered to go and help, but Isobel refused. Some of us lighted cigarettes while we waited and everyone began to talk about the messages. They were certainly queer. Ann asked Ruby if they were always as funny as that. He smiled slightly. "I suppose they do seem funny to you. They are often garbled. Especially at first. Later in the seance, if we can get an experienced control, we may receive really interesting communications."

Regina, who had been moderately quiet during the last part of the sitting, revived a little now. "I love his name's being J. M. Blackburn & Co. It's absolutely perfect. I've heard of dogs passing over into the spirit plane, but never companies. That's a new one."

Regina was tired of playing a supporting part. She challenged him. "Could I receive a message, too?"

Ruby said, "Why not?" and moved to allow her to take the place by the board. Regina laughed as though it were a huge joke. "I hope I hear something nice about myself. How do we start?"

Ruby said briefly, "By keeping quiet," and we all watched them holding the indicator ready. The pause was not long, this time. The board began its usual chassé de chassé, and Ruby asked at once, "Who is controlling?"

It spelled immediately, "Little Malvina."

Regina objected noisily. "Oh—I wanted J. M. Blackburn & Co. Get him back."

Ruby's tone was fairly sharp now. He was evidently tired of interruptions. "I'm sorry, but I cannot dictate such matters. We must take what comes. This is a child control. I have had her before."

Nothing happened for a while. Then the board spelled rapidly, "The cat is on the mat." Everyone laughed. Ruby said sharply, "Now, Mrs. O'Brien, if you are ready to permit the control to write, we can continue." His expression did not change as he spoke, but his eyes looked hard as pebbles. Regina laughed again until she cried. She had been celebrating with Gordy, as usual, since dinner, and her tone was a bit maudlin. Ruby was plainly annoyed. She apologized easily enough.

"I'm sorry, I simply couldn't resist helping the child a little until she got started. I'll be good now. Tell her to do her stuff." It seemed enormously funny to her.

During this interruption Isobel had come back and I could hear her clinking softly among the glasses. The rest of us waited. The board began to move slowly. "What a pretty lady. Pretty, pretty. See the pretty man, I love pretty happy people. Malvina knows all about it. Malvina saw them kissing in the pretty woods . . ." Regina jerked her hand away as if the board had sud-

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

denly grown hot. "Goodness, what silly prattle. Can't you get someone who will talk sense? This is boring." Her manner had changed suddenly from facetiousness to what sounded like anger.

When Isobel had joined the circle, we began again. Regina, unwillingly, was still at the board with Ruby. Almost as soon as they touched it, the planchette began to move.

"You've got to listen. I can't say much. I'm too weak—weak. Tired all the time. But you must listen." I could hear Isobel catch her breath. "It is time for you to make a change. You must act. Things can't go on this way. I can see, I know, I say. I've seen what has happened. I don't want to have you unhappy. You must believe me." It darted to the word "No" and jerked back and forth over it like a demented beetle. Then it spelled slowly, "Off with the new love. On with the old." It paused and, for a moment, no one breathed. Then it made a complete circuit of the board and ended on the letter "R." Then "E." Then "G."

A chair screeched shrilly as it was pushed back and Regina stood up. Her voice was trembling with anger when she spoke. "This may be your idea of a clever stunt, Mr. Michael Ruby, but it is not mine. You think that you can insult people under cover of your Little Malivias, but in this case you're wrong. I know that you were pushing that board about, ever since you started. You're just a cheap faker, and when we get back to civilization, I'll take the trouble to prove it."

In the reddish light I could see her bending towards Ruby who still sat in his chair, the board in his hands. His face was turned away from me, but when she had stopped speaking I could hear the soft laugh he gave. It was unpleasant. He said very quietly: "Isn't it rather foolish to admit that these messages refer to you, Mrs. O'Brien? No one else suggested it."

Regina stamped her foot. "It was pretty obvious, wasn't it?—the way you worded it. No one could miss it. You saw to that. Spelling out my name." She was in a passion.

Ruby said in his ducet tone, "It only spelled R-E-G. That might have been intended for 'regret'."

Regina cried fiercely. "You cheap black-mailer."

That broke the spell. We all tried to meet the emergency together. Hal said: "Oh, cut it out, Gina. Let it go." Isobel said: "Please," imploringly, and the rest of us simply babbled: anything to stop this unseemly quarrel. Regina herself ended the scene. She turned on her heel and walked a trifle unsteadily out of the room and upstairs. The rest of us sat back and caught up on our breathing.

Evidently, and to my private satisfaction, the seance was over. Slats helped Isobel to light the lamps; the room sprang back to normal again. Regina had retired for the night, but it was only ten o'clock and the rest of us needed something to take away the taste of the recent debacle. Jim, who was really a helpful soul, suggested a game of hearts for the whole party, and everyone seconded the motion. When the lights were lit, the doctor came into the room for a moment to say good-night. We asked him to play but he begged off; said he was going to turn in.

The others went back to the table—now untroubled by spirits—and took their places. Jim began to deal the double pack. Ruby had recovered—if he had ever lost—his composure and was settling to the hearts game like a veteran. In the middle of the

first hand we were startled by a loud crash overhead, as though something heavy had fallen. I was worried. Regina might have fainted. Hal paid no attention, but the grim expression on his face deepened. He made no move to go and investigate, however. Finally, I suggested it. I did not want her to suffer, although fifteen minutes earlier I would have been glad to wring her neck. Hal demurred at first.

"It was nothing but a chair falling over. She's all right. Gone to bed probably." But in the end he went.

No one can feel very neurotic in the midst of an eight-handed hearts game—nine-handed, really, because Hal came down after ten minutes. He was rather embarrassed about the whole thing because Regina had been a bit under the weather when she went upstairs. He said that she had merely run into a chair in the dark. He had stayed with her until he was sure she was perfectly all right, safe in bed. I asked if there was anything I could get her, but he refused. "She said that she simply wanted to go to sleep." After that we went on playing hearts.

After twenty minutes or a half-hour Fran Lindstrom excused herself to get some aspirin, and did not return. She had looked like a little ghost ever since dinner. At about ten-thirty Isobel went out to the kitchen to make coffee, and it seemed that at last we were behaving like ordinary people.

At eleven we broke up and I was the loser of thirty shillings, amid the cheers of the victors. Isobel called from the kitchen that nearly everything was ready except setting the table in the dining-room which Ann had already begun to do while we were adding the score. I went in to help her, but there did not seem to be enough work for two, so I drifted into the vast kitchen. I could smell coffee divinely there, just beginning to steam in a huge pot, and something with cheese in it was cooking. Isobel must have been in the storeroom. However, after calling once, I decided that it was too cold in that great drafty place and went out through the bar to the stairs to get a wrap. Gordy, rummaging in the bar as usual, advised me to get a drink instead, but I refused and went on upstairs.

No one was visible up there; Fran must have gone to bed. Her room was quiet, but I was pleased to note that my bathroom door was unlocked this time. I found a wrap and went downstairs. The general dispersal had left the living-room empty. I considered playing a hand or two of solitaire, but ultimately decided to snatch a breath of fresh air after inhaling all that smoke, and went through one of the french windows, which had been left slightly ajar, to the porch. Really, I had no idea who was out there, and cared less, but when it turned out to be Jim Steele I was not displeased. He was beginning to seem like the only sane and agreeable person in the house. We paced the deck for perhaps ten minutes, discussing spiritualism but omitting all personalities, of which we were both tired, until someone called to us from the front door to come in and eat. Slats and Lindy were just putting down their cues after a game of pool in the game half of the dining-room, and nothing could have seemed further removed from the tensely morbid atmosphere of two hours ago.

We all adjourned to the table, where Isobel served coffee and Welsh rarebit. Lindy had been upstairs and reported that Fran had gone to sleep off her headache. He seemed a trifle subdued, but he was always agreeable company. Hal was still a bit

glum, but no one paid any attention to him.

It must have been close to midnight when we went up to bed. I thought triumphantly, "One more happy day in the week gone by. Only Sunday and a part of Monday left." That is what is known as counting your bridges before you have eaten them. I thought of that later. The others seemed to share my feeling. We trooped upstairs gaily. Hal was the only one to linger below. He was behind the bar, and said he wasn't sleepy yet. It was possible that he did not particularly enjoy the prospect of rejoining his wife. And that was just too bad. Personally, I made for bed as fast as possible, and was ready to blow out my light when I heard Hal's heavy footsteps passing down the corridor outside my room.

Two minutes later a door opened noiselessly at the other end of the hall, and I heard someone running. Then came a loud, frantic knocking on the doctor's door. He must have opened it at once, for Hal's voice spoke almost immediately, in a sort of gasp, "Come quick. Something's happened to Regina. I can't make her answer or move. And she's terribly cold—"

For a minute I could not understand clearly, and the footsteps of the men ran down the corridor again. Then my brain cleared; I got up, slipped into a negligee and went to open the door. Other people were peering curiously from other doors all the way along the hall, and at the end a light was streaming from Hal's room. What had happened? I looked down at Jim Steele next door, and he shook his head. Then the doctor came back into the hall and closed the door. Isobel hurried to him with a question. He said, loud enough for us all to hear, "She's dead. She's been murdered."

Someone screamed. I believe it was Ann, although that does not matter now. We stood there frozen, stunned, with that high quavering cry echoing down the corridor.

Then, at last, the doctor spoke again and the spell was broken. He said in a grating tone, "She's been strangled."

As though a signal had been given, releasing us, everyone moved forward into the hall and gathered in a confused group around the doctor. We were all talking at once now, asking foolish questions, uttering frantic exclamations of horror and surprise, babbling like children.

"Who did it?"

"How can she have been murdered with all of us right here in the house?"

"Are you sure she's dead?" Isobel asked this. She was clinging to the doctor's arm; she looked ghastly, as though she might faint.

The doctor saw her sway and put an arm around her. He said quietly, "I'm sorry." He added, "You'd better go in and lie down."

Isobel protested weakly, "No—no. I must do something. I can't bear this." Dr. Sibellus took her firmly and led her to her room, with Mrs. Sibellus following in his wake.

The rest of us were left to stare at each other in horror. No one knew what to do. Jim Steele asked, "Are any of you particularly close to O'Brien? I think that someone should go in there with him."

This did not help much. None of us was particularly intimate with Hal. He was not that sort of person, for some reason. We all liked him well enough; most of us had known him all our lives. But no one felt like approaching him now. Jim Steele looked from one face to another and saw nothing helpful. Finally he said, "All right,

"I'll go," and strode to the door behind which Hal was now—alone. Suddenly, it seemed too awful that a stranger should face the music. I stepped forward and said, "I'll go with you. We walked in and closed the door after us.

Hal was sitting in a chair close to the bed. His face was buried in his hands and he did not look up when we entered; his attitude was as limp and bodiless as a heap of discarded clothes. Almost against my own will my eyes fled to the bed where Regina lay. She seemed strangely peaceful for a person who had just been murdered.

Beside me Jim Steele was able to function intelligently. He leaned over and looked first at her face, then at a sort of scarf that was wound around her neck. She had been strangled; that was the fatal weapon. A thin, lilac silk scarf. Jim did not touch it, but only looked very intently, and a frown came upon his face. Then he turned to poor old Hal and laid a comforting hand on his shoulder.

He said, very low, "I'm sorry, old man."

Hal looked up and we saw his haggard face for the first time since we entered the room. He had aged by ten good years. His cheeks were wet with tears and in his eyes was a look of desperation. He said hoarsely, "This happened to her while I was right here in the same house. I stayed downstairs and played cards while she was dying. I didn't even want to come up to see her. And she was being killed." A sob burst from him.

Jim said, "Steady," and his hand tightened on Hal's shoulder. After a minute he added, "You'd better go downstairs and get a drink. You can't stay here alone. It won't help now. We've got to get the bird that did this."

At first I thought Hal would refuse to leave, but what Jim said about catching the murderer stirred him.

The rest of the party was gathered in a hurried group at the head of the stairs. When they saw Hal they moved apart and Gertie came forward awkwardly to meet him. Little was said; everyone was overcome with a sort of embarrassment. Finally we managed to get downstairs where some bright soul was inspired to light all the lamps and start up the fire in the living-room fireplace.

I remembered what Jim had said and ran to get some liquor from the bar. When I got back with supplies everyone was sitting about the fire. In our host's absence I poured drinks for the crowd and my purpose was strictly medicinal. We all needed it. After a few minutes Hal was calm enough to answer questions and everyone was keyed to the last pitch of curiosity. How could it have happened? How could it? It still seemed impossible.

Hal told his story jerkily. He had, as we all remembered, been the last one to come upstairs after our supper. He had stayed down at the bar, saying that he was not sleepy. I remember thinking cynically at the time that his fight with Regina must still be in progress. I also remember later hearing his heavy tread pass my door just as I got into bed. Then, he said, he went straight to his room. It was dark in the room, because Regina had wanted to sleep, but a light was burning in the bathroom and he decided to go there to undress in order not to disturb her.

He tiptoed over to the bed to get his pyjamas but they were not on the pillow where he usually found them, and he had to rummage a bit before he discovered them under the pillow. It was while he was searching that it seemed to him something was wrong with Regina. At first he couldn't

think what it was. Merely an instinct; then he realised that it was because he could not hear her breathing. He touched her—this was agonising for him to tell—and she seemed cold.

In a frenzy he ran into the bathroom for a light, then back to look at his wife. He had been right. She was not breathing. After that he did not remember anything clearly except running for the doctor; then he collapsed.

When he had finished telling us he sat apathetically staring at the fire while the rest of us talked. Sometimes we forgot that he was there, said things brutally, but later we would remember, look at him sideways and modify our speech. Presently Isobel and Mrs. Sibellius came downstairs; Isobel pale and shaken, but bearing herself with an effort visible to all of us. Mrs. Sibellius looked more dour and repressed than ever. The doctor and Jim Steele were the last to come down. They had been together in Regina's room; perhaps they knew now who had committed the crime. Everyone must have had the same thought, for as they approached the group we all stopped talking and turned expectantly towards them.

JIM shook his head. "Can't understand it. We've been talking it over and we feel that several things ought to be done right away. First of all, we ought to search the camp; then, as soon as it's light enough, the whole island. I wish it weren't so dark now." He went and looked out a window against which the rain was lashing furiously.

The men rose instantly. "Let's search the house right away," Gordy suggested. Jim nodded.

"Better go two at a time. Loveland and Howell take the first floor, and the doctor and I can go over the second floor again. It might be a good idea if Lindstrom and Ruby stayed here." He did not say, "to guard the rest of us," but every mind present must have supplied the rest of that thought. Instinctively we drew closer to the fire. No one talked much now. Ann, who had been huddled over the blaze as though she were freezing to death, said between chattering teeth, "I should think Mr. Ruby could find out who did it." The suggestion was unwelcome—even to Isobel. If anything was not wanted at the moment, it was further psychic phenomena.

Presently the searching parties returned to the living-room. They had nothing to report; no marauder discovered, nor even trace of one.

Isobel asked, "You've looked everywhere?"

Dr. Sibellius nodded. "Everywhere upstairs."

Gordy said quickly, "There's no one downstairs. We did everything but rip up the floors. We nearly tore the storeroom to pieces—the cook will be pleased—because it seemed a likely place. But there was no one there."

Mrs. Sibellius surprised everyone by asking, "Did anyone look for footprints on the upper porch? I should think if the murderer came in from outside, there would be some sign of it there."

Jim Steele shrugged his shoulders. "I looked as well as I could with a flashlight. We may be able to tell more when it gets light, but I didn't see a thing."

Dr. Sibellius said musingly, "He might have counted on the rain removing all traces, of course. It's simply teeming."

That was true enough. The storm seemed to be increasing, if that was possible.

Gordy had been padding up and down the room like a caged jaguar. Finally he asked the question uppermost in every mind. "What are we going to do next?"

Jim Steele, who, for some reason, seemed to have taken command, looked first at the doctor, who did not answer. Then he said, "As soon as it's light, make a complete search of the island. Then, if nothing's found, send to the Junction for the police."

Ann said nervously, "You'll never find anyone outdoors in such a storm as this. Besides, he'd probably shoot you if he saw you coming. I think you ought to turn the whole business over to someone else, and we all ought to go home as fast as we can. I want to get out of this place."

Suddenly Ann collapsed in her chair, covered her face with her hands and began to weep. Gordy hesitated for a moment; then, to his credit, went over and patted her shoulder. "Don't do that. It's going to be all right."

She continued to sob. Something had to be done. We were getting so nervous and jittery that we should all be in hysterics unless someone took a firm stand. Isobel was far too shaken to meet this crisis. She sat between the doctor and his wife, and in the firelight her face looked frighteningly white. I decided to make the move myself. I said, as calmly as possible, "Don't the rest of you need a little coffee now? It's after four o'clock. We could almost do with breakfast."

Jim welcomed the suggestion. "That's a great idea. Coffee and bacon and eggs. It will warm us all up, and by the time we've finished it will be light enough to start out. I'll come and help." We looked around to see if anyone else felt useful, but apparently none of them did, so we went along by ourselves to see what could be managed.

The kitchen seemed eerie when we entered, dark and gloomy enough to shelter a dozen criminals. I was glad that Jim was with me; otherwise I should have turned tail and run for the living-room. However, Jim set about lighting the lamps, which made a great difference, and it occurred to me that this was a good time to question him about his plans.

"I filled the coffeepot and put it over the fire. Then, while I was rummaging about for the other things, I asked, 'What do you think is going to happen?'

Jim sat down on the edge of the table and watched me cut bread. "I don't know really. Of course, I hope we'll find someone on the island. But it looks like a slim chance. Anyone would be a fool to stay on this little place when he could get back to the mainland and hide in the woods." He tried to speak lightly, but here was heaviness under his words.

"And if you don't find him?" I had a hunch that Jim was looking with his mind's eye at a prospect so unpleasant that he did not want me to see it until we had to. He said uneasily, "I suppose we'll have to get the police here and let them carry out the search." But that was not what he saw.

He helped me to carry the food into the dining-room. Before we called the others, he said, "I'll see that you're protected. Now, don't worry about anything and see if you can calm the other women. They all look bad."

The party gathered around the table for early breakfast, although composed of the same people, looked quite different from the one that had eaten supper there so gallily.

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

a few hours before. After Jim's remark, I looked at the women critically. They were shaken: Isobel, white and exhausted, saying little; Fran, a pale frightened child in a fur coat wrapped over her negligee; Mrs. Sibelius, mute as a little stone image; Ann, still shivering. The men were almost as bad.

The hour must have been well after six when we finished our meal. Outside, light was beginning to be faintly grey toward the east, but it was still too dark to commence a search. Rain streamed over the window-panes, and somewhere at the back of the house a shutter rattled in the wind. Footsteps resounding hollowly on the back stairs made me jump half-way out of my chair before Jim said reassuringly, "That's just Bill and Jenny. I told them they could stay in their room if they wanted to. We searched that wing of the house and there was no one there. They're probably hungry now."

Any action was better than sitting around listening to the wind. I went into the kitchen to talk to the servants. They looked as dreary as the rest of us. Jenny's pretty country face was streaked with tears and her hands clattered distressingly among the dishes. Bill looked grim. I tried to be cheerful.

"Want some coffee? It will do you good. There's a lot still in the coffee-pot."

Bill asked, "Did they find out any more about it?"

I had to say "no," of course. Jenny took this as a signal for breaking down completely.

Finally, I managed to get her to go upstairs and lie down. She went to sleep suddenly, like a baby. Bill and I tiptoed downstairs and into the dining-room.

Daylight seemed hours in coming that morning. We sat dully, waiting for it, watching the first grey streaks dash through the trees, staring at the streaming windows, wondering what the day would bring forth. With full daylight Jim insisted upon another exhaustive search of the house. The suggestion met with little enthusiasm.

"All right," said Jim. "Now we have to search the island." Gordy groaned. Jim paid no attention. "One party stays here, one goes over to the Junction for the police. Who'll volunteer?"

I wanted to suggest something. "Why isn't Bill the one to go across country to the Junction? He knows the trail, and he's the best answerer in the party. Another person could go with him, if you like."

They accepted the suggestion. It was arranged that two searching parties should go around the island in opposite directions in order to trap the villain if they met him. Jim Steele volunteered to go with Bill for the police. The doctor was to be left in camp as guardian to the women. To my surprise, Hal suddenly came out of his lethargy and insisted upon joining the like."

The men got into high boots and water-proof hunting coats, although nothing could keep them dry in that downpour. They took hunting rifles and ammunition—the only weapons the camp afforded—and when they left the house, they might have been the most ordinary sportsmen instead of a man-hunting party. I went back to the fire, where we had gathered once more in a mournful little group. No one wanted to do anything but wait and be gloomy. The doctor sat in an armchair looking foolish with a loaded rifle across his knees.

Fifteen minutes later we heard a step on the porch and then the front door

rattled. We all jumped to our feet. Had they found the man? And what should we do with him? We rushed out into the hall gaping with excitement, to stare amazed at Jim Steele and Bill.

They had a queer look on their faces. Something rather grim and alarming. I asked anxiously, "What is it?"

Jim Steele looked at Bill for a moment and then said slowly, "The storm has broken up the ice. It's too mushy to walk across and too thick for a boat. We'll have to wait for a while."

My first thought was relief that we need not face the police so soon. Jim was obviously not relieved. I said, "It will be all right, later, I expect."

He shook his head. "Bill, here, tells me that it started to break up last night. He fell through the ice down by the dock before dinner last night. He says it may stay like this for days."

Ann refused to accept this latest calamity. "It can't have melted in such a short time. It takes weeks of thawing to carry the ice out of a lake like this. It's only the edges that are soft. You'll have to try some other place."

Bill looked at her glumly. "It's been thawing for two weeks before this, ma'am. Ice was all honeycombed last week. Then we had a cold snap when you first came, but the ice wasn't really solid then. Now it's mushy all through."

I began to realize what a disaster this was. "Do you mean that we may be kept here on the island until either it all melts or all freezes again?"

Jim only nodded. Then he asked, "The others come in yet?" He did not even inquire whether they had caught anyone.

The doctor said, "No."

Ann began to moan. "Oh, I simply can't stay here another night. I'll go crazy. I can't stand it. Isn't there some way we can get over that ice? It isn't very far."

Jim said, "No," pretty grimly. Then he went over and looked out of the window. At that moment Ann's sanity seemed a minor consideration. He had more serious things to think about. I went over and stood beside him, and presently he said in a low voice, "If Bill is right—that the ice had broken up last night—then no one could have come across after dark for the purpose of killing Regina. And it would have been too risky to have come in broad daylight, I should think. That leaves us with a rather unpleasant problem on our hands."

For a moment I didn't see what he was driving at. Then I gasped, "You mean that the murderer was committed by someone already in the house?" It sounded preposterous.

Jim said slowly, "I hate the idea as much as you do. But what else can we think? If no one could have got over here from the mainland, then the murderer must have been already here. Unless they find someone out there now—because he couldn't cross the ice any more than we could, this morning—then it narrows down to a person right here in the house." He broke off a second to cough. Then he added, "If that's true, then there's a murderer loose among us, and we've got to catch him for ourselves."

I remembered that Jim was a lawyer. Perhaps he knew how to go about such things. I asked him. He smiled ruefully. "I wish I did. But, unfortunately, I'm not that kind of lawyer. All the crooks I ever see are just big business men. I'll simply have to ask everyone to tell what he knows."

I turned back into the room as the search-

ing party entered. The two groups had joined forces and there was no stranger with them. They answered Jim's look. "Nothing doing. We went all the way round twice. I swear we looked back of every tree. There's no place on this whole island for a midget to hide. He's got away."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "All right. We're in for it." As the others looked puzzled, he explained, "The ice has melted so that we can't get off the island. Neither could any outside maulander. If he had been here. Therefore, if you're sure he is not outdoors, whoever did this crime is bound to be right here in this house. We've got to find him."

Ann said hopelessly, "But you've searched the house. He isn't here."

For a minute Jim looked like a hanging judge. "Perhaps he is not hiding. He may be among us. And we shall have to search him out."

Jim went on rapidly. "I'm going to examine this house again. We all did what we could by candlelight, but that wasn't very thorough. Now I want to know what's here."

"Is that all—because I want to ask a question." Gordy was evidently bent upon being disagreeable. I couldn't imagine why he objected to Jim's suggestion, but his manner was almost insulting.

Jim returned his look coolly. "No. After that I'm going to ask every person in the house to assemble in this room and tell exactly, in detail, what he did from dinner-time till twelve o'clock last night. And I want to know the whole truth."

Gordy stared at him hostilely for a minute and then said, "Now I'll ask one. Just how do you happen to be the one that blames this situation? Have you appointed yourself chief of police in our absence? You've got a lot of nerve, acting as though we were criminals. You can go and search your head off, but meanwhile we can do as we please."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken about that." Jim Steele's voice was as hard as his name. "I hate to remind you, but since you've forgotten, I'll have to. I happen to be a lawyer and as such I'm a sworn officer of the court. Ordinarily that doesn't mean much because there are police on call to take care of criminal cases. But right now we can't get to the police, and it's my responsibility to see that the person who committed this crime doesn't escape." He paused and turned half-apologetically to Isobel. "I'm sorry to do it, but it can't be helped. If you'll all co-operate it will make it easier for everyone. It's going to be hard enough anyhow."

Gordy said suddenly, "I don't see why that gives you authority to order us around."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "In the absence of the police or any regular legal officials, it makes me responsible for this situation. If you men want to help me, it will make things a lot easier."

"Do you mean that you're going to put us under arrest because we were here in the house?" Fran looked appalled.

Jim didn't even smile. "I'm going to arrest the murderer when I find him," he said grimly. No one stirred. Gordy had subsided, throwing himself into a chair, his scowl at the fire. The rest of us waited for Jim to go on. "Whoever committed this crime has left some clues. He's bound to leave them. That's what we've got to look for now."

Gordy remarked in an acid aside: "Too bad I forgot and left my microscope at home. Careless—"

Jim turned towards him. "That's exactly the point. We've got nothing here to work

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

with—except our brains. No instrument of any kind, no fingerprint, experience—nothing. But we've got to make up for that by not missing a trick. We've got to find everything. When you're searching don't touch a thing you find—just call me. But look everywhere—for everything. A footprint, mud—if you can be sure that it ought not to be there."

Ann, who was being disagreeable out of loyalty to Gordy, asked suspiciously, "And what are you going to do while they're searching?" Her tone implied that Jim was probably going to commit a murder of his own.

Jim walked over to the foot of the stairs. "I'm going to search Mrs. O'Brien's room again." Ann looked aghast but had no more to say. As he was mounting the stairs Jim said casually, "I shall hold Loveland responsible for this room." Gordy looked up at him. "I don't imagine that there are many clues to be found here after a whole night, but if any desperate character tries to escape this way while we are searching, you might stop him."

Gordy waited until they had gone about their search before he moved a muscle. Then he got up and walked restlessly around the room.

After Jim and the men had gone upstairs, I sat and thought about everything. Could anything be done to help? Any sort of activity would be better than this. Women were not needed in the search, but possibly Jim would let me do something later on. Then the thought came: Was I also a suspect in his mind? Was I on his list to examine? It seemed not only fantastic but unbearable.

One look at their faces, when at last the search party began to straggle down, told the story. No luck. Hal, without a glance at anyone, went straight to the bar and could be heard among the glasses. Gordy rose and joined him. Lindy came over and stood behind his wife's chair as though to protect her. Ruby, the doctor and Slatz moved aimlessly about the room.

Slatz said, "There is nothing here. I knew there couldn't be, after we looked before. And I probably wouldn't recognise a clue if I met one on the street. It's no use. We'll simply have to wait for the police."

Presently Jim came down alone. I thought he looked rather pale; there were noticeable lines around his mouth as though his jaw were set. He did not speak to anyone but went and sat down at the table and began to write in a notebook. No one dared to ask him what he had discovered. We stared at him covertly, and when he looked up we all tried to seem as innocent and casual as possible. Some general impulse made us stiff and strange under his gaze. I felt that I should scream if it went on much longer.

As last Jim rose and turned toward me. "Charlotte, I wonder if you would feel like helping me for a little while. There is something that I must get done."

I could have wept with pleasure. I said, "Of course," and hastened to obey.

He said, "We wouldn't disturb anyone if we went into the game room," and I saw baffled curiosity on several faces. Once we were settled at the card table in there, I had to ask him the result of his search or else of impatience. It simply popped out of me. "What did you find?"

Jim smiled rather wearily. "Not very much."

I couldn't restrain myself. "Oh, Jim, do give me the third degree or whatever it is you have to do to people, and then tell

me about things. I simply can't stand any more of this awful feeling—as though everyone suspected everyone else. Honestly, you don't know what it was like there in the other room. Do investigate me and get it over so that you can treat me like a human being. I know I can help somehow."

Jim sighed. "I hope to heaven you can. That's why I wanted you to go over this business with me now. I've got to get some information about the people in the party before I can go much further." He took out his notebook and pencil. "I want you to tell me everything you know about each person—anything that might throw a light upon the personal relations involved. I'm looking for motive. Now I want to hear what you have to say about everyone. Begin anywhere you like. Just give me a sketch of each life, if you can, and particularly anything relating to Regina."

"Some of them don't have any connection," I said obstinately. "They knew her and that's all. It's not common sense to consider them in this crime. Even if you could prove that they had the opportunity to do it, they simply wouldn't have."

"That doesn't matter. If the evidence points to a person, even if we don't see the connection, we shall have to consider him. Someone committed this crime. The only way we can trace it is to dig up every available fact. It will be time to use common sense later when we have all the data before us." I did not argue any more.

It was a revolting business. I sighed and began the job.

"In the first place, if we're going to be honest, I suppose we must say that Hal had a motive in the very fact that he loved Regina and was her husband. That makes sense because we all know, and have known for years, that she led him a very gay dance. She has always attracted men, and Hal always knew it. Lately she has been supposed to be conducting a warm flirtation with a man in this party, and judging from Hal's attitude since we've been here, I felt certain that he was perfectly aware of it and didn't enjoy it.

"But he never could manage Regina. She always did as she pleased and he could like it or lump it. Maybe this time he lumped it." I paused and felt as though I had been making an after-dinner speech which had not gone over well. "Well, say if you want to," I said crossly. "You think I'm a horrible feminine cat who likes to claw her friends. I won't say another word." I was furious.

Jim reached across the desk and grabbed my hand. "Now you shut up, Charlotte Cestello. I haven't said that and I don't think it. Suppose you stop putting words in my mouth and use a little of the horse sense you speak of so highly. I know two things: (a) that you hate saying these things about other people and (b) that they are true. Now will you go on?"

I felt a little better then, but my outburst had made me forget whatever else I might have added to the indictment. I said mournfully, "I can't think of any more."

Jim prompted me. "This is no time for scruples. Tell me the name of the person you believe to be involved in this affair with Regina."

Not being blind, he must have known whom I meant, but I said obediently, "Lindy, of course. It's been quite evident, even here. That business of getting lost together the day of the hike. No one could miss that. And Regina didn't care whether they did or not. But Hal looked positively stony when they came in. I saw his face."

I hesitated, remembering something else.

Jim sensed by reservation. "Go on. You've remembered something else that you hate to tell. You'd better get it out of your system."

It is rather humiliating to report your own eavesdropping, but I couldn't help feeling that what I had accidentally overheard that afternoon when I had gone into Regina's bathroom meant something in this connection. I told Jim about it. He agreed. "That's right. That does establish that they were on bad terms, at least temporarily, on the day of the murder. It also establishes the cause. In this cause—jealousy, which is a powerful motive. It's hard to think that he did this thing; he certainly feels awful about it now. But I suppose that it is logically possible so far as time goes, and now it seems probable so far as motive goes. I'm afraid Hal will have to go on our list of possibilities."

I hated to see poor old Hal's name heading the page.

"How about Lindy?" asked Jim. "Was he supposed to be really fond of the lady or could he possibly have wanted to detach her badly enough to have used violent methods?"

I couldn't see why. "If he was keen about her, why should he want to kill her? I should think that he'd be the last one to want that. And he was keen, too. Of course, I never believed that he meant anything by it. He never does. He's the sort that's always more or less attached to some good-looking woman. He has to have them. It's a kind of art with him. But he never means anything serious by it. He'd die if any woman ever took him, really, at his word and tried to make him give up Fran and marry her. I believe that, despite all his philandering, he still loves Fran and would never leave her."

"Isn't that a motive in itself?"

I hadn't thought of it that way, and now the more I thought the less likely it seemed to me.

"Can you think of any other possible evidence? Anything that would point to other personal reactions?"

I cudgeled my brains. There was only one other thing, and that tended to disprove what I had said. I decided to play fair and tell him about Fran's crying. I made as little of it as possible. "Of course, this is only a wild guess. I have no way of knowing why Fran should cry. It might have been anything. I was tormented almost to the point of tears myself. I wouldn't blame her any. But if it means anything to you—I've told you."

Jim weighed the matter. "You mean, it's possible that Lindy had found this affair entangled, after all. Or, at least, that it had got out of hand enough to make his wife suffer. Of course, as you say, this is the wildest sort of guesswork, but it would make sense, of a kind. If we suppose that Regina had really decided to make a big romantic gesture—say, actually asking him to divorce Fran and marry her, especially if she had some means of forcing him—that might do it."

"Or, if Lindy really loved his wife and if something went wrong so that she began to suffer terribly over it and he couldn't stop it in any other way—why, we don't know, unless Regina had something on him—that might constitute a motive. Until we know more we can't decide, but I'm afraid that Lindy ought to go on our list."

I said wearily, "Who's next? I love slandering reputations."

"Slatz?"

I said, "Oh, Heaven! Slatz is just as capable of committing a murder as—as I am."

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Jim was mean enough to say, "Well, we haven't proved yet that you didn't do it you know." I almost got up and left him. But it was simply silly to talk about Slats, and I said so. "He's the mildest living white man. He wouldn't kill a mosquito. Moreover, he liked Regina without being in love with her, and you can't have a less murderous emotion than that. Also, he likes Hal very much—been a friend of his for years and is not likely to have strangled his wife. If I'm supposed to be using horse sense, I'm not even going to discuss Slats Howell in this connection."

Jim did not argue. "All right. I agree that he's out. Go on to the next. How about Loveland?"

I couldn't see that either. "Gordy? Why should he? He liked Regina, at least. As a matter of fact, he's been running in circles around her ever since he's been here. On the very night she was killed he and Regina were leaping around the place like a couple of goats. That doesn't look like murder."

"No, I don't think it does. He's seemed very keen about her ever since I've met them, but it didn't look serious. Just good, clean fun."

I began to have hopes for Jim's intelligence. "Mercy—you've actually volunteered one strictly social observation. You're right, of course. Gordy was merely annoying Ann. And, of course, he liked to play with Regina. There's no question but that she was attractive. I don't blame him. The way Ann was treating him."

Jim picked me up at once. "What about that, then? If he was playing with fire, could Ann have decided to put the fire out?"

Ann a murderer? I couldn't fancy it. "Can you picture that—seriously. I can't. Ann is terribly quick-tempered and high-strung and childish, in a way, but I don't think she's capable of anything like that. I can't imagine it, at least."

"What's their exact domestic situation, since we're prying into these matters? Aren't she and Gordy a bit on edge?"

I told him what I knew about it. "It's too bad, because they're both grand people really. But they certainly have been struggling visibly and audibly this past winter. I've been worried about it."

"Do you feel that she is trying to hold him?" Jim bit the end of his pencil.

I had to admit that. He suggested, "Then, if that's the struggle, and she saw him moving away from her in the direction of another woman, mightn't she take desperate measures to prevent it? Judging from what I've seen here, there was no love lost between her and Regina."

"There certainly was not."

I sighed. "Let's take someone else."

Jim gave over. "All right. Let's take Fran."

"But Fran's so gentle," I could not help protesting.

"By your own reasoning, she had plenty of motive. If we suggest that Lindy, who had actually been in love with Regina, had motive to kill her on Fran's account, then Fran certainly had motive to do it on her own. She was jealous of Regina. She had been crying in the afternoon, presumably about her. She was alone in her room after Regina came upstairs. There's no possible reason why she shouldn't be suspected."

"Good Lord—no. Except that she never could have done it. She's too gentle and weak. You might as well suspect Isabel or me."

Jim said, "Very well—I will. What was your motive?"

I said with heavy sarcasm, "Oh, I did it to get the Rajah's rubies—and because I was secretly in love with Hal. Is that enough?"

Jim laughed. "We'll wait to nab you when we find the jewels hidden in your mattress—or when you elope with Hal. What about Isobel? You'll have to produce some more of your gossip and document her case for me."

I was surprised that he needed help. "I should think you'd know all about her affairs. You're her lawyer."

"I only know about legal or financial matters. Nothing personal. I shouldn't have been here at all if she hadn't asked me to come and see about a business question."

I frowned. "You can see for yourself what's she's like. She's ill now, of course. Before Howdy died she used to be gay. She played around the way everyone else did. She and Lindy were quite entertained with each other for a while. Nothing serious; just the usual foolishness. But it may be enough to damn her in your eyes—after the way you act about Fran."

Jim looked reproachful. "You know I have to do this. I've simply got to learn all I can about these people."

I relented. "Oh, I know it. I'm telling you all I can. There's not much more. After Howdy died, of course, the Lindy affair was all over. Isobel broke down completely. Then she went away and I doubt if she's seen Lindy since. That's finished. In fact, since then, Lindy has had this whole new romance with Regina. Isobel is entirely out of his life."

"How serious do you think this affair was? Wait a minute—" He held up his hand. I was about to break in with a furious denial. "You've got to be cool about this thing, Charl. I want to know—not what you thought but what current gossip said."

I said grudgingly, "Everything it could lay its tongue to. You know what a small town it. They said that—oh, there would be a divorce. That Lindy was serious for once in his life. That Isobel was a brazen hussy. The usual comment. Gordy was furious about it, on account of his brother. Everyone talked."

"What was Howard Loveland's attitude?" "Just as usual. He never seemed to pay any attention. He was always crazy about Isobel, and she was always on good terms with him, so far as anyone could see."

"And how did Isobel act toward Lindy?"

"Simply very gay. Oh—she liked him. They obviously had a flirtation. But so has every presentable woman in town, at one time or another."

Jim asked blandly, "You, too?" I was cross by this time. "Certainly. In high school. I nearly died of bliss once when he took me to a dance."

Jim laughed. "I ought to put you on my list of jealous females." Then he turned back to the papers in his hand and frowned again.

"Ruby, Dr. Sibellus and his wife, me and the two servants. Got anything to say?"

"Only that none of those people had ever seen Regina before last Thursday night. None of them has the slightest personal connection with her—that we know of; none of them has shown a trace of hostility towards her and I can't see why any of them, including you, should have wanted to kill her, even if they had all the chance in the world."

"All except Ruby. Do you remember, at the very end of the seance when the messages had been rather personal, that Regina

got mad and went away in a rage, threatening vengeance against Ruby?"

I had forgotten that. "She called him a cheap blackmailer and said that when she got back to town she would take the trouble to prove it. Do you suppose that he would kill her to prevent her attacking him?"

Jim said slowly, "He might, of course. We can't rule him out, on that basis. She was certainly furious with him, and showed it. He didn't seem particularly upset by what she said, however. You have to grant him that."

"He never seems upset about anything. He never shows any emotion at all. He can't. He hasn't any face, really. You can't judge Ruby by his looks." I was, I confess, glad to have a likely candidate to substitute for some of my friends in Jim's notebook. He wrote something in his book under Ruby's name, then asked:

"What did you deduce from the trend of those messages to Regina?"

I was amazed. "Do you mean to say that you take that stuff seriously? I didn't bother to deduce anything because I don't believe it's true. I simply thought that the ouija was talking the usual sort of nonsense. Sometimes it makes sense and you can imagine, if you like, that it is trying to tell you something. But I can't see it."

"Neither can I." Jim looked up from his book. "That is, I'm not convinced that it brings us messages from departed spirits. But last night I felt it might be bringing us word from some living spirits."

I didn't understand. "What do you mean?"

"Well—translated literally, it was telling us, in a sort of shorthand version, about a meeting in a house in the woods. It said that a fire was built—don't you remember, she wanted a fire? and so on—that she had red hair, that her hair was wet and she took it down to dry it. Then he kissed her. Later, Malvina said that she saw them kissing in the pretty woods. That was what made Regina angry."

I wondered why I had not thought more of it at the time. "There was another part about someone called Genevra, don't you remember? And someone's wife. It said a lot about 'your wife wanted to know what happened' and being very angry."

"Yes." Jim was frowning over the problem. "I couldn't make head or tail out of the part about Genevra. There was quite a lot of it. It seemed to come from Howard, too, I remember. He said something about Genevra's losing her chance and not having red hair and such stuff. I didn't understand it at all. Do you know anyone whose name is Genevra?"

I did not. "Maybe it's all gibberish. There's no way of proving any of it."

Jim said eagerly, "Not that part. But the other part about the house in the woods might mean something. After we'd lost Lindy and Regina on that trail, Ruby went back to find them. He said he only went part way along the trail, but that may be a lie. He may have gone all the way to the shack. He may have looked through the window and seen exactly what he described—building the fire and taking down her hair and the rest of it. Regina's reaction to it certainly suggested that he'd hit a tender spot."

I sighed again. "That does make sense. I'm afraid."

"Ruby goes on the list, then." Jim scribbled for a moment, then read over the names he had written.

"That's all. Three women and three men. Any argument?"

"Only that I can't imagine any woman strong enough to strangle a large, moderately powerful woman like Regina without either making a sound that we could have heard downstairs or leaving a trace. You say that you think it might have been a woman's crime because the motive seems to fit a woman better than a man. I say that I don't see how any of the women you name would be physically capable of it, whatever their motive."

Jim sat back and groaned. "Lord, if that ice had only held. We could have got across to the mainland and summoned the police, and I should have been completely out of this snarl."

"You would, unless the police had decided that you looked like the killer type," I said agreeably.

Jim said threateningly, "I may be one, yet," and returned to his notebook. "Curious and curious . . ."

Having been, thus far, a model of patience, I decided that I now deserved a break. "It's only fair for you to tell me what you found in that room, Jim Steele. There must have been some important clues left about."

Jim hesitated for a moment. "There must be—and yet I didn't find much." He leafed over the pages.

At that moment, the luncheon bell rang and we gave our troubles a recess. When we went into the dining-room, every face at the table looked queer, strained, abnormal. Secretive. And one of them was a mask behind which lay a terrible knowledge. Old friends of mine, many of them, yet I could not help wondering, as I glanced from one to another, which was hiding the secret.

But not even a good meal can last indefinitely. We dragged luncheon out as long as was decent, then wandered into the living-room and wondered what to do with ourselves. Here we were—twelve of us, not counting the servants—supposedly a gay party of friends; now we knew, or suspected, that one of our number was a murderer.

Whatever Jim planned to do, I wanted to help him if he would let me. Any sort of action was better than this terrible, vacuous suspense, but I wished that he would begin quickly. The mere knowledge that he was sitting there with the list of suspects in his notebook made me feel worse than ever. Those names seemed to burn through his pocket. It would have been easier to accuse the six people openly, than to have sat among them like a Judas. I looked at Jim imploringly. He nodded and began to speak.

"Do you mind gathering around for a conference?" Every eye turned at the sound of his voice, as though a signal had been given. "I told you this morning that I wanted every person in the party to give me an accurate account of his actions between the times of six o'clock and midnight last night. It may prove to be important evidence, so I'll ask you to be very careful to remember every detail. If you've no objection, we may as well get it over now. Charli said she would help me record the facts."

The eyes turned once more, this time to focus on me, with a new hostility in their gaze. Jim looked through his papers for a moment, then began.

"Will someone lead off? Just give, in proper order, all of your movements from dinner-time until midnight. Where you were, what you did, whom you were with, everything." He looked up. No one volunteered and there was an awkward moment until I managed to say "I will," and caught Jim's look of thanks.

"Good. It might be a good idea to begin

with dinner and tell in outline everything you did until the murder was discovered. We can make out a kind of time scheme for each person."

For a moment my mind seemed to be a complete blank. I couldn't even remember eating dinner. Then I pulled myself together and began, haltingly, to tell my tale. It was not a long story, and in view of the fact that most of the people present knew every fact I was recounting, it seemed rather a waste of time. When I finished Jim thanked me and I leaned back and lit a cigarette. It was a relief to have it over.

Slats Howell, sitting beside me, was the next victim. He squirmed a bit, at first, but told his story quite willingly. Much of it was parallel with mine: dinner, seance, hearts game, then into the game-room with Lindy to play pool. Stayed there until Isabel had summoned them for supper. Eaten supper. Gone upstairs to bed.

Jim wrote down the facts as Slats stated them,

JIM passed on to the next suspect. "Who's next? Suppose we do our host and hostess now?" He turned to the doctor and his wife, who were sitting on either side of Isabel.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor continued. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

The doctor bowed. "I begin with dinner. Good." He said that after dinner, since the rest of us were occupying ourselves with Mr. Ruby—he bowed to him rather sardonically—he and his wife had retired; he to his study, and she to their bedroom. Later—it was after we had begun to play cards, he said—he had gone upstairs.

his feeling was slight, merely a passing fancy. But Lindy was an emotional creature.

He answered the questions quietly. First of the evening just like the rest of ours, dinner, seance, cards. He said carefully, before he was asked, that he had left the room once during the game. That was after Fran had gone upstairs. She had said that her head ached and that she would get some tablets. When she did not come down again he began to be worried about her, went up to see if she was all right. He found that her headache was severe and that she had decided to go to bed and sleep it off. He stayed for a few minutes—ten, he thought, or fifteen—then returned to the party.

After that, he played hearts until the game broke up, then went into the game room with Slats and played pool until supper was ready. He ate supper with the rest of the party, then went to bed. His first knowledge of the crime was when he heard Hal's voice in the hall calling to the doctor. Jim wrote this down and thanked him.

Fran, sitting next him and looking like a frightened child, answered next. Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper. Jim had to lean forward to catch what she said. There was little we did not know. First part like the others'. She had tried to play cards but her headache was getting worse, so she went upstairs for medicine, intending to take it and rejoin the party. But when she got to her room the pain was so bad that she went straight to bed.

Lindy came up for a little while to see if she needed anything, and then went back down. She thought it was about ten-thirty when she came upstairs and that Lindy came up five or ten minutes later and went back after ten minutes. She was not certain about the times, however. After that, she went to sleep.

Ann had been looking very angry while Jim questioned Fran. From her outraged expression he might have been putting Fran through the third degree. When her own turn came she was bristling, making it perfectly evident that she opposed the whole business. Jim asked his usual question, "Will you tell us exactly what you did during the evening?"

She said fiercely, "I don't know why I should. You have no right to make us go through all this. If I want to wait until the proper authorities get here, I can do it. No one can make me tell anything I don't want to."

Jim said easily, "That's right. No one can make you do anything, but I imagine you have nothing to hide and that you want to help us to find out who did this murder. Mrs. O'Brien was a friend of yours, wasn't she?" This last was a mistake with Ann. She flushed.

"No she was not, if you want to know. And I don't see why I have to go through a cross-examination now." This was merely a flare of temper because she thought that Jim was kidding her. When she happened to see Hal and the suffering look on his face, she repented. "Oh, I don't mean that, of course, and I want to help. But I don't feel that this does any good. We can't get anywhere this way."

Jim leaned forward. "Perhaps we shan't, but it seems to be the only course open to us. Lord knows it's not fun for me. I'm no sleuth and don't pretend I am. But I do think we ought to pool our information and see what that gets us. Perhaps nothing.

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

But I don't know what else to do. Won't you help?"

Ann capitulated suddenly. "Oh—I'll tell what I did, but it was just the same as everyone else. I was at the seance until Regina broke it up. Someone moved uncomfortably. "Well, then I played cards, and after that I went out and set the table for supper. And after supper I went to bed. I'd just got into bed when I heard someone running. That very moment I knew that something awful had happened. I can always tell. When anything is going to happen to my children I always have a premonition. I did last night. I could tell I sat up in bed and said to Gordy, 'Something has happened!'" She turned to him triumphantly. "Didn't I?" Gordy did not answer.

Jim thanked her. "Was anyone with you when you were setting the table?"

She said immediately. "Yes—Isobel. I was helping her."

"I thought she was in the kitchen—"

Jim's tone was innocent.

Ann shrugged her shoulders. "Well, what's the difference? She knew I was there. She was making the coffee and I laid the table. That's certainly an alibi, all right."

Jim did not argue. He smiled encouragingly at Isobel. "Want to be next? This will be over in a minute, and then you can go up and rest." She did look ill. When Jim spoke to her she opened her eyes and tried to smile. The doctor leaned forward and took her pulse. Before she could answer, he rose and said, "Before you begin, would you mind waiting until I get Mrs Loveland some medicine? She ought to have it before she tries to talk."

Jim said, "Of course. There's no hurry. We might take Mr. Ruby and Hal, and that will finish the lot of us."

Ann said sharply, "Except you."

He laughed. "Right. After I've done this lot, one of you can put me through." No one could take offence, reasonably. He was being very nice about the whole thing.

Michael Ruby agreed at once. As he sat while Jim was questioning him, the whitish light from the window made his face as blank as a sheet of paper. Only his voice, when he spoke, had warmth, color, tone.

"Will you describe your actions to me this evening?"

His voice flowed easily. "After dinner, as you know, I tried to conduct a seance—not a very happy one—." He paused for what should have been a smile, but his face did not stir. "Later I joined the card game here in the living-room, until it broke up. After that I waited about until supper was served, drank a cup of coffee, then retired." It might have been a set speech he had had.

Jim made a few notes and asked, "You say that you waited about until supper was ready. Would you mind being more specific? We have to know exactly where—geographically—each person was at every given period."

Ruby half closed his eyes. I suppose this gesture indicated that he was thinking. A person with a real face would probably have frowned. At last he said, "I wandered about trying to find something to do. Everyone seemed to be occupied. As I remember it, I searched for something to read. I believe that I went into the doctor's office to see what his library offered in the way of reading matter."

This was a surprise. None of the rest of us had ever dared enter the doctor's little sanctum, uninvited. The doctor him-

self looked somewhat startled. He said nothing, however.

Jim asked, "While you were wandering about, as you say, did you notice any other member of the party?"

Ruby said, "No," in a perfectly level tone. "But there were a number of other people variously occupied on this floor of the house. I don't quite see how you could have avoided them."

"Not where I was," Ruby was unmoved. "Then you must have gone directly into the study after the party broke up. Otherwise you would have seen me and Charlie in this room, or Slats and Lindy in the game room, or Gordy at the bar, or Ann and Isobel in the dining-room and kitchen. And you say you remember seeing no one."

"Possibly I did go directly there." His voice was cool. "I'm sorry I don't remember more accurately. I do recall going into that room in search of a book. When I went, or exactly how long I stayed, I can't say. After I'd been there some time I heard the call for supper and rejoined the rest of the party in the dining-room."

He could not be shaken, apparently. Jim let it go and thanked him. By the time he had finished the notes on this evidence, Dr. Sibelius and Isobel returned. I hoped he had given her something that would help her.

Her story was quite simple. Dinner, then the seance, then the card game for a few minutes. When it was time to get supper she went to the kitchen, where she remained until the supper was ready to be served. Afterwards she went to bed. Jim asked her if she had seen any other member of the party. She said that she spoke to Ann when she came into the dining-room to set the table, but that she must have been in the storeroom when I went through the kitchen. She had not even heard me, but that was not surprising since the wind was howling so loudly that if she were in the great draughty storeroom it would have been difficult to hear anything.

Jim was sympathetic with her and let her finish her story as quickly and easily as possible. The doctor must have given her some stimulant, for she seemed to gain strength as she went on and was able to answer all the questions fully.

It did seem brutal to make Hal answer questions on this subject. He looked frightenedly belligerent; when he spoke his voice was almost unrecognizably strained. He made no objection to the ordeal, however, but gave his statement in an expressionless manner as though he had set himself to get it over. He added only two facts to what we already knew. The first was that when, during the hours game, he went upstairs to investigate that crash, Regina had said that she felt dizzy. He had recognised that she was slightly under the weather and had advised bed. The second fact was that after the game ended, he had gone outdoors for a breath of air.

This caused a mild sensation. It seemed odd that Jim and I saw nothing of him during that time.

After that, no ate supper. The rest of the story was as he had told it when the murder was discovered.

Jim did not press him for further details. He asked if Hal had seen anyone else while he had been by the lake, and I hoped desperately for a moment that he had. We so badly needed someone to fill the role of the outside murderer. But he said "No". In answer to Jim's question, he said that he noticed nothing amiss in the bedroom when he entered, but that was to be expected. He was looking for nothing, and the room

was half dark. There was nothing to be gained by torturing the poor man any further now, and Jim let him off as soon as he decently could.

This finished our group with the exceptions of Bill and Jenny Huyck, and Jim himself. They had already reported having mounted directly to their room after the dinner work was done, and stayed there going to bed and to sleep by ten o'clock. They had heard nothing and seen nothing. That disposed of them. Jim, therefore, turned over his paper and pencil to Dr. Sibelius and gave his own account of the evening. It added little of interest. Dinner, seance, cards. After that, he decided to seek a breath of air and went directly to the hall, got his coat, put it on and went out on the porch by way of one of the living-room french windows which was unlocked and opened after the card game in order to air out the room. He stayed out on the verandah alone, walking up and down, until I joined him, coming by way of the same window. He walked with me until someone called saying that supper was ready. He came in, ate with the rest of the party, and eventually went up to bed shortly after midnight when the whole party retired.

The doctor wrote this down carefully and pushed the sheaf of papers back to Jim. "Here you are, Mr. Steele. Have you any idea that this information will help you?" He seemed proud of his scepticism.

Jim shook his head. "It isn't very conclusive so far." He didn't look any too hopeful. With the papers in his hand, he turned back to the doctor. "If you have any suggestions, I should be glad to hear them."

The doctor drew back quickly. "No, of course not. I have no idea what we should do. It seems impossible to accomplish anything by ourselves. A real detective could take fingerprints or make tests or some such thing. We have no equipment. Nothing I feel that there is nothing for us to do but wait."

I could see that this annoyed Jim. "You may be right, but while we are waiting there's no harm in making what discoveries we can by ourselves."

Gordy got up restlessly and moved into the hall. "Go as far as you like. If you catch the villain, call me. I'll be in the bar—from now on."

Jim put the papers in his coat pocket. "O.K." he said grimly. Then he turned to me. "Do you want to go on working or are you tired?" he asked.

There was no question of tiredness now. "No, of course, I'm not. I'll do anything you say."

Jim was the one to look weary. He passed a hand over his brow as he spoke. "I thought it might be a good time to go over these statements and see what we can make of them."

I had a bright idea. "Wouldn't the doctor let us use his study for this stuff? We ought to have plenty of room." Jim received this suggestion gladly.

"That would be fine." He looked questioningly at the doctor. "It won't inconvenience you? We really do need an office temporarily." The doctor was all compliance. He led us into the study and cleared his desk for our use. Then, rather reluctantly, he retired. As soon as he had gone we set to work. Under Jim's direction, we sorted the various statements, arranged them and made out a timetable showing the succession of goings and comings during the evening. I will reproduce this here.

As nearly as we could guess, it was something like this:

Dinner ends	7.30
Gordy and Regina at bar	7.30-8.00
Rest of party in living-room	7.30-8.00
Dr and Mrs. Sibellius leave room	8.00
Doctor goes to study	8.00
Mrs. Sibellius to bedroom	8.00
Seance begins	8.00
Regina goes upstairs	10.04
Hearts Game started	10.00
Craig heard upstairs	10.05
Hal goes upstairs	10.05
Doctor goes upstairs	10.10
Hal comes downstairs	10.20
Isobel goes to kitchen	10.30
Fran goes upstairs	10.35
Lindy goes upstairs	10.45
Lindy comes downstairs	10.55
Party breaks up	11.00
Gordy goes to bar	11.00
Sisal and Lindy to game room	11.05
Ann goes to dining-room	11.06
Charl goes to kitchen	11.10
Ruby goes to study	11.10
Jim goes outdoors	11.12
Sata goes upstairs	11.15
Charl goes upstairs	11.17
Charl comes downstairs	11.20
Charl goes outdoors	11.22
Sata comes downstairs	11.23
Supper ready	11.30
Hal comes indoors	11.31
Charl and Jim come in from porch	11.35
Supper ended	12.00
Party goes upstairs	12.05
Hal goes to bar	12.05
Hal goes upstairs	12.30
Murder discovered	12.35

Many of these times are mere guesses; most of them, in fact, I remembered definitely certain hours when I looked at my watch.

Jim frowned as he studied our chart. Here's one funny thing, to begin with. Not that it helps us much. But look here. Do you see, from this schedule, one fact which is true of each person in the party?

I studied it for several minutes but I could not see what he meant. He leaned over and checked with his pencil against certain items: "Look at that. After Regina went upstairs—which is, of course, the only period that matters to us—every single person in the party shows at least one interval of from five to fifteen minutes when he or she was alone, cannot account for his time by any witness. It was physically possible for them to get to Regina's room unnoticed and do the deed."

There it was as Jim said.

I went over the time-table again. Then I said firmly. All these people might possibly, according to this chart, have rushed upstairs and done the deed, but I don't believe that it would have been possible in actual practice. A lot of these simply don't make sense to me."

Jim said, "Tell me what you mean."

I felt rather like Dr. Watson being diagnostic in the presence of the immortal Sherlock, but I went ahead. "Well—take the doctor, for instance. He says that he was upstairs after we began to play hearts. That makes it after ten o'clock, by our reckoning. And his wife says he came into their room by ten-ten. I don't think he could have gone up at ten-one and sneaked down the hall without her hearing him. killed Regina, and sneaked back to his own room by ten-ten."

Jim nodded. "That rules out the doctor. He would have had only three minutes anyway—from ten till ten-thirteen when Hal came up. And if Sibellius had murdered her then, Hal would have given the alarm

at that time instead of two hours later. Really, we have to begin our suspect period at ten-twenty, when Hal came downstairs and see how they stand."

I fished out the paper on which we had written the six names. "It begins with Hal. The next one is Lindy, and you admit that his time seemed short. Ruby, you say is possible if he sneaked up the service stairs. What about Ann?"

"Well, she was alone in the dining-room, back of the screens. If she had wanted to, I suppose she could have slipped past the screens, run upstairs and got back without anyone's knowing it."

"But Gordy was right in the bar under the stairs all that time. He would have seen her."

"No, he wouldn't. The stains are on the dining-room side of the hall. If she were quiet she could have gone up without his seeing her at all from that place under the landing. The only chance would have been his hearing her footsteps on the stairs."

"He says he didn't hear anything."

"No. But if he guessed it was Ann, wouldn't he say just that?"

I had to agree, but I was not convinced. It wouldn't have been extremely risky at best, and Ann did not seem to me a sufficiently brave or crafty character to have carried out this coup.

"Fran is next." I dared Jim to accuse her.

Jim recognised this. He said bellringerly, "Be fair about it, Charl. I don't want to accuse Fran, but she certainly could have done it so far as time and opportunity and motive are concerned. Look at that chart. It shows that she was in her room—alone—from ten-thirty-five till midnight with the exception of ten minutes when her husband was with her. We have shown that she had motive. This shows that she had plenty of time. No, we can't eliminate her. She's got to stay in."

I couldn't argue. I tried to switch Jim's attention to someone else. "You haven't done Isobel."

"She's less obvious. According to your detective story method she would be a good suspect. She was alone in the kitchen from ten-thirty till after eleven. She could have slipped upstairs and done it."

"Certainly. She only had to take the chance that Ann would not wander into the kitchen to see her and that no one else would. She also had to overpower and strangle a woman three or four inches taller, twenty pounds heavier, and ten times stronger than herself, and do it so that no one heard a sound. Explain that."

Jim said frankly, "I can't. But neither can I cross her off the list. Is there anyone else?"

I checked it over. "Have we said anything about Mrs. Sibellius?"

"No. She's not on the list of suspects. So far as we know she had no previous connection with Regina and she didn't have any time alone upstairs after the ten-twenty dead line. The doctor was with her all the time."

We sat for a few minutes staring hopefully at the time-table. Jim, doggedly efficient, revised his suspect list by placing a question mark after Lindy's name and, more reluctantly, after Ann's. Omitting these two, temporarily, the remaining persons could be shown to have had both time and opportunity as well as possible motive. With the single exception of Ruby—and this was mere presumption—that list convinced me as little as ever. Our only chance

to solve this crime lay in collecting the evidence and reasoning from it. We had done that—and the result was zero. I couldn't think what to do next. Jim wouldn't give up so easily.

"There's something we've missed. I don't know what it is, but it must be there." He stood up decisively. "I must have missed something in that room. I'm going up there and search again. You'd better come with me this time."

I felt myself turning pale at the suggestion, but I could not refuse. Together we climbed the stairs and walked down the corridor. At the door Jim paused and bent over a handful of keys. Winter dusk had fallen and through the window at the end of the hall I could see rain beating fiercely against the glass. Jim found the key and inserted it in the lock.

I asked, "Did you lock the room this morning?"

He nodded. "Windows and door."

"What about the bathroom?" I was really making conversation to defer the opening of the door.

"I locked the bathroom door from the inside. There may be clues there if we could only find them. Ann and Gordy are to use your bathroom now." I couldn't help starting at this information; suppose that Ann was—I quelled the thought. Jim opened the door to Regina's room, and I followed him slowly.

The room was almost dark. Someone—probably Jim—had drawn the curtains; at first I could only distinguish the shapes of objects near me. Jim snapped on his flashlight, throwing a white circle of brilliant light on the floor ahead of him as he went over to the table. I heard the scratching of a match and saw, in a moment, the room brighten in the uncertain flame of a candle. Our shadows danced on the wall opposite. I shivered.

"Couldn't we light the lamp?" I was still keeping my eyes averted from the bed where Regina lay.

Jim said curiously, "There may be fingerprints on that lamp. I don't want to touch it until the police can see it. Tell me if you find anything."

I did not even know what to look for. The room seemed orderly, unexceptionable, barren of clues. I stood for a moment looking about.

Jim was on his knees now, flashlight in hand, searching the floor near the French window. I went idly into the bathroom, carrying the candle with me. There was nothing suggestive there, either. It was much as it had been on the afternoon when I had heard Hal and Regina quarrelling. A large room, since it had been intended originally for a public bath when the camp had been an hotel. Owing to its extra size, it contained, besides the usual fixtures, a shower bath, a wardrobe and a table.

In both rooms the litter of small personal belongings had been left about on tables and chairs: toilet articles on the dresser, an odd garment or so flung over a chair back, bags partly unpacked. But what was significant in this state? When I returned to the bedroom, Jim was on his feet again, examining some small object under the rays of his torch. I went over to look at it. It was a bit of twisted metal.

Jim said, "I found this on the floor near the French window. I don't know what it is, but I swear it wasn't there this morning." He was extremely perturbed.

"It's a bobby pin," I said at once. I could not see why the discovery should excite him.

"What's that?"

"Just a sort of clip, like a hairpin that

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

snaps together and holds. It's for bobbed hair." Not until I had spoken did I see the point.

"For bobbed hair?" Jim's voice was sharp. I was sorry that I'd been so helpful, but it was too late to turn back now. "Of course, I'm certain. I've used them myself since my hair grew out, but that's not usual. They hold bobbed hair in place when there's nothing to pin to."

Jim said slowly, "Fran Lindstrom is the only woman in the party with short hair, isn't she?" He knew that she was; my own hair had grown out shoulder-length since my final shingle, and neither Ann's immense coil nor Isobel's silvery-blonds locks had ever been cut. Mrs. Sibellus had a small knot of hair and I did not know whether it had recently grown or whether it had never been shorn. Fran alone of all our party still wore her curly yellow curls in a childish bob that framed her face like a halo. That was what Jim was thinking. I could not bear it. Pure desperation helped me to remember.

"Jenny Huyck has short hair. Besides, there's no law against using bobby pins in long hair. Tons of people do. And you have only their word for each other, that she and Bill stayed in their room all the evening. I won't believe that this means anything."

Jim said, "The thing that bothers me is why I should find this now when I failed to find it this morning. I know I looked in that very place—carefully. I certainly didn't see it then. But to-night I found it right away."

I said stupidly: "But the room was locked. No one could have got in when you had the keys."

"Maybe there's another set of keys." Jim turned to the door. I'm going to ask Dr. Sibellus. And I'm going to find out who lost a bobby pin."

"No one would know that," I objected doggedly. "Not any more than I should know if I had lost a hairpin. They disappear all the time. Lost hairpins and used razor blades are a joke. They would fill the Grand Canyon."

Jim did not smile at my feeble effort. He opened the door and went into the hall once more. He was looking like a lawyer now; very dour. I watched him lock the bedroom door and test it. "No one can get in there now, without a skeleton key," he said. We went downstairs in bitter silence.

If luncheon had been a moderately pleasant meal, dinner was a distinct failure. Even the cooking was not up to Jenny's usual high standard, and I recognised that nerves, if they belong to the cook, can ruin even crepe Suzettes. There was little attempt at conversation. I essayed a few remarks about the weather, as a safe general topic, but even that failed dismally. Ann said in a gloomy tone, "If this rain keeps on much longer, we shall have a flood. I hope this house is seaworthy."

The wind was roaring down the chimney and raindrops hissed in the flames. It did seem quite possible that another week of downpour would bring the lake at least to our door. But in that case we could certainly use the boats. This thought cheered me slightly. After all, it was not so much the storm as the fact of being marooned, cut off from the rest of the world, that was so depressing.

I must have brightened visibly at this idea, for Gordy said bitterly, "It's nice that Chari can keep so cheerful. Your new work seems to agree with you. If you like that sort of thing, there's a big field in the un-

dertaking business." I could have slapped him.

When we had gone into the living-room I found that the hostility which Gordy had displayed openly was more or less the general attitude towards Jim and me. When Bill Huyck came to the door and asked for me, I was glad to go. He said that Jenny wanted to see me, and I followed him to the kitchen with a sense of relief.

Jenny was, as I deduced from the crepe Suzettes, in a state. I found her sitting dolefully by the kitchen range with her feet in the oven. She looked up and said, "I don't mind, miss, I can't seem to get warm since this here thing happened. I don't know what's the matter with me. Every sound I hear sets me shivering."

I said, as matter-of-factly as I could: "That's perfectly natural—just nerves. We all feel like that sometimes. You'll be right by to-morrow," and sat down beside her.

Now Bill came forward. He patted Jenny's shoulder awkwardly. "Don't cry now, Jenny. You wanted to tell Miss Charlotte about what you heard."

This sounded interesting. Jenny sniffed once or twice. "It was this afternoon. After lunch, I was feeling awful so I laid down to take a nap. And it was then I heard the sounds."

"What sounds?" I felt like a sleuth.

Jenny waved her hands. "I don't know just noises—very soft—like something moving around." She looked apprehensively over her shoulder and, to save my life, I could not help looking, too. The enormous kitchen was a dark cave beyond the illumination of our candle. For a moment I forgot to be a detective and asked rather crossly, "Why don't you light a lamp?" This place is like a tomb."

I was sorry the minute I had spoken. Jenny began to sniff again, and Bill said, "I thought we'd better go easy on the oil, miss. It's getting awful low, and we don't know how long it may be before we can get any more. There aren't too many candles left, either."

"How about the food? Is that holding out?" There was one more possible disaster: to be hungry in the dark.

Bill said in an obvious effort to cheer his weeping wife: "Yes, I guess we'll get along. There's a lot of canned stuff in the store-room."

I was sorry we'd brought the matter up. It was better to let Jenny tell her tale. "Try to describe what the sound was, Jenny, and where it seemed to come from."

Jenny sobbed. "I can't. I don't know. All I know is I heard something funny while I was trying to go to sleep. Little soft noises like something moving."

"Something or someone?"

"I don't know. Just—something moving. I was too scared to do anything at first. I hid my head under the bedclothes. But after a while it stopped, and I called out the window to Bill. He was chopping wood in the yard and he came up and looked around. He couldn't find anything."

I turned to Bill. "Where did you look?" "All over our part of the house. There's two empty rooms, you know. One in back, right next to ours, and one next to the stairs. Jenny thought it came from that way, but she may be wrong. She'd be likely to hear a ghost from that side."

"You found nothing?"

"No, ma'am. Not a thing. Those rooms are supposed to be locked, but I got the keys from the kitchen and opened them up and they were as bare as my hand."

I got up. "I think I'd better tell Mr. Steele about this. He may want to investigate."

I found Jim playing patience in isolated

grandeur. The rest of the party, apparently by a tacit understanding, were leaving Jim and me severely alone. I drew Jim into the game-room to tell him Jenny's story. At first he seemed inclined to dismiss it.

"Probably isn't anything but the wind. She's been as nervous as a witch all day. It wouldn't take much to make her hear strange noises."

I was hoping that he would find it important since we were certainly in need of clues. I asked, "Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to search those rooms?" I know that Bill said he looked around, but you might see something that he missed."

Jim thought for a minute, then, to my surprise, agreed with me. "Maybe I'd better. Don't tell any of the rest of them about this. You go in there with the others. I'll run up the back stairs."

I couldn't help saying, "Be careful," and Jim grinned as he went out through the kitchen. I returned to the living-room as he had directed and hoped that no one would ask about him.

No one did. As a matter of fact, I was surprised to find that some action was afoot. Ruby was moving a couple of chairs into the centre of the group, and Ann was busy at a table in one corner. When she turned and I saw that she had lighted that loathsome little red lamp, I was anything but pleased.

I asked, "What are you going to do?"

Ann said belligerently, "We're going to use the planchette. Have you any objection?"

There was nothing more to be said. I sat down slightly beyond the group of watchers and pretended to read. Really, I couldn't help listening to what was said. The seance began with Ruby and Ann at the board.

As it had been the other night, nothing happened for a time. Then, suddenly, the board must have moved. Everyone craned forward, and Ruby began breathing in that queer, rhythmic way he had done before One by one Isobel announced the letters indicated by the board. In the strained silence I could hear her pencil scratching on paper, and the faint sighs of satisfaction uttered after each word had been completed. The first message read: "Are ghosts ever dead?"

"Good Lord, what does that mean?" Even Gordy was impressed.

Ruby shook his head and murmured, "Wait."

The board was moving again. "I came on water and on wind I went." It was almost a quotation. In its garbled form it made sense if applied to Regina, but somehow I could not take even its milder implication very seriously. The whole flavor was too literary for her. Perhaps Ruby was fond of Omar. The rest of the audience was less critical.

"That's certainly true enough. We all came to the island over the ice—from water—and it was blowing terribly when she—was killed." Ann's voice was awed.

Lindy asked after a slight hesitation: "Have you found out who the—the control is?"

"No." Silence once more; at first complete, then broken by the faint screeching of the planchette as it moved over the varnished board. "Cannot see. Cannot see in dark. I am"—a long pause—"in shadow."

Ann gasped, "Make it tell who is talking. We've got to know."

It was Isobel who asked the question.

"Who is the control?"

The reply came at once. "You don't

troy me. I am only trying to help, but it is so hard. I have a message for a man. He must do something. Danger—danger. It is all caused by metal. Very hard. Don't you see?"

Gordy said satirically, "Well, that's nice. That certainly explains everything for us. Just clears up the whole problem."

Ann said imploringly to Ruby, "Can't it all be more? I don't understand a word of that."

Ruby's voice brought a moment of calm. "We must wait."

The board moved again. "It's the old story. The iron hand in the velvet glove. Velvet—red velvet. Hard to see."

It was all very involved. I frowned at my own hand and noticed with a distinct shock the wine-colored velvet of my sleeve. Nonsense, of course, but it was a surprising idea. I hoped that none of the others would think of it. We had enough complications without that.

There was a dead silence after this message. Slowly Ann drew back her hand from the board. She said in a whisper, "I don't want to do any more now."

Ruby moved his chair to allow her to go. He asked, "Does anyone else wish to ask the board anything?"

To my surprise Gordy moved forward. He said, "I do," and sat down opposite Ruby. Under his fingers the little pointer fairly leaped. It did not spell any words and Ruby said, "Ask it something."

Gordy asked abruptly, "Do you know who killed Reginald?" The board flew like an arrow from the bow. "Yes." Gordy took a deep breath; I heard it whistle through his teeth, as he exhaled. Then he asked, "Who is it?"

I held my breath. Even if the answer were only a guess from the subconscious—Ruby's or Gordy's—it might be important. The board seemed to hesitate for a moment, moving vaguely back and forth without stopping anywhere. Then it crept to the first letter. "Who is innocent among you?"

Gordy said angrily, "That's not an answer. Make it tell, if it knows!"

The board said idly, it seemed, "A good offence is the best defence."

Gordy was furious. "If this thing is not a fake, make it stop chattering and tell us what we want to know. It's just stalling."

Ruby murmured, "Perhaps it is telling us something, after all. No word is ever wasted if one can find the key."

The board apparently took the hint. It called rapidly, "The key. A steel key. Be useful in the night."

Gordy stood up so suddenly that the chair crashed to the floor. "Be careful in the night." That's good. We're being useful in the day as well. I don't think that thing's any good. If it were, it would tell us it knows instead of just gabbling. You can translate it any way you like. It's a fake."

Ann pleaded with him. "No, it isn't. We haven't tried to figure out what it means. Don't go away, Gordy. Let's read over all the messages and see if we can't find the key, as Mr. Ruby says."

Gordy stalked into the bar. His patience was exhausted.

The rest of the group gathered closer, to sit open Ann's suggestion. Isobel read the whole message from her paper. "Are you ever dead? I came on water and sand when I went. Cannot see. Cannot see in dark. I am in shadow. You don't know me. I am only trying to help but I'm so hard. I have a message for a man. He must do something. Danger—danger. The iron hand in the velvet glove. Velvet—red velvet. Hard to see. The bitter bit.

You must see that. I know death. She cannot talk. It takes strength to die. Strong men kill. You are all in the dark but there is one with a strong light. She wants to warn you all. Yes. Who is innocent among you? A good offence is the best defence. The key. A steel key. Be careful in the night."

Ann said hopelessly, "I don't understand. Do you, Mr. Ruby?"

Ruby studied the paper for a moment and then said, "Sometimes it becomes clearer if one makes a paraphrase. In other words this thing says, 'The murderer is still at large. I came to the island over the ice and was not killed until the wind had blown the ice away. Now I cannot communicate with you clearly because I am still weak.' Then, at that point, apparently another control took over. He said, 'You don't know me. I am only trying to help this board spirit. I have a message for a man. He must do something.' That part is perfectly direct—'There is still danger which is caused by metal.'

Then he tried again to explain. "It's the old story. The iron hand in the velvet glove," which might mean that the person from whom the danger comes is seemingly very soft or weak or subtle, because it is cloaked by some disguise. "The velvet glove, in other words. The next words I don't understand. 'Velvet—red velvet.'

"He may mean that the disguise is very beautiful and deceptive."

Frances said, "Perhaps he means actual clothes. Red velvet."

I BEGAN to feel prickles down my spine. Ann cried, "Why, Chari has on a red velvet dress." The attention of the whole party fell upon me as suddenly and hard as though a stone had dropped on my head. I said timidly, "I suppose you would like me to confess after that damning evidence."

Isobel tried to smooth the situation. "Of course not dear. That's just coincidence. We are simply trying to think of everything. You mustn't mind."

I retorted, "Oh, I don't mind," as airily as I could, but I felt shaken.

Ruby went on with his exposition. "He then says, 'Hard to see,' which might mean that the killer is well disguised. He says further, 'you are all in the dark—which is true—but there is one with a strong light.' I don't know whom he means."

Gordy, sauntering in from the bar, glass in hand, offered, "Our legal friend is the only member with a strong light. He loves to parade his electric torch. It's too bad he hasn't a microscope."

Frances gasped. Maybe that's what he means by 'metal—very hard.' Steele."

Gordy liked this. "Sure. The iron hand, too. Chari must be the velvet glove. Red velvet. It all fits together." He had forgotten temporarily that he was a sootier.

Ann seized the idea and galloped off. "And in the last part it says, 'a steel key.'" She was fairly hysterical. "I know that's it. It says, 'a good offence is the best defence,' and he's been the only one to take the offensive in this business. You've got to accuse him!"

This had gone far enough. I stood up and spoke. "Suppose you do just that. It would be interesting to hear what he has to say. And at least he ought to be told about this revelation." I started to leave the room to find Jim, but fortunately he appeared at that moment from the hall. "Jim, they've been having another seance. This time, to find out who did the murder.

As a result of their efforts they have pinned the crime on you. You'd better read the evidence and prepare your defence. They are waiting to accuse you."

Jim looked amused. "Really? You're fast workers, I'll say that for you." He went over to the table. "What is your evidence, if you don't mind my seeing it? If I've got to defend myself, I really ought to know what the charge is."

Ruby, expressions as usual, gathered up the papers he had been studying and handed them to Jim. We all waited while Jim read them. When finally he looked up, his smile had broadened. "Lord, this certainly looks serious. Even my name is mentioned indirectly. How do you frame this charge?"

Ruby was not committing himself, but Ann rushed into the fray. "You can deny it, of course, but it tells everything. It says that there is still danger which is caused by a hard metal. That's steel. And in the end it says, 'a steel key.' Now deny it, if you can."

Jim looked at her for a minute and then said quietly, "It seems a shame to argue with departed spirits, but in spite of this remarkable message, I'm afraid I'll have to point out that this would scarcely carry weight with a jury. You'll have to do better than this." He paused and looked at Ann coldly. "Meanwhile, it seems rather poor sportsmanship to accuse anyone on the basis of the color of a dress."

They were all feeling a trifle abashed, but judging from the expressions on certain faces they had not given up their suspicion. Jim surprised them. He sat down at the table and began to write. "If you don't mind, I'd like to have a copy of this message. It may contain something helpful, after all." No one interfered, but Ruby looked more blank than usual, if that were possible.

The tension in the room increased. No one talked much. There was nothing to do.

Steve yawned openly and looked at his watch. "Lord, this is dull. How about turning in, everybody? It's ten-thirty."

Gordy said with meaning, "If one person goes, we'd all better go. Apparently it isn't healthy to retire alone in this house."

The doctor and Mrs. Sibellus made the first move. The doctor, with some vague sense of responsibility as a host, said, "I am sure that no further trouble need be feared now. We are all on guard. No one would dare to attempt further violence now."

"He'd better not if he knows what's good for him." Gordy went to the door. "Anyone join me in a night-cap?" The bar had become his personal property.

The rest of us got up and prepared to retire. I remembered what Bill had said. "Look here, everyone. You'd better all go easy on the lamps and candles. Don't use any more than you have to. Bill told me this evening that we were running low on oil and that even the candles are going fast. It would be awful to be left completely in the dark."

My room looked peculiarly uninviting that night. "Even the luxuries—my 'creature comforts'—so cherished at first—failed to cheer me. I decided against fresh air, locked the bolt of my window, and crawled into bed."

I could not stand it long, however. After spending ten minutes convincing myself that my ancestors had not died of sleeping in closed rooms, I got up and unlocked the window, opened it a couple of inches and, by way of defence, wedged my bureau against it. Every sound disturbed me;

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

voices from the other rooms, footsteps, doors and windows opening, and after the others had quieted for sleep, the perpetual whistling of the wind outside, and the faint unaccountable creakings of the house itself chased sleep from my pillow.

Once I had nearly dropped off when I heard a thump, followed by softly thudding footsteps and the rattling of a window. I sat up in bed, shivering as if with ague, and waited for something to happen. But the footsteps only returned across the floor and bedsprings groaned under new weight. Evidently Lindy could not endure stuffiness either. I settled back and counted sheep again. This time I really slept.

I was awakened twice. The first time frightened me nearly out of my wits. I had been dreaming horribly and the first strangled inarticulate cry nearly lifted me out of bed. What I heard was a strange high shout—man's or woman's, I could not tell—and a crash in the hall outside of my door.

The footsteps retreated at a run, a door slammed, then silence. I leapt out of bed, snatching up a wrap, and had my hand on the door before the last of the footsteps had died away. A dead silence succeeded the sounds, and lasted for at least two minutes.

Then a door opened and light streamed into the hall. I could see a yellow outline around my door. A normal human voice began talking and my hair, which had been standing on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, settled back in place. Cautiously I opened the door and saw Jim Steele, in an elegant dressing-gown, standing in the hall talking to Slatz and Gordy. On the floor at his feet was the base of a nickel lamp and a little pile of splintered glass. I joined the conference.

"What on earth was it?"

Jim swung around when I spoke. "Don't know yet. Someone came into the hall and knocked over this lamp. I'm going to ask the others."

By that time every door along the corridor had opened, and there was a babel of questions. Jim asked at random, "Any one know anything about this?"

The last door to open was Fran and Lindy's. They emerged just as Jim was speaking. Lindy came out into the hall. He said reluctantly, "Maybe it was I. Fran says I got up. She didn't wake until I was gone. I don't remember it, but I do walk in my sleep occasionally."

The chorus of laughter which followed this confession showed the sudden relief of the whole party.

Gradually we separated once more for the night—what was left of it—and retired. Before I went to my room Jim asked if my window was open. I told him what I had done about it. He nodded.

"If you do hear any sound as though it were being pushed, call me and I'll come running. I think you'll be all right, but in any case, I shan't be far away, and I'll be listening for you."

As a matter of fact, I felt much calmer when I settled down for the second time. Laughter is a good sedative, and I dropped off like a baby. In a dream I was at home in my own apartment, and Jim was coming to dinner with me. Part of the time he was talking, and I remember distinctly hearing the sound of his voice and noticing the swift, light, individual sound of his footsteps. Everything was bright and happy and safe in my dream. Then, for the second time that night, I awoke to the fact that, in reality, I was neither happy nor safe.

A board creaked on the verandah outside my window, softly. Why it roused me, I cannot tell, but in one instant I was wide awake. Another sound followed, still softer, more stealthy, the lightest possible footfall, and I felt rather than saw a darker shadow against the blackness outside my window. The shape seemed to pause there. I could have sworn I heard breathing through the partly opened window, and my own blood ran ice in my veins. Would he come in?

After a moment, the breathing was no longer audible—if it had ever really been there. Did I hear footsteps retreating, nearly soundless, along the porch floor? Or was it all a part of my dream? Released, at last, from the locked terror which had held me rigid in bed while the sensation lasted. Whatever happened, I was done with sleep for that night. Against my own advice, I was going to waste a candle during the remainder of the darkness, if I died for it later on. And I was going to close and lock that French window. That was my first necessity. In the dark I stole to the window, closed it softly, turned the bolt, and, for extra safety, shoved the bureau over against it. Then I groped my way back to the table to find candle and matches.

It was at that moment the second cry sang out. This time it was a woman's cry, a cry that I had heard before, on that other night. It was Ann's scream, and it rose and fell, again and again, with a kind of hysterical monotony. Following it I heard a thud on the floor, the screeching of a window, and then confused voices I could endure no longer. I fled to the door, unlocked it, and flung myself into the hall, crying out Jim's name in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper.

The house was filled with commotion now. Doors were opening, terrified inmates were rushing about, voices babbled as I entered the hall. Slatz and Ruby rushed past me, going in the direction of Ann's room. The doctor emerged from his room and followed them. The hall was dark save for the streaks of brightness flowing from two opened doors, Slatz's and the Sibellius'. As the men reached the end of the hall, Ann's door opened, and Gordy came out and stood in the little pool of light from within. He looked extremely agitated, clad only in pyjamas with a blanket drawn around him, Indian fashion, and his hair standing on end. He said excitedly, "I've caught him."

Slatz gasped, "Who?"

"Steele." At the triumph in Gordy's tone my heart sank to my boots.

At that moment, Jim Steele pushed past him into the hall. He was fully dressed with a raincoat over his clothes and his hair shone with water. He faced Gordy angrily. "What do you mean?" His voice was furious.

Gordy was equally fierce. "You know what I mean. You got caught in the act. You think that you can get away with murder"—he paused to let this sink in—"but you can't. Ann heard you on the porch and I got there just in time to prevent another killing."

Jim pulled himself together. "What do you idiots think I was doing on the porch?"

Gordy snid nastily. "Whatever you were going to do, you lost your chance. You weren't quite so clever this time."

Everyone had gathered in the hall. Ann stood beside Jim, triumphant, like a large avenging angel. Lindy and Fran stood together in their doorway, Isobel and Mrs. Sibellius behind me in the hall. Jim

stared at them for a moment, then said in the coldest voice I have ever heard. "That was the most foolish piece of bad luck—for all of you—that has happened since Regina O'Brien was killed. I was on that porch, moving as quietly as I know how, because I hoped to catch the murderer. I should have done it—if I had been left alone. Now the chance is gone and you have your own cleverness to thank for the fact that the killer is still ~~alive~~ in this house."

Gordy tried to hold his ground. "How do we know that? We have only your word for it. Maybe you were after the murderer—maybe. But can you prove it?"

Jim glared at him. "Ask Slatz who I went through our room."

Slatz said, "Just a moment before he screamed. I heard him go very quickly on the porch."

"What does that prove?" Gordy was truculent.

"Do you think I'm such a fool as to stamp through a room where another person is sleeping, on my way to commit a crime?" Jim's tone was withering.

"What made you think that you were after the murderer?" Gordy would not give up.

"Because I heard him. I was downstairs keeping watch, and I heard someone moving upstairs. The noise stopped and I couldn't tell where it came from. So I went outdoors to see if a light was showing. And when I got out on the downstairs porch I heard footsteps again above me. I ran upstairs as quietly as I could, went through Slatz's and my room and through the french windows to the verandah. I still heard something—for a moment. Then it stopped. I didn't dare to show my flashlight. I went all the way around, but the person had gone. So I came back and tried to see in the room Ann heard—or saw me—and screamed. Now the chance is lost."

I heaved a sigh of relief. There had been a presence outside my window—but it was a benign one. Only Jim, keeping guard.

For the third time that night the group dispersed into its own separate units. I retired to my room, rather happier with the knowledge that Jim was on guard. I planned to keep a nice, cheery, wasteful light burning until daylight. I locked my door, saw that the french window was still securely bolted and looked about for a tool. It was only four-thirty, which meant another three hours, at least, before dawn. I went over to the bureau—still shoved tight against the window—and saw something which startled me profoundly. On the top of the bureau lay a key ring to which were attached a half dozen keys. It had not been there when I last looked at the place. In fact, I had never seen that bunch of keys before in my life.

Abruptly, I sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to think. How had those keys got there? "Key—steel key." I had been in that room all night except for the two alarms when I had rushed into the hall. In each case I had dashed out, leaving the door open.

I examined them carefully. Two or three were obviously made to fit Yale locks; the outside house doors, possibly. Two were rather rusty door keys. I touched them and noticed that they felt sticky. Lately odd? But what doors did they fit? Who had used them? And, having used, who had planned them in my room, unexplained? Had Jim, fearing to be searched, dropped them there for the moment?

I stared at the keys again. Bill had said something about keys when I talked with

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

Jim and Jenny in the kitchen that evening. He had said that he had searched the room in the wing, taking the keys from the kitchen. Perhaps these were the keys. But what were they doing in my room?

My first thought was to ask Jim. Then a doubt crept in. If—by any chance—suddenly I was angry. If Jim had left those keys with me he must have had his reason. That was enough for me. The others were ready to suspect him—of anything, everything, the worst, if possible. Well, they would never learn about this key business from me. Then another thought arose. Perhaps these keys had been planted on me deliberately, in order to implicate me or Jim. If Jim had not left them on my bureau, someone else had done so with a definite purpose, had even risked his neck to do it. Since Jim had very nearly caught him in the act. Therefore, if I admitted having the keys, I should be playing into his hand. Further, those keys might even constitute evidence against me. It was very possible that they had been placed there in my room for that purpose.

My anger increased; indeed, I was rather afraid to it, for it completely overpowered my usual timidity. I went to my door, hesitated a moment to the uneasy silence of the house, then unlocked the door and stole into the hall. I am not a fearless woman; I admit it freely. Under ordinary circumstances I should have fainted with terror at the idea of creeping downstairs, alone in the dead vast and middle of the night, bound on an errand of secret investigation in a house which held an unknown murderer. But that night I did just those things—not without a qualm—but I did them.

Once downstairs and around the corner from the hall, I dared to strike a match. The feeble light flickered and went out. Made bolder by the instant's reassurance of vision, I scratched another match and pushed open the swinging door to the kitchen. The inner swing door creaked terribly as I slipped through, but once past it I dared to strike another match, and this time to light my candle. Apparently I was alone there, and safe. I held the flaring candle above my head and stood around me. The corners were pools of shadow, and my own effigy danced on the farther wall.

Now for the job. My purpose was to search for the keys Bill had used. If they could be found, then the keys now in my possession must be a second set, perhaps duplicates.

Where would the keys be kept? I had no fear of knowing. Holding the candle ahead of me, I peered about, looking for likely places—shelves, drawers. Over the sink was a shelf, but it was too high for me to get on top of it. I was obliged to stick my candle in an empty bottle and climb upon a chair. My back was to the kitchen door, and I was too intent upon my search to hear an approaching footstep. Then, without warning, a hand touched me—and I screamed.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor with my head in Jim Steele's lap, and he was dabbling my face ineffectually with water from a glass. He looked so terribly upset that I forgot the significance of the moment and began to laugh. His face relaxed, but he immediately said: "Hush." At that I remembered and sat up, trembling.

Jim said: "Sure you're all right?" rather merrily as I got to my feet.

I nodded. "How did you happen to come down?" I had rather Jim had not surprised me with those keys.

I decided to tell everything. "Look here, Jim. I want you to answer one question for me. Did you leave a bunch of keys in my room after you went out the last time?"

He looked surprised. "No. What keys?" I would have sworn that that question was innocent.

"These." I showed him the key ring which I had thrust into the pocket of my negligee. He examined them closely.

"Where were they?" I told him about it briefly. When I had finished, he asked: "How do you think they got there?"

"They must either have been put there through the window or someone must have slipped into the room while I was in the hall that last time. Those are the only two possibilities."

Jim said gravely. "Were you going to put them back?"

"I couldn't deny it. Yes."

"You thought I had left them there, and you didn't want the others to know. Was that it?"

I said faintly, "Yes," again.

Jim's arm slid around me and I heard his voice close above my head. "Thank you, darling." I didn't try to say anything at all. Even if Jim had done it, I knew that I could not betray him. I was weak of me, but there it was.

After a moment he spoke again. "We've got to find out who put those keys in your room. Whoever it was wants to implicate both you and me."

I agreed. "Yes. But I don't even know what doors they fit."

Jim turned them over in his hand. "They're the regular household bunch. They're the regular household bunch. They're always kept here in the kitchen, as Bill said."

"We won't say anything about this for the time being. It will simply mix things up, in the first place. And we don't want whoever took them to know that they have been reported. Meanwhile I shall use them for the most powerful search that's been made."

I cried, "Don't go now. I don't want to be alone again. I might faint." I added hopefully.

Jim smiled. "I'll protect you, silly." He looked around the kitchen. "Do you suppose we'd wake the others if we made some coffee? I've been up all night and I could enjoy a little."

I flew to prepare it, and the last pallid morning hours were spent more agreeably than I had imagined time could pass in that ill-omened house. I needn't say any more about this part. It doesn't concern the story. When Bill and Jenny finally came down, dubbing their eyes, at about seven o'clock, they found us still lingering over the remains of our meal, quite oblivious of the fact that daylight had arrived and that we could safely separate.

The few hours of sleep I snatched that morning after Jim and I finally parted in the kitchen were the sweetest and most untroubled I had known for two days. At eleven I awoke, still happy with my thoughts full of Jim, and dressed, feeling that I could meet the day and whatever trials it might bring forth.

It was too late for a proper breakfast although I was hungry. Therefore, I compromised with my appetite to the extent of a cup of coffee and some orange juice in the kitchen. Bill and Jenny were working there and greeted me eagerly. They had heard sounds in the night, too, but had not dared to investigate them. I tried to explain as prosaically as possible; Mr. Land-

strom had been sleepwalking and knocked over a lamp; later Mr. Steele, who was acting as watchman, had startled one of the ladies and aroused the household again. I assured them that there was no cause for alarm. They accepted my explanations rather dubiously. I asked if the others had breakfasted. After all, they had slept little more than I had.

Bill shook his head. "Some of them have been down. Mrs. Loveland got up, but she looks bad. And the doctor only came a few minutes before you. He's having his coffee now in the dining-room."

I decided to join him. He might have something interesting to say about the night's doings. I took my second cup of coffee and went into the dining-room. As I pushed the swing door open, cautiously not to upset the full cup, I heard voices in muted conversation from the room beyond. I did not recognise the speakers at once and caught only a word or two: "Won't gain anything by hurting me"—a woman's voice, I thought. And then, "No, but I should lose nothing by it—and you, everything." A man's voice. I pushed the door an inch farther and peeped around it.

Dr. Sibellius was sitting alone at the table. His coffee and plate of rolls were before him, but he was not eating; he was sitting forward in his chair, his hands clenched at the edge of the table, and on his face an expression of tense listening. Whoever were the unseen speakers behind the screens in the game room, they had a rapt audience. For the first time since I had met him, the suave doctor was betraying a real and identifiable emotion.

It is possible that my motive in intruding on this pretty scene was pure malice. From the doctor's first, swiftly changed expression of annoyance when he saw me, he must have thought it was. His look ought to have demolished me altogether. An instant later it was replaced by the usual polite smile. Dr. Sibellius rose and helped me into a place with the deference of a courtier. When he spoke I fancied that his voice was a shade louder than was really necessary, considering that we sat so close to each other. I had a fleeting notion that he wished, actually, to break up the conversation next door; to warn them that they might be overheard.

He asked sympathetically, "Did you sleep well, Miss Costello? It was a hard night for all of us, what with general nervousness and the two scares. You look a trifle pale this morning."

I assured him that I felt very well, but all the time I was speaking I could hear movements from the other side of the screens, chairs being softly moved, a voice whispering briefly, and then footsteps. The quarry was escaping. But, whatever Dr. Sibellius might think, I was determined to see them if possible. When their footsteps had reached the wide doorway which opened into both rooms, I turned around in my chair and deliberately stared. I was a fraction of a second late; the woman had almost disappeared—I could only catch the last flutter of her skirt—but the man unmistakably was Michael Ruby. Who had been his companion? I could only hazard a guess, and that guess startled me. But it was necessary that my surprise be hidden from Dr. Sibellius. I turned back and said, as naturally as I could, "I thought I heard voices in here, before I opened the door. Then I was so surprised to see you all alone. They must have been in the game room. Did you see who it was?"

I really believe that my acting went over.

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

An expression of relief passed over the doctor's face as he said easily, "There were some people talking in there when I came in. I didn't pay any attention, so I cannot say for certain who it was, Mr. Ruby, for one, I believe."

He knew, of course, that I had seen Ruby. I let the matter drop as though it were of no interest. "I'm glad to know that some of us survived our misadventures. I never saw such a collection of terrified faces as there was in that hall last night. It would have been funny if it hadn't been so horribly serious."

The doctor shook his head solemnly. "Yes. This has been a terrible experience. We can only hope that the storm abates before someone collapses. It is enough to shatter the strongest nerves."

He had finished his coffee and now rose. He had no wish to prolong our tête-à-tête.

As he hurried from the room, I could not avoid speculating upon the scene I had interrupted. Who had been in the same room—and why had their conversation been so important to Dr. Sibelius that he had deliberately eavesdropped, then later tried to warn the speakers that they were overheard? I decided, as usual, to find Jim and tell him about it.

I met Jim just coming downstairs and looking like a sleepy little boy. Poor soul, he had had even less rest than I during the past days. I greeted him as casually as I could, considering the way we had parted, and was asked to join him in a second breakfast. This I declined. In the first place, I had learned that the dining-room—or the game room—was no place for private conversation. In the second place, it was important to see who was in the living room before they escaped.

I said hastily, "Oh, I've just had time. I've got to go in here a minute to see someone. You hurry and eat and then let's go outdoors and talk."

Outdoors, the rain was coming straight down in a grey curtain beyond the verandah railing. This suggestion must have sounded crazy. There was no time, however, to explain that it was a safe seclusion I required. I hastened into the living-room to count noses.

Ann Loveland, in her usual seat by the fireplace, was declaiming against the weather.

Ruby, who had become amazingly attuned upon Ann, agreed.

"This is typical mountain weather, I believe. I hadn't heard of rain keeping up so long, but one hears of blizzards lasting for weeks. This would be a blizzard if the temperature were lower."

I was not interested in meteorology at the moment. Ruby was one of my new suspects. Had Ann been the woman with him in the dining-room? Fran Lindstrom was sitting in the window seat embroidering. Lindy and Sisla were playing cribbage at the centre table with Hal as audience, while the others lolled about, vainly trying to kill time.

Ann, who had to know what everyone was doing, called after me, "Where are you going, Chari? What can you find to do in this morgue?"

I paused innocently. "It's so stuffy in the house. Maybe I'll go out and have a walk on the porch. I'm dying for some air!"

Her voice was derisive. "You must have turned into a fresh-air fiend to want to go out on a day like this. You'd better wear a bathing suit."

Jim was almost finished with his breakfast but still mystified by my behaviour. It could not be explained there, however. I had suddenly developed a horror of those

screens. They might hide anything—or anyone. "Come out on the porch, at least I don't care how wet it is. I've got to get out of this house. It gives me the jitters."

We bundled up in sou'westers and overshoes enough for a trip under Niagara Falls and faced the weather. The wind was howling and rain covered us with a fine spray even in the shelter of the porch. Nevertheless, I felt a lightening of my spirit to have escaped the fatal roof even as far as his. We walked around the house once briskly.

I told Jim what I had heard, described the scene to him as well as I could, especially the doctor's part in it. He agreed that it was very queer.

We threshed the matter over and over while we walked, and although the exercise may have done us good, the discussion did not. Finally we dropped the subject and spent the rest of the time talking about ourselves, which was pretty thrilling just then. In spite of everything, I did enjoy that morning. Our spirits improved, at any rate, and I was able to sit in the dining-room with no more than an occasional glance at those detestable screens. After lunch I went out to the storeroom and counted supplies. There were parts of two boxes of candles left—less than two dozen. And when I rapped on the side of the large steel kerosene tank it rang hollowly. The shelves were still fairly well stocked with canned goods, so that we should probably be able to eat for some time yet. But we might eat in the dark, at night.

Suddenly I wanted to get off that island. Of course, I had wanted to do that before, many times, but never with the overwhelming homesick passion of that moment. When I found Jim to tell him about the candles, I told him about my feelings, too. He was sympathetic, but that was all that he could do. Escape was out of the question, and we both knew it. While I was in the storeroom Jim had been down to the shore with Bill and he said that the ice was entirely honeycombed now, half water, half slush, in parts breaking up altogether.

Jim said tenderly, "You need sleep. Four hours isn't enough after what you've been through. Why don't you go upstairs and take a nap? I'll see that you're safe. If you feel nervous, you might lock your doors and windows. Then no one could possibly get near you."

It was the only thing I wanted to do—barring complete escape—but poor Jim needed rest more than I did. I asked him why he didn't take his own medicine. He yawned prodigiously. "Not yet. I can hold out a lot longer than this. And someone ought to keep an eye on proceedings. There is something queer going on around here."

That was true. What it was, or who was doing it, I didn't know, but something was unmistakably in the air. I agreed to take a nap, and went upstairs, leaving Jim posted in the living-room playing his eternal solitaire, while the others lolled about, vainly trying to kill time.

Two hours later I was aroused by knocking on my door. I called out sharply, "Who is it?"

It was a relief to hear Bill's rumbling baritone. I ran to the door, opened it a crack and peeked around at Bill. He looked worried. "It's Jenny again, miss. I hate to bother you, but I guess she's sick. She feels feverish, I said I'd get you."

"You ought to get the doctor." I was willing to comfort the vapors, but it was presumptuous to prescribe for illness with a physician in the house.

Bill shook his head. "I did try to get him but he's in his study talking to someone and I didn't want to interrupt. Jenny said she's rather have you anyways."

I went by way of the door on the landing and into the service wing. Bill opened the door, and when I saw poor Jenny on the bed I knew that the child was really ill; hot and wretched. For half an hour I was busy over her. Finally, having done everything I dared, I decided to go for the doctor.

As I came out on the tiny back landing I thought of slipping down to Dr. Sibelius' study by the service stairway. I was tiptoeing because Jenny had just dozed off to sleep. I did not wish to disturb her. For the reason, the person in the hall below could not have heard me. Indeed, I did not see her at first and was about to descend the lower flight of stairs when I realized that someone was at that door ahead of me. In the dusk I could see dimly a woman's figure pressed close to the door panels. I did not comprehend the situation at once.

I thought that whoever it was must be about to enter the study. Then something in the attitude of the figure warned me. The person below was listening at the door, not entering it. I stared for a moment, holding my breath. Then, as quietly as I could, I stole back up the stairs and opened the door to the main landing. Happily, it did not creak; I closed it again with infinite caution and made my way down the front stairs.

I was completely puzzled—and I was tired of the sensation. Matters were growing too complicated; the plot was thickening altogether too rapidly. Brutal action was called for. I went straight to the doctor's study and rapped on the door. The murmur of voices ceased abruptly and the doctor called, "What is it?"

I opened the door boldly and went in. Dr. Sibelius was sitting at his desk. When he spoke his voice seemed calm but I was conscious of some agitation behind his manner; his face was flushed, and his hand moved nervously on the desk in front of him. The other person in the room was Isobel.

She was standing facing the doctor, and there was something intensely appealing in her attitude. One hand was against her throat, her eyes looked immense in the white face, unnaturally bright as though she had been weeping. What had that man been doing to her? She was at his mercy and he had been hurting her; that was my impression. Naturally, in spite of my feelings, I had to behave as though nothing were amiss. I said, as coolly as possible, "Sorry to disturb you, doctor, but I think that you had better go to Jenny at once. I don't know what's the matter with her, but she seems to be quite ill."

The doctor looked pained for a moment, as though he couldn't understand what I was saying and repeated, "Ill? Jenny, you say?"

I answered patiently, "Yes, doctor. Jenny is ill. I think she has a temperature. It's probably only a cold, but she complains of pain in her lungs. You'll have to see her, I'm afraid."

Dr. Sibelius got to his feet hastily. "Of course, of course. Right away. I did not know about it. Bill should have found me. I'll go straight up." He bowed stiffly to Isobel and me and hurried out the door into the back hall.

She took my arm weakly. "I've been trying to get the doctor to do something, but he seems to have no ideas. I did hope that he could help me." She smiled.

and shook her head. "This house has rather lost its usefulness as a rest cure."

We went together into the living-room.

Ann was standing at the centre table lighting candles. It was only a little after four-thirty in the afternoon; candles were running short and Ann defiantly was wasting them.

Ann paid no attention to me. She lit a second candle and carried it over to the mantelpiece.

Beyond streaming glass, the sky was filled with purple thunderheads. A low rumbling seemed to shake among the tree-tops and a moment later lightning gleamed briefly in the sky and vanished in rain-filled air. Inside the room, Ann's tapers made tiny auroras of brightness, but the corners of the room were black shadow. I turned back hastily from the window. I wanted to think of something solid, to touch someone reassuringly. There was a kind of hysteria rampant among us which was beginning to overwhelm me. I went over to Fran and sat down beside her on the settle, holding on to myself hard.

"Where is everyone?" It would have seemed safer to gather every soul in the same room; to huddle together like sheep. It must have been the storm that affected me so. In another minute my teeth would have been chattering.

Fran tried painstakingly to remember. "Well, the doctor is in his study. He was talking to Isobel. She was having a treatment or something. Mrs. Sibellius came downstairs to find him a while ago and then went back up when I told her about Isobel. Gordy and Slatz are playing pool."

"Oh, they aren't?" In the yellow light of the centre table, I could see Gordy's nervous face. Fran peered around the settle to verify my statement. "Oh, they're back. Well, they were in there, and Ann and Ruby were talking about spiritualism in this room. I came over here to sew because I didn't want to listen. That stuff scares me."

Finally I asked about Jim. Fran shook her head. "I haven't seen him. He went somewhere—upstairs or outdoors—right after luncheon. I don't believe he's been here since."

I felt terribly restless. It was too dark to read in the living room and there was nothing else to do. I decided to have another look at Jenny, and find out what the doctor had said about her. He was still there when I arrived and so was Mrs. Sibellius, with Bill hovering anxiously in the background. The doctor was very formal.

"It seems to be a cold infection of some kind. The grippe, perhaps. She must be kept in bed. I am leaving medicine for her." He began to fuss with some packages on the table. I decided to offer my services.

"Would you mind?" he said gratefully. "It would help greatly. Unfortunately my wife is made extremely nervous by illness. She dislikes nursing, and to-day she feels rather ill herself."

I was glad to do it. The doctor explained to me about the medicines, and in a short time we had Jenny dozed and settled for the night. It was nearly six when I reached the kitchen, and I found the women of the party searching rather desolately for provender. Amongst us we managed to scramble together some sort of pick-up meal, canned soup and eggs and bacon, mostly, and dinner—if it deserved the name—was a depressing occasion. Jim had reappeared and I was impatient to tell him the afternoon's adventures. Also, I wanted to know where

he had been. As part of the dishwashing brigade I managed to get word to him, and eventually the place was cleaned up, and the workers dispersed.

I drew Jim into the shelter of the bar—I still distrusted the game room too much—and asked, "Where have you been?"

He said briefly, "Working." Then, as I must have looked offended by his terse answer, "I searched the O'Brien's room again and then shut myself up in my own room and tried to make some sense of this business. It needs thought."

Presently he remembered the business in hand. "What did you have to tell me? We don't want to stay here too long or they will wonder about us."

He listened to my tale in frowning concentration. "You're certain about the person watching? Sure she wasn't merely about to go in and heard the voices?"

"I was positive at the time. Something about the way she stood—flat against the door with her face pressed against the panel—made me feel sure she was listening."

"And you were positive who it was? That hallway is dark, remember."

"I'm certain it was she—Mrs. Sibellius." "Could she have been the woman in the game room with Ruby?"

COULD have been, I suppose. Anyone could have been. But what does that prove? What is this Ruby. Dr. Sibellius business, anyhow? It doesn't join on with anything else."

I had to agree with him and after a time we went reluctantly into the living-room. We were greeted by amary voices. Not that this astonished me. I had come to expect it. This time the speakers were, surprisingly enough, Ruby and the doctor.

As we entered, the doctor was saying hysterically, "I can only say that both as physician and as host, I advise you strongly against it. I feel that nothing can be gained by playing upon our emotions at a time when all of us are overwrought. This seance is entirely against my wishes." He stood facing Ruby, his countenance flushed with anger, his position rigidly military.

Ruby confronted him with his usual sangfroid, but I thought that his beautiful voice held a note of anger, too. He said with a shrug, "I am sorry, doctor. It is not merely my desire, but that of others in this group. They still believe that some solution to our problem may be reached through contact with the Other Plane. If it is their wish I can't refuse because of one person's prejudice."

"The Other Plane—" The doctor's voice rose fiercely. "You wish to entrap them with nonsense. While they are nervous and hysterical you hope to deceive them with your charlatan's tricks. Mrs. O'Brien was right. It is a cheap fake."

Ruby's voice was definitely angry now.

"Be careful what you say, doctor. If I answered in kind, it wouldn't be the first time that your trade was accused of charlatanism." He paused for a moment and his eyes, unwinking as a snake, repeated the insult. "For some reason you're anxious that no new light be thrown upon this mysterious murder. That doesn't look particularly well coming from the head of the house."

Sibellius was livid with fury. "That is all. You want to throw dust in our eyes." He glared back at his opponent, and for a moment I thought that they were about to spring at each other's throats. Then the doctor turned to the group by the fireplace. "Very well. I cannot prevent this outrage. But I can and do forbid my wife and my

patient"—he turned commanding to Isobel—"to have any part in it."

I had been watching Mrs. Sibellius closely while this speech was made. She was standing near her husband, between him and Isobel, and when he made the special—and rather surprising—inclusion of Isobel in his orders, a strange look passed over her face; whether it was pain or scorn, I could not guess. The next instant her face had resumed itsullen look. She turned and began to move obediently towards the door. Isobel looked pitifully at the doctor.

"What harm can it do me, doctor? You know that I'm deeply interested in spiritualism."

He said sternly, "I do not want your nerves upset to-night. You have been agitated all day. You should go to bed." His manner was that of a stern teacher with a fractious child. Isobel quailed under his eye.

I decided to take a hand then.

"I'll keep an eye on Isobel, doctor, to see that she doesn't get tired. Mrs. Sibellius needn't wait up. I'll see that she gets safely to bed."

The doctor's expression was not grateful. He repeated, "As you please," turned stiffly away and went into his study.

Mrs. Sibellius passed out of the room and upstairs. Presently the doctor re-entered the room, paying no attention to the rest of us, crossed over and spoke to Gordy. I heard him say, "If you don't mind missing this little side show," and Gordy, looking puzzled, assented and rose at once. They went into the study and closed the door with a bang.

Ruby stood looking after the doctor. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said, speaking directly to Ann, "Do you wish to give up the seance?"

Ann was always made obstinate by opposition. Now her jaw set pugnaciously. "Certainly not. That's pure narrow-mindedness. We'll do exactly what we planned. Let's begin right away." She had the red lamp in her hand.

Ruby hesitated for a moment. "Suppose we go into the game room. That will be out of the good doctor's way. And we stood not had particularly good results in this room."

Any suggestion of his was agreeable to Ann. She started for the other room, the rest of us following rather sheepishly. I had decided to take part in the seance to-night. Jim seemed determined to stay and, wherever they went, it was better to be with the group.

Ruby and Ann, by tacit consent, took charge of the ouija board, sitting as usual in two low chairs facing each other with the lapboard on their knees, their right hands lightly touching the pointer. The rest of us gathered closely about, our eyes fastened on the planchette. The circle was a small one to-night: only Jim, Lindy, Slatz and Hal, of the men, and Isobel, Fran and I of the women. It was a surprise to see Hal attending the session; hitherto he had refused. Slatz was prepared to take down the messages.

The preliminary pause was long and horrible to-night, filled with sounds of the storm, wind howling down the chimney, rain beating on the porch roof, the creak of contracting timber in the great drafty building. When the board finally began to weave about, it dawdled as usual for the first minutes, spelling gibberish. Then it wrote slowly, "H-A-L." Poor old Hal started and at first I thought he might refuse to listen. But he controlled himself and sat staring at the planchette, which moved busily now, spelling the first coherent message.

"Hal—I've got to speak to Hal." I could

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

hear Hal breathing hard in the chair next me. "Hal—it's dark here. Very dark. Dark everywhere. There is danger." The board paused and again we sat waiting. We, too, were in the dark; even the red lamp was dimming now, and beyond us the camp waited in shadow. Silence dragged on, unbroken until the ouija stirred once more and began to trace another message.

"Why is there no light in the world? Apparently the spirits had our lighting problem on their minds. Ann agreed with them.

"I suppose I was wrong to waste those candies," she said satirically. "Even the spirits know that there is danger."

It was an old subject. Hal asked wearily, "Can't you make it talk about anything else? Ask her who did the murder."

We bent forward and watched the little pointer. It wavered for a few minutes as though it had lost the control. Then it spelled, "She cannot see you. You must have light." It broke off and began circling round and round the board in diminishing circles like a dog turning before it lies down. The noise it made was agonising, a loud screeching of wood upon varnished wood. My teeth were on edge before it finally paused over the next letter. Then it was still upon the same controversial point. It spelled "Candies." It spelled it three times.

Ann did not meet my eye but asked, "What do you want to tell us about candies?"

The thing started to circle again, then changed its mind and spelled ominously, "Have lighted foots the way to dusky death." Amazing, I thought, to see Regina turned so literary in the next world.

Ann evidently did not recognise the allusion. "I don't understand that. What is it talking about?"

"It may be a warning to us not to use them." Ruby spoke so gently that Ann accepted the interpretation without a murmur.

During this pause the control seemed to have gained assurance. It began a long discourse. "This is the worst danger of all. You should have gone away before this. Now it is coming. Geneva must know how it is. She knows what is going to happen. She must act quickly, or it will be too late."

Hal said impatiently, "What's all this stuff about Geneva? I don't know any Geneva, and I don't believe Regina did either. Make it talk about something else." "We have to accept what comes from Beyond." Ruby refused to be coerced. He turned his attention back to the board and though we did not understand, we followed him like sleep. So concentrated, in fact, that when a door opened somewhere beyond us, we were only dimly aware of it. I started when a man's figure appeared around the end of the screens. It hesitated for a moment and then came on until, in the faint crimson light, I recognised Bill.

The board was moving again now and, evidently not wishing to interrupt, he stood uncertainly at the edge of the group waiting for a chance to speak. I nodded to him and then returned to the matter in hand. Geneva was still the subject under discussion.

"That man is trying to keep her. He has had control of her for a long time and does not want to let her go. Perhaps he loves her. Oscar loves Gennie and won't let her go. When she wished to escape he tried to hurt her. He is poisoning her all the time. No one knows what he might do. He will betray her and ruin her. He is afraid of her husband, who is trying to save Gennie. Oh, be careful

about him. He is ready to attack you now. I am afraid."

I was all mixed up with this Geneva business. It was like reading someone else's mail. When the message seemed to pause, I was glad, hoping that Ruby might be able to make the next batch more useful to our cause. Meanwhile, I took the opportunity to beckon to Bill. He looked haggard and I wondered if my patient was worse. I had given her the sleeping medicine and she had dropped off immediately. I asked him about her. He shook his head.

"She's all right. She's asleep. I wanted to fill the ice bag, so I came downstairs. I was just going to tell you that I put some fresh ice in the icebox. It was empty."

I thanked him. "That's fine. If she wakes up and wants anything, call me. I'll come any time."

Bill mumbled something and left the room. The rest of the group was talking excitedly. "What has this got to do with us? Can't you make the control answer questions? We want to find out something about the murder, and it won't say a thing about that."

Ruby tried to explain. "I can't make it do anything. It says what it wants to say. We can ask questions and perhaps the control will answer. I don't understand what this part means, but it may have something to do with one of us. It spoke of the doctor."

"It spoke of a doctor before. This may be the same one."

"No. It said 'Oscar,' and that's Dr. Sibellus' name. He ought to have been here to listen. It might have converted him." Ann was always enthusiastic.

"Let's go on," I suggested. I had lost all sense of the supernatural now and was intensely curious to know what would happen next.

Isobel, who had been sitting beside me, pushed back her chair. "Will you forgive me if I go upstairs now? I promised the doctor that I would go when I felt tired. We don't seem to be getting anything intelligible, and I am terribly weary." She stood up and my heart smote me at the sight of that frail figure and the exhausted droop of her head. I got up to go with her. She smiled. "Don't, dear. I shan't need help. Mrs. Sibellus is there, you know, and she'll take me in. Don't bother."

I insisted, however, upon seeing her to her room. Mrs. Sibellus met us at the door and promised to let me know if she needed anything. Then I went back downstairs to rejoin the seance. Ann had decided to rest her arm for a while and Slatz, rather nervously, took her place at the board. The thing began to move almost immediately.

"You ought to be careful, I tell you. You don't know what is going to happen. He thought it would go up and it went down. He hasn't enough room on the edge. He's falling and he knows it. You ought to know, too. He's pulling everything down. Ann will fall, too. You'll have to make more room on the edge."

Gordy was impatient, as usual. "For Heaven's sake, what does that mean?"

Ruby asked softly: "Whom is this message for?"

The planchette spelled, "A-H. A-H." Then it paused.

"Dramatic little devil." I thought Gordy's tone was unmannerly.

Slatz said abruptly, "Those are my initials. Ask it some more." I had forgotten that his name was Adolphus. What was ouija trying to tell him? The expression on Slatz' face was puzzling. He asked in a queer voice, "What do you mean by 'more room on the edge'?" When he asked the

question I had a feeling that he already knew the answer.

The board spelled slowly, "On the edge Margin."

Slatz did not look up. He asked tensely, "What did he think would go up?"

The answer seemed hesitant. "You were afraid of this. You knew something might happen. That's why you did it. Ann has it, too. But he's alive. He can get away with murder."

We were all appalled. I did not know what it meant but it sounded awful no more than ever I had the sensation that Slatz—and possibly someone else—understood the message. I had never seen or amiable Slatz so serious.

"Am I allowed to ask it what it is referring to?" Gordy's voice was edged.

Ruby said, "Yes," and I could see Slatz turn his face towards Gordy in the shadows.

The board spelled, "It all hinges on death. That's the trouble. It's too bad."

Gordy stood up. "Suppose we finish the investigation without the aid of spirit Slatz might explain what this means—if he dares to."

Slatz got to his feet slowly and stood facing his partner. "All right, I'll tell you. This thing has only told me what I know. I knew that you were taking a flyer. I tried to warn you that the market was going off again, but you were too smart. You tried to fool me, but by this time I ought to know when you're lying. Unfortunately, I hadn't anything on you and I couldn't do anything about it. So, to protect the firm, I took out insurance—enough to cover whatever you may have lost. Evidently, if this thing is right, Ann has some insurance, too."

Ann cried in a breaking voice, "But that was just to protect the children. We haven't a cent saved, and if anything should happen to him—"

Gordy laughed. It was not a pleasanter sound. "I see. As the board says, 'It all hinges on death.' But, unfortunately, I'm still alive. That must be pretty hard to bear. I guess I'm the one who ought to keep his doors locked." He looked down at Ann. "Apparently, I'm not even safe with my own wife." Ann sobbed. "Slatz here thinks that if I lose money, I'll take the only way out. Do the honorable thing and end it all for the benefit of my partner and family." His voice was jeering. "Just in old Spanish custom. But it's too bad for everyone that I don't feel that way. You can both go right on paying insurance for the next fifty years."

Hal had been, perhaps, Slatz' closest friend. Now he came to his defence. "You certainly don't intend to see Slatz go through a wild plunge of yours. You'll have to do something for him."

Gordy laughed again. "You can do that old man. You've got the money. Unfortunately, I haven't at the moment. Not a cent. If you want to lend it to me, why, everything will be great."

Hal was notoriously cautious with his funds. He said sharply, "Not a chance—to you. You're a poor risk."

"That's right. I'm a poor risk. Right now I should say that my chances of escaping from this party were less than even with three of you waiting hopefully for me to pass out. Maybe one of you will help. Someone in this outfit is pretty smooth at that sort of thing. When anyone sees troublesome—blotto. Just rub them out. Hal's wife discovered that."

Hal cried, "Hang you!" and got to his feet so suddenly that his chair crashed to the floor. There was a moment of pause when I thought that there would be a general fight. Then Jim got between them

He had been very quiet all the evening, had taken no part and made no comment on proceedings, but he had been watching like a hawk. Now he tried to calm them down. "Let's not have any more of this. We shan't gain anything by having a fight in this house." The three angry men protested for a moment.

"He can't say that to me."

"I'll say anything I please."

Jim cut in. "Shut up, will you? We aren't going to have any fighting. There are women present."

I don't know why that stopped them, but it did. They turned away, still muttering, but the crisis was past.

Obviously the seance was at an end. It had produced nothing but strife, as usual. I looked at my watch—eleven o'clock. Perhaps food and drink would soothe the savage beasts.

What about adjourning in cheer of a cup of hot coffee? We need cheering up." It seemed as though I had done nothing but make coffee at odd moments ever since reaching camp.

This, as I hoped, created a diversion. We left the men to settle their dispute as they pleased, and Ann, Fran and I went into the kitchen. Someone lighted the dining-room lamp.

We found crackers and cheese to go with the coffee and called the men into the dining-room. Ruby excused himself on the grounds of a headache. He said that he was going to try to walk it off on the verandah. The quarrel evidently had not been made up. Hal and Slats were pointedly not speaking to Gordy. Ann looked as though she were about to cry. And Gordy, apparently, was not speaking to her. The rest of us tried hard to lend an appearance of amity to the repast, but it was not too gay. The coffee was so good that I recklessly drank two cups. It seemed doubtful if I should sleep much anyhow. Past experience did not suggest it. I wondered who would sleepwalk to-night.

In describing what happened next, it seems silly to attribute natural phenomena to supernatural causes, and I have certainly never been a psychic in any way. Probably what I had was a nervous chill; whatever it was, suddenly I began to feel cold. It was not an ordinary chill; I have never felt so bone-frozen in my life. It was as though I had been dipped in ice water; with no warning, I began to shiver uncontrollably, from head to foot. It was true that the room had grown cool, we were removed from the fireplace, and the camp was a draughty place, but this did not account for the suddenness of this chill. Jim noticed it and asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Have you caught Jenny's flu?" He came around and stood by my chair.

I did not feel as though it were an illness. I replied through chattering teeth, "I don't think so. I just began to feel it. I'm congested."

Jim was worried. "You go straight to bed. You're tired to death."

I rose and went toward the door. I said to Jim, "I'm going to ask Dr. Sibellus for a dose of some kind. I keep forgetting that we have a doctor in the house."

"That's a good idea. I'll wait for you here. I want to know what he says." Jim was being very possessive. He sat down in the hall and lit a cigarette.

Still shivering, I crossed the darkened living-room and knocked at the study. Though cracks in the rough board door, I could see a light still burning, but I got no answer, and knocked again. A fresh chill had seized me and I felt desperate. I turned the handle and stepped into the room. For a moment the room seemed

to be empty and my mind was so pre-occupied with coldness that my first act was, automatically, to go to the French window, which was partly open, and close it.

In doing so, I was obliged to cross the room. I turned the catch of the window and started back toward the door, but as my glance travelled over the room it fell upon a shape lying huddled behind the desk. For a moment my heart seemed to stop beating in my breast. There on the floor behind the broad barrier of the desk lay a man's body. I stooped and peered blindly; the lamp in the room was almost ready to flicker out, and shadows waved on the wall. The man was Dr. Sibellus, and I knew that he was dead.

I do not remember getting out of the room or even finding Jim and telling him what I had seen. He said, later, that I came out into the hall looking like a ghost. That part will always be lost to me.

What I do remember was a tolling in my mind, as though a knell were being rung for a death which had been foretold to me. Jim must have run back to the study ahead of me; when I entered the room for the second time, he was kneeling behind the desk. He said, "Call the others." I hurried back to the hall.

The rest of the party were in the hall on their way to bed. Ruby had just come in from the porch and the girls had finished clearing up after supper. Gordy was already half-way upstairs. I must have startled them dreadfully when I came running out of the dark living-room. I could only cry, "Don't go. Jim wants you in the study. The doctor's been killed."

I stood panting in the doorway.

Gordy was the first to speak. "My Heavens! Who killed him?" No one bothered to answer the question.

For no reason, my eyes fastened upon Ruby and clung there as though hypnotised. I could not look away. I spoke to the others, but my eyes saw only him. Finally he himself broke the spell.

"Should someone call his wife?"

I had not thought of that. She must be told. I turned to Ann. "Will you go?" She looked frightened.

"What shall I say to her?"

A voice spoke from the landing. "Tell me what has happened." It was Mrs. Sibellus. She must have heard our frantic voices in the hallway and come to investigate. As soon as she had spoken she moved forward down the stairs. I went to meet her.

"I'm sorry—it's your husband. I think—he's been hurt." I could not say it straight out.

She corrected me sharply. "You mean—he's been killed?"

I nodded. Without another word she turned and walked through the living room to the study, with the rest of us following her. She went straight to where Jim still stood above the supine figure of the doctor, and bent over it for a moment. Then she looked up at Jim.

He said gently, "I'm sorry you came here, Mrs. Sibellus. You needn't stay. There's nothing we can do."

She did not answer, and her gaze dropped once more to the body at her feet.

The men began to crowd into the room. Jim straightened up and said quickly, "Please don't come in. And don't touch anything. I want everything left exactly as it is."

I couldn't tell whether or not he meant this order to include me but I backed out of the room obediently and joined the others in the living-room. Ann, our lamp-lighter, was already searching for a candle. A match sputtered and Ann exclaimed, "There's almost no oil in this lamp. And

the candles are mostly burned out. Someone will have to get more from the store-room. I meant to do it right after dinner."

Someone else might volunteer for this service. I had done enough battle with Ann over the lighting arrangements. Lindy ran out to fetch them and I found a cigarette and sat down. My nerves were beginning to let go now, and I felt shaky.

Lindy returned after a few minutes and said, "I can't find any candles there. Does anyone know where they are?"

Ann said, "I do," and they went back together to search.

I asked Gordy to start up the fire, which was down to a few embers, but he simply stood and looked at me. I said again, "Make up the fire, why don't you? It's freezing cold in this room."

Gordy said hollowly, "I was with him for two hours this evening. Now he's dead." Why Gordy should take it so hard, I couldn't imagine, but he seemed terribly agitated. I called to Slats. "Will you do something about the fire?" Slats set to work at once.

Presently Ann's voice could be heard. "There were some left. I know there were. I saw them there myself last night. They couldn't have been used up in daylight. Someone has taken them."

Jim and Mrs. Sibellus came into the room at this point, and Ann had the decency to be still. Jim said, "Will one of you see if you can help Mrs. Sibellus? I think she ought to go back to bed, perhaps."

I rose at once, but she held up her hand. "No. I am quite strong. I need nothing." Her hand was steadier than mine.

Jim looked at her anxiously. "This has been a bad shock to you, know. We don't want you to collapse later."

She said gravely, "I shall not collapse" and sat down quietly by the fire. Whatever she felt, she was bearing up better than any of us. As soon as he saw Mrs. Sibellus cared for, Jim turned back into the study, closing the door after him.

Mrs. Sibellus made her first suggestion. "Do you want to go and tell Isobel? I left her asleep in her room." Her voice was perfectly level.

I had forgotten Isobel. It seemed strange that she had not heard the confusion downstairs. Mrs. Sibellus must have guessed my thoughts. "The doctor—she hesitated for the first time—ordered a sleeping draught for her when she came to bed. He thought she ought to rest. I believe that she went to sleep at once. That is probably why she has not heard the noise." I rose to go upstairs as she added,

"You will have to enter through my room. She locked her door from the inside. She was very nervous." Upstairs, I hurried through the Sibellus' bedroom, through the connecting bath, and tried the door to Isobel's room. It was locked, and I was obliged to knock, calling Isobel's name. At first I got no answer. Then, after a moment, she asked sleepily, "Who is it?"

I told her. "Let me come in. I want to tell you something." I rattled the knob. Her voice had sounded faint and I did not want her to fall back into that drugged sleep.

After a pause during which I could hear movements inside the room, the lock snapped and Isobel opened the door. She stood in the lighted bathroom, blinking and rubbing her eyes like a sleepy child.

"What's the matter?"

I took her arm and led her to a chair. As gently as possible I told her. "Mrs. Sibellus thought you ought to know."

She began to tremble violently and her breath came in gasps. "Killed? He's killed . . ." Then a sort of sobbing scream

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

escaped her, and as I drew her into my arms, she abandoned herself to hysteria. She wept wildly, she laughed, and once I felt her stiffening as though she were about to lose consciousness. I did what I could, tried to soothe her, and held her until after a long time, the sobbing abated and she was left as limp as a drowned woman. When the storm seemed to be over, I tried to urge her to go back to bed. She refused.

"No—no. I can't stay here alone now. I want to go downstairs. I want to—~~to see~~ him. He can't be really—dead." A sob shook her and I was afraid she would grow hysterical again. However, she restrained herself, and despite my protests insisted upon coming downstairs with me.

Isobel went directly to Mrs. Sibellus and held out a hand. It was like making a gesture towards the Sphinx; the image did not stir or seem to see the motion. In her own mute, frozen way, she was as much overstricken as Isobel. Then life seemed to come back; she took the proffered hand, pressed it without a word. After a moment Isobel turned away and sank into a chair.

Lindy proved his use in this emergency. He was terribly alarmed about Isobel. Not only was she evidently on the point of collapse, but even disheveled as she was, with mantle of straight silver-blond hair around her, she was an appealing spectacle. Lindy rushed to get her water, a cushion for her back, a cigarette. She smiled once but for the most part sat staring at the closed door of the study. The rest of us, assembled for the moment, sat with her and waited. Again we were in the grip of that old, terrible suspicion; we were afraid of each other. At that moment I would not have turned my back on any one of them, voluntarily, for a moment.

It was a long time before the study door opened again and Jim came slowly into the living-room. He looked white and weary. No one spoke; instinctively, we all waited for him to broach the subject. He looked at us for a moment before he said, "Does anyone know anything at all about this murder?"

No word from the group. He walked over to the table and sat down beside it, moving his notebook under the wavering light and frowning as he tried to read.

Still no answer, but a faint, sobbing sigh from Isobel. Jim wrote a few words. "You might begin, Ruby." He looked up at the immobile face of the man in the chair nearest him.

Ruby inclined his head and began to speak in a level, expressionless voice. "You want me to start with dinner?" Jim nodded.

"Very well. As soon as dinner was over I came into this room. The rest of the party was here, I believe. Mrs. Loveland—he looked towards Ann—"suggested holding a sitting—a seance—with the idea of seeking a clue to the mystery." He paused for a moment, and I felt that he was waiting for the usual protest against this form of research. No one spoke, however, and he went on. "Dr. Sibellus objected to the idea. He tried to persuade the company not to indulge in what he termed—charlatanism." Ruby was meticulous in reporting this quarrel. "We disagreed—hotly. Since the others still wished me to sit, I opposed the doctor and we quarrelled, as you all remember. At that, he decided to withdraw and asked his wife and his patient to do the same. Mrs. Sibellus agreed and went upstairs, I suppose. At least she left the room, the other ladies going into the hall and the doctor into his study with Mr. Loveland.

"The rest of us decided to proceed with

our seance and went into the game room to sit, with the idea that our presence there would be less offensive to the doctor. I believe that we were ready to begin the sitting by quarter to nine, or nine o'clock. We continued until some time before eleven, when the group broke up to have supper. Since I had a severe headache I decided not to eat, but to walk on the porch instead. I must have left the house shortly after eleven and stayed on the verandah, walking back and forth, for half an hour.

"When I came in, supper was over and everyone was about to retire, I entered the hall just as Miss Costello appeared from the living-room calling for Mr. Steele. I didn't know, then, what had happened, but I could see that she was badly upset. I stayed in the hall with the others until she came a second time and said Mr. Steele wanted us in the study—that Dr. Sibellus had been killed. Since that time I have remained in this room." He ceased speaking.

"Did you see or hear anything while you were on the porch?"

"Nothing," Ruby said, emphatically.

Jim said bitterly, "That's too bad—for all our sakes." He turned a page in his book and chose the next subject.

"Hal."

"Nothing to tell." Hal shifted in his seat uncomfortably. "I was in the living-room after dinner, then in the game room during the seance. Then in the dining-room while we ate supper. I was in the hall when Charl came, the second time, and have been in this room ever since."

Jim made no comment and passed on to the next. "Slats."

"Same story, almost. Dinner, living-room, game-room, dining-room for supper again, hall and here." He hesitated for a moment. "There was one thing that struck me as rather queer. It was probably nothing, but it made me wonder at the time." He looked at Jim questioningly.

Jim said, "For Heaven's sake, tell it. Any information, however irrelevant, may help us."

Slats bit his lip. "Well, I did leave the game-room once during the seance. I went to the bar to get drinks for the party. Bill had just refilled the icebox and I found that he'd left the bar ice-pick in the kitchen. I wanted to crack some ice for the drink so I went out into the kitchen for the pick. I found it, after lighting a few matches, and started back with it."

"Coming back, of course, I had to pass the hall door of the study. Apparently the door was not tight shut, because I heard voices coming from inside as I passed by. One was the doctor's voice—I'd swear to that. The other I wasn't so sure of. I thought I knew—but it was raised as though the person were angry. It was so loud that I couldn't help hearing what it said—a few words, anyway."

"It said, 'If you've had anything to do with my wife, I'll kill you.' I heard that perfectly plainly. Then there was some more, not quite so loud. I was startled at first, of course, but it wasn't any of my business so I didn't stop. I went through into the bar, cracked the ice, fixed up a tray of drinks and came back into the game-room." He looked at Jim nervously. "That's all there is to it. It may not mean anything, of course."

Jim said tersely, "Whose voice did you think you recognised?"

"Bill's."

A little wave of surprise and relief rippled over the group. Relief, because if Bill was the murderer, then the rest of us were not.

Perhaps the problem was on the verge of solution. Jim was pursuing the subject. "You are sure of that?"

Slats squirmed. "No, I won't swear to it. But I thought at the time it was Bill."

Ann cried impetuously, "Why don't you get him and make him confess? The sooner we get this murderer under lock and key, the safer we shall all be."

Jim shook his head. "If he did it, he can't escape. No one can. I want to find this evidence now we've started. After that I'll get Bill." I could see that this new information was puzzling him. He sat frowning at his notebook for a time before he began on the next witness. Fran and Lindy were the next in line.

Fran was making an effort to be brave. Her voice trembled a little. "I don't know anything different from the rest. I did just what they did. I was here after dinner and then in the game-room and dining-room. I never left the rest of the people at all. I was just going to bed when Charl came in."

Jim nodded, without questioning her further, and passed on to Lindy. His statement was a duplicate of Fran's. We seemed to have exhausted the vein of new info. Ann likewise could only tell the same tale. Jim made no comment, and turned to Isobel and Mrs. Sibellus. "Will you ladies tell me what you did? You were not with the group all the time."

Isobel sat forward in her chair. I could see her fingers tighten on the chair arms but she controlled herself wonderfully. "After dinner, as you know, I was here in the living-room until Dr. Sibellus asked me to leave. I hated to go—" her eyes sought Mrs. Sibellus' appealingly—"I hated to go since Mr. Ruby was here at my request, so I decided to stay—for a while at least. I went into the game-room with the others and stayed there during the first part of the sitting. Then—after Gordy came in—there was—a dispute—"

She fought for a moment to regain control. When she began again her voice was little more than a whisper. "It upset me—and—you remember—I went up to bed. Charl went upstairs with me. Mrs. Sibellus was there and I talked to her for a moment. She gave me some medicine the doctor wanted me to have—a sleeping draught and I took it and went to bed, and slept almost at once."

"I don't remember any more until someone knocked on my door—the bathroom door—and I recognised Charl's voice. She told me—what had happened. It shocked me terribly and I broke down. As soon as I could I came downstairs with her and have been here ever since."

"You say that Charl knocked on your bathroom door. Does that mean that your outer door was locked?"

"Yes." Isobel turned again to the doctor's wife. "Mrs. Sibellus knew that I was terribly nervous when I went to bed and suggested that if I locked the outside door and window I should feel safer. She was going to be in her room, waiting up for the doctor, and she thought it might comfort me. It's childish, but one does feel safer knowing that there is help near."

"Did you leave your bathroom door unlocked?"

"No. I locked even that. But I knew that she was right there, if I should need her." Jim said, "Thank you," and passed on to Mrs. Sibellus. This was what I had been waiting for. I wanted to hear what she would say. Her manner was steady, but inhuman somehow. She showed not a trace of feeling throughout the entire conversation. Her answers came monotonously and mechanically, as though it were a robot speaking.

"At my husband's request, I went directly to my room. I read for a while—until Bill came upstairs. Then, as she told you, I gave her the medicine he had left and talked to her for a few minutes before she went to bed. After that I went to my room and waited for my husband. He had expected to come upstairs as soon as he had finished his conference with Mr. Loveland. I waited for some time, trying to read, but the light was poor and the room cold, so that finally I lay on my bed and dozed.

"When he did not come up, I was surprised, but he often sat up late studying. Therefore, I did not worry. I was awake when the party downstairs came into the hall. I could hear the voices—not the words—until someone seemed to cry out. I came into the hall then, and down as far as the landing to learn what had happened. Then I heard someone suggest calling me. So I spoke." She waited for a moment, then added, "That is all I know."

"I could see that Jim hated to press her, but he had to ask, 'Mrs. Sibellius, did your husband have any reason that you know of, to fear the enmity of anyone in this house?'

She met his eye unflinchingly. "I do not know."

"He had never spoken to you of such a possibility?"

"Not as a danger to himself. Of course, since this murder he was greatly upset. He recognised that we might all be in danger."

"I see. That's all for the present, Mrs. Sibellius. I may want to ask you more later on."

I couldn't see that he had learned much from her. He passed on quickly to Gurdy, and here again I held my breath to listen. Gurdy had been the last known person to see the doctor alive. He was intensely interested, now, and began to speak quickly before Jim questioned him.

"You all know that after the doctor and Bill had had their little spat I was asked to go into the study to talk to the doctor. I did go in, and we talked there for more than an hour, I should think. At least—it was before nine when we went in and it must have been nearly ten when I came out and went into the game room with the others. After that I stayed in the game room until supper, then went into the dining-room and ate. I was in the hall with the others when Chari came in."

He had left out everything that might be of interest. Jim asked, "While you were with the doctor, did any other person enter the study and speak to him?"

"No. Not a soul. Whoever it was that Bill heard must have come in after I left."

Jim looked at him for a moment and then, to my surprise, dropped the subject. "OK. I'll talk to you later on. Now, who else hasn't spoken?"

Ann and I hadn't. Neither of us had anything new to tell, since Jim had been with us all the evening. We spoke our pieces as briefly as possible, and Jim noted our remarks. After that he rose.

"I'm going up to get Bill." He left the room and we all sat back with some relief. Presently he returned with Bill, in an overcoat on top of his pyjamas, looking sleepy and frightened. He sat down docilely beside Jim and answered his questions in a low halting voice.

"Tell me what you did during the evening."

"I was upstairs with Jenny. She's sick."

"Were you there all the evening?"

"No, sir." Bill looked surprised. "You must have seen me when I came downstairs. I had to get ice for that rubber ice bag the doctor gave her. There wasn't

much in the kitchen so I went out to the icehouse to get some. I filled the little bag and then I remembered that the bar icebox had been almost empty in the afternoon. I thought I'd fill it. So I got a piece to fit and brought it in and put in the box. And I thought I'd tell Miss Charlotte about that and about Jenny—she's been good to her. And so I did."

Jim nodded. "I know that. What did you do after you had told Miss Charlotte?"

Bill twisted his hands. "I went upstairs."

"Directly? You did not stop anywhere on the way?"

Bill looked at me desperately and I longed to help him. He seemed like such a nice, honest kid. He finally had to answer. "Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"I stepped into the doctor's study."

"Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to speak to him." Bill had got his nerve back now and he looked at Jim defiantly as he answered.

"Go on."

"Well—I did speak to him. Then I went upstairs and went to bed."

Jim said sternly, "I'm afraid you have to tell us what you wanted to speak to the doctor about."

Bill looked rebellious. "That's my business."

"No, it isn't." Jim's tone was sharp. "Someone heard part of that conversation and it sounds pretty bad for you, Bill. If you're innocent, in spite of that, you'd better prove it."

BILL cried. "I didn't kill him," and then sat back for a moment, covering his face with his hands. At last he looked up at Jim. "I'll tell you. When I was in the game room waiting for a chance to talk to Miss Charlotte, I heard something that concerned me—and the doctor. I went into his study, and told him about it."

"What did you hear?" Even Jim looked surprised.

"That boar thing was talking about Jenny."

"What?" Jim was as startled as the rest of us.

"It did. I heard it being read off. It said that he—he had been crazy about her." Bill's voice was hoarse. "It said that he wouldn't let her go. That she wanted to go away but he wouldn't let her. And that's true. It said that he was going to keep her here and kill her with poison. And it said that he was afraid of me."

"Good Lord, Bill, you're crazy. It never mentioned such a thing. It was talking about something else entirely."

Bill said doggedly, "You can't fool me. I heard it. It said, 'Oscar loves Jenny.' I heard it."

Suddenly I remembered. "He's right. It did, but it meant Geneva. It had been talking all that nonsense about Geneva, and it did say something like that. Bill must have misunderstood."

Bill started to protest, but Jim cut in. "What is Jenny's full name, Bill?"

"It's Jane." Bill sounded confused.

"Then you've made a mistake. What you heard did not refer to your wife but to someone else. The names confused you. Now tell us what passed between you and the doctor when you went into the study. I want every word of it, and I want the truth."

"You're sure he wasn't talking about my Jenny?"

Bill had to make certain. "Well, then, I'm sorry I talked to him like I did. What

happened was this. I was going upstairs but after what I heard I was so mad that when I went past his door I couldn't help going in. Jenny'd worked for them before we was married, so I couldn't help believing it. Anyways, I went in."

"The doctor asked me what I wanted and I told him what I'd just heard. I told him he could keep his hands off from her. He was mad, too, and told me to get out, but I wouldn't until I'd said what I come for. I told him that if he ever touched her again, I'd kill him. I meant it. After that I turned around and went out. I went right upstairs. I was going to talk to Jenny, too, but she was asleep and she still looked awful sick, so I decided to wait till morning."

"I sat by her for a little while, thinking about everything, and I heard some moving around downstairs and pretty soon Miss Charlotte came up to see about Jenny. She couldn't do anything because Jenny was asleep, so she went away. After that I went to bed and I've been there ever since. I was mad enough to kill him if he'd said a word more, but just the same I didn't do it. You don't have to believe me if you don't want to."

Jim waited a minute before he asked, "Exactly what was the doctor doing when you left the room?"

Bill struggled to remember. "Why, I think he was just going to pour himself a drink. He always took a nightcap, as he called it, before he went to bed. I didn't notice especially, but that's what I sort of remember."

"I see. Was he alone in the room when you went in?"

"Yes, I think that someone had just gone out as I went in. I heard the other door close. But only the doctor was there when I went in."

"Did you hear talking in the study before you opened the door?"

Bill flushed dull. "Yes—a little. When I first went to the door somebody was talking, and then they went out."

"What did they say?"

"I only heard a little. I heard the person say something about coming back later. Then he went out and I knew it was my chance to go in."

"Who was the second speaker?"

"I think it was Mr. Loveland."

"That's right. That checks." Jim leafed over his notes and then returned to Bill. "You can go back to bed now, Bill. I'll have to talk to you some more to-morrow, probably, but I know that you don't like to leave your wife alone for too long." Bill looked up gratefully. "Don't try to get away. I'm sure you won't, but it would be useless anyway. We'll see you in the morning."

Bill mumbled, "Thank you," and hurried out of the room.

Jim returned to his paper. A few minutes later he looked up to say, "There's no reason why you can't go to bed now, if you want to. It won't do any good to stay up all night."

Ann snorted. "It won't do any good to go to bed, either. I'd never sleep a wink. I'm going to stay right here where I can watch everyone." That was a tactful suggestion.

I said tartly, "Well, it can't do any harm to be as comfortable as possible if we're all going to stay here. I'm going to lie down somewhere."

This suggestion was favorably received. The living-room was an immense place, with a number of sofas and easy-chairs. I found a soft spot on a sofa and curled up on it; some of the others did the same. Even Ann, after some grumbling, rustled around and

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

finally settled herself on two chairs, and Fran chose a sofa.

The lamp, which had been dying gradually, was now almost out. Ann insisted upon using her own boarded candle to supplement the lamp, but the room was still dusky. Jim, studying his notes, was obliged to go into the game-room where the hanging lamp still contained a few drops of oil. Hal and Slats and Lindy went with him, I believe. At least I was dimly conscious that the gathering had dispersed temporarily, and I could hear occasional conversation from across the hall. Gordy, even more restless than usual, paced about.

In the end only Isobel and Mrs. Sibellius were brave enough to prefer their own rooms. I labored with them for a while, urging that they stay with the rest of us. Mrs. Sibellius smiled bleakly. "I'm not afraid. I should really prefer to be in my own room, if no one minds." Of course, no one did. Isobel went with her, and I felt that as long as they were together they ought to be moderately safe. So far as that went, which of us could count on safety? I was beaten enough not to care much. If I was the next victim, so be it. I could do no more. I should have preferred to stay with Jim, but that was out of the question. He was busy. I tried to sleep.

I did not sleep long or well, but I did doze off occasionally, to drift back upon the sound of voices from the other room, perhaps, or Ann's frequent complaining. Gordy's peregrinations disturbed me, too, and I woke a dozen times with his restless comings and goings. He would not stay anywhere long; he ignored Ann's commands and entreaties to stay with her.

Lindy came in and made himself comfortable on the end of Fran's sofa. The other men were still, apparently, in the game-room. Our lamp had at last flickered and died completely and the candle was guttering to an end so that the room was almost dark save for what feeble light streamed in from across the hall. I must have dozed again.

I was awakened, so far as I know, by an idea. I remembered that, when I had left the kitchen and run upstairs to see Jenny just before supper, my hand, resting lightly and unconsciously on the handrail, had encountered wetness. That was all of the memory.

What was the moisture? Water? How had it got there? Or could it have been blood? We did not yet know whether or not the doctor had already been killed at that time but I was inclined to believe so. Quietly I arose and stole into the hall. The only light was a faint beam from the hanging lamp in the game room. Its fuel was nearly gone and the light was dying.

From the threshold I could see that the occupants of this room, too, had given up to sleep; Slats' feet were hanging awkwardly over the end of the settle by the fireplace, and at the card table Jim had finally abandoned his labors and was lying with his head on his arms, sleeping. The house was singularly quiet. It would be foolish to wake the poor man now. I turned back to my sofa.

The hall seemed unusually cold. It was now early morning and the whole house had cooled perceptibly with the dying of the hearth fires, but in the hall I felt a draught. Someone, probably Gordy, who had been haunting the spot, had left the back-hall door open and we were getting an arctic gale from the kitchen regions. It would be a pity for all of us to freeze to death in our sleep, like explorers on an iceberg. I went towards the bar, my hands out-

"After I had finished taking evidence about Dr. Sibellius' death, everyone retired for the night. What did you do then?"

"I went into the game-room and slept on one of those wooden settles by the fireplace."

"Talk to Gordy?"
Slats drew a long breath. "No."
"Why not?"
"Because we—weren't on good terms."
"For what reason?"

"You know the reason. You heard that argument we had during the *accident*. Slats' voice was heavy with pain. Ann sobbed suddenly.

Jim paid no attention. "Very well. You spoke to everyone but Gordy because you and he were sore at each other. Did you know where he had gone?"

"No." Slats set his jaw.
"Never saw him again after you finally found your place on the settle?"
"Never spoke to him again." Slats said carefully, "I heard his voice several times in the hall and in the other room. He was walking around."

"O.K." Jim was taking notes. "Anything more?"

"Nothing except that I lay on the settle and slept until I heard Gauri screaming. Then, of course, I jumped up and ran into the hall." He paused, then added viciously, "When I got there she was behind the bar, kneeling beside Gordy's body—and you were with her."

Jim looked up coolly. "I know all about that part, thanks. Is that all you want to say?"

"Yes." Slats lit a cigarette as nonchalantly as possible but I could see his hands trembling.

Jim continued methodically with his work. Hal's story matched Slats' in almost every particular. He had gone into the game room with him and stayed there. Lindy and Fran had been in the living-room, Ann, too. Her examination was painful. She told of trying to make Gordy stay with her but that he was restless and wanted a drink. The last time she saw him he was on his way to the bar. Jim was as kind as possible but he had to have the facts. Isobel, Ruby and Mrs. Sibellius were the three who had been upstairs. Jim took them next.

Jim had saved me for the last to give me time to pull myself together. Even so, every time I thought about those last moments, I felt faint. However, I told my story as clearly as I could in answer to Jim's questions. The worst point was, of course, why I happened to get up and go into the hall when everyone else was asleep. Even to myself my answer sounded foolish. "Because I remembered something that I wanted to tell you." Jim seemed to believe me but I could feel the others stiffen suspiciously when I said it. Jim wanted to know whether I thought that a sound from the hall could have awakened me. I couldn't, honestly, say so.

"I don't know. It might have, of course unconsciously. But I didn't realize it at the time and I can't remember any sound now. I simply came wide awake all at once, with an idea in my mind. It was something to do with the evidence you had been taking, and I thought it was important. I got straight up and crossed the hall to tell you."

"If it seemed as important as that, why didn't you go on and tell me?" I know that Jim hated to ask that.

"Because you were asleep. I got as far as the game room door without thinking. Then I could just see you—the light was almost gone—and you were sound asleep, and so was everyone else. It seemed foolish

to wake you when you were tired, so I turned to go back. Then I realised that there was a draft blowing into the hall from the door back of the bar. I felt cold and went to close it before I lay down again. That's how I happened to find him." No one believed me. I knew that no one believed me, but that was all I could say.

Jim wrote in his book and then asked: "What was the message you were anxious to give me?"

I said wearily, "It doesn't matter now, does it?" I didn't want to tell that queer memory to the whole group.

Jim shook his head. "Not now. You ought to lie down. You're all in. I want you to rest." He got up and came over to my chair. "You come into the study with me and lie on the sofa while I go over these papers."

"The study?" My last sight of that room, with the doctor lying dead on the floor and the ghastly disorder of the crime, made it seem anything but a place of refuge.

Jim said quietly, "It's all right now. We just—fixed it up while you were in Jenny's room."

I expected, naturally enough, that Jim had asked me to come into the other room in order to question me about the message I had suppressed. In the general tension of the moment I had lost Jim in any role other than Grand Inquisitor. Instead, however, he tucked me up on the sofa and made himself generally comforting for a few moments before he began his work. Heaven knows I needed comfort. I couldn't resist asking weakly, "Jim, you do believe what I said about last night?"

He patted my hand. "Of course, I do. Don't talk about last night for a while. You need to forget it and rest. I'm going to make one last stab at those papers and see if I can decide what I think."

He spread out his sheaf of papers—testimony, descriptions of the three murders, time-tables, a drawing of the house, every piece of data he had collected—and began to study them. Occasionally he made some vague remark about what he read or uttered a few random verses. At last he got up and strode to the back-hall door. I protested feebly.

"Don't go. I don't want to stay here alone."

He said, "Silly," very tenderly and proceeded to make things safe. "I'll lock the door. Don't let anyone else come in. I'll knock. I want to have one last look around, upstairs."

He was back again in a quarter of an hour and his manner, when I unlocked the door for him was distinctly excited. "I've found something. My hunch told me it must be there—and it was." He threw the bunch of house keys down on the desk. "By the Lord, I think I've got hold of something."

I was wild to know. "What?"

"I won't say—yet. I've got to be certain. But it certainly confirms my hunch, so far as it goes."

He went to the desk and began to study his papers once more. "Listen to this. I want you to hear some of my reasoning and see if it checks." I nodded and he began to present his case.

"Three murders: one on Saturday night, two on Monday night. One strangulation, two stabbings. In each case no definite traces of the murderer, and in each case the crime was committed in an accessible place—that is, one which was unlocked and open to any intruder. And in each case every member of the party—possibly, although not very probably—could have done it since every person was absent from the group and alone for a sufficient length of time. Those facts are identical in all

three killings. They don't tell us much, but I've made a list of other identical points.

Listen to this: Points identical to all three: (1) The eyes of the victim were closed. (2) The victim had had a drink recently. Next there are points common to two of the murders. In both the doctor's and Regina's murders: (1) Both found in some way. (2) Flesh not chafed under the bonds. (3) Eyes closed. (4) Room accessible. (5) No sound was heard during any struggle that may have occurred. (6) Both had been drinking recently. In the doctor's and Gordy's murders: (1) Both were stabbed with a sharp weapon. (2) Both weapons were left in the wound. (3) Both bodies showed some signs of struggle. (4) Both rooms were more or less upset. (5) Both bodies had closed eyes. (6) Both positions accessible. (7) Both men were alive when stabbed."

"How do you know that last and what does it mean?"

"Not much, except that if the drink evidence were interpreted to mean poison and the stabbing just a blind then, if the victim was already dead when he was stabbed the wound would not have bled profusely as it did in each case."

"Go on." I did not see where this was leading.

"That's all of that. Except that in each case the murder was discovered fairly soon after it was committed. The known times and alibis prove that, as well as the conditions of the bodies. I don't know much about it, but, judging by temperature both the doctor and Regina were found within an hour or so at the most. Gordy was colder."

"I shuddered. "He was lying in a cold place."

"Possibly, but I think I'm right. However, we'll let that go. It doesn't tell us much. Now I've made out a list of questions I should like to be able to answer."

(1) Why was the doctor tied? Why tie him so that he was helpless and then stab him?

(2) Why was there no noise during this process—if as the disorder of the room seems to indicate—there had been a violent struggle in which he was overpowered and then killed.

(3) Why the search? What was the murderer looking for? (A paper, judging from the open desk drawers.) What paper?

(4) Why was there no sign of chafing, at the wrists, for example, under his bonds? The same thing applies to Regina's neck. I can't see why, if he was tied while he was still alive—which the position of the body and the bleeding of the wound indicate—he would not try to break the bonds and escape instead of sitting still and letting himself be killed. Regina, the same. She apparently submitted quietly to having her belt twisted around her neck until she died.

(5) Why was her belt not wrinkled? (That still bothers me.)

(6) How could Gordy's papers—from his inside pockets, I assume—have been removed by the murderer, inspected and put back in his jacket pocket, after the stabbing, and not show a single bloodstain?

(7) Why was his coat so neatly pushed aside for the knife to enter? It's not even badly stained.

(8) Why was his silver pencil on the floor and entirely unstained? He always carried it in his left-hand vest pocket—I've noticed it. And it wouldn't readily fall out because it had a patent clip on it to prevent that. (I'd give a million dollars right now

for a fingerprint expert. There might be the answer to the whole thing printed on that pencil. If we ever get to civilisation again, I'm going to have it photographed.)

(9) Why were the undersides of the forearms of his coat sleeves slightly sticky and dampish, and smelled of whisky? I know that there was whisky spilled on the bar when the bottle overturned, but that suggests that he was resting with his elbows on the counter—sprawled forward, in other words—and yet he was stabbed from the front and he was found well behind the bar lying on his back with his feet nearest to it."

"Maybe he was drunk and fell over against the bottle."

"And then fell over backwards and lay there until he was stabbed? That's possible, of course. But I don't see Gordy getting so drunk that he would spill the last drop of liquor in the house." Jim sat frowning at his list of questions.

I asked timidly, "Do you know the answers to any of those questions?"

"Oh—I can make up possible ones. It gives me a queer result, though."

"Go on to the other questions." I was amazed to see how much Jim was making of it.

"If we admit that the doctor was drugged, that answers the first two. The third, about the search, we can't answer at all, so far. We don't know of any paper. The fourth question goes with the first two. Fifth also—perhaps. I'll think about that later. Gordy's papers worry me. It seems incredible that, with all the blood there was about them, they didn't get one single drop. If not from the actual stabbing, then from the murderer's hands. He couldn't have had time to wash them."

"But suppose Gordy was drugged, too. That seems to have been the method. If he had been drugged so that he was unconscious—first—then the person could have searched him, looked at the papers, put them back and then killed him."

Jim fell upon my suggestion. "Of course. I'm a fool. That must be it. There's no other answer possible. It would account for the coat's being pushed out of the way. Maybe it even accounts for the pencil's rolling out. That might have happened while the murderer was going through his pockets. The pencil dropped to the floor and was forgotten." He was growing immensely excited. "Really, Charl, I think we may have got it. You're a good girl."

"We may have got the method, but I don't see that we've got any closer to the murderer." I objected. "We may know enough to refuse strange drinks in future, but the liquor is all gone, so that won't help us much. I want to know who did it."

Jim refused to be discouraged. "So do I, but I think now that we'll get that. We've got to work carefully and take every point before we accuse anyone."

"What about motive? We made a list once. What about that?" Perhaps, because I was a woman, I couldn't help feeling that the personal, human factor in the equation was the important one.

Jim leaned back in his chair. "That won't help us here, I believe. I tried to work it out that way, at first, but nothing makes sense. I made a million lists but they all cancelled each other, and I've decided that the motive in this business is something we don't know. I'm going to work it out the other way, if I can."

"What do you mean, cancelled each other?"

"I'll show you." He fished out a closely-written sheet. "I went over our motives

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

and our situation—humanly—in each case, compared it with the alibis of all of us, and made out a list of the most likely suspects. Here are the ones we agreed as most probable for Regina's murder: Fran, Isabel, Ruby, Hal, Lindy. For the doctor's murder, taking everything into consideration, there were only three, really: Mrs. Sibellius, Bill, Gordy. For Gordy's murder: Slats, Ann—and you. And there isn't a single person on one list that appears on any other list. And there you are."

I groaned. "Oh, dear, I'm tired of thinking about it. I wish I could marry an explorer and go to the South Pole."

Jim said crossly, "You're going to marry me and I'm going to teach you to shoot a pistol. Stop talking gibberish and have another brain wave. We need one."

"What else have you got written down there?" I could see a heap of papers on the desk.

Jim ruffled them disconsolately. "I've got a three-volume novel—there or thereabouts, Lists of clues, most of them blind. Questions I'd love to see answered." He pulled out a paper. "Do you know answers to these? Whose bobby pin was it in Regina's room, how did it get there?"

I shook my head. "Go on. I'll stop you if I think of anything."

"All right. Who put the keys in Charl's room, and why? Who was on the upper porch the night I heard footstepa? What has become of the extra candles? There's one more question but I found out the answer to that just now."

"What?"

"This is the question. What was the method of entry to Regina's room?"

"Why not just as usual—through the regular door? Why do you need a special method of entry?"

"Because I've thought all along that the murderer would have been a fool to take a chance on the main hall when all of us were wandering about. And when the bobby pin was left there, I was fairly sure of it, but when the ghost walked that night on the porch and then escaped so neatly, I was positive that he returned through Regina's room. And now I know it."

"What have you found?"

"I'm a fool not to have found it before—a blind fool. To-day I went up and searched Regina's bathroom. It's a huge one, you know. Used to be the public bath, or something like that, when this place was a hotel. Therefore, it holds more than the average sort of bathroom equipment. There is a bureau and a dressing-table and a sort of wardrobe affair which stands against the inside wall. To-day I had sense enough to pull that away from the wall, and I found a door there."

I was fearfully excited. "Where does it lead?"

"Into a linen-room. And the linen-room connects with the empty room right back of it. I knew that. I saw it when I borrowed the keys that first time. But the door had been blocked on that side, too. There are wooden cupboards all along that wall, and I never suspected a thing. To-day I found that both the linen cupboard and the wardrobe can be pulled away from the wall and the door opened. In fact, I would swear that they had been moved recently. There are marks on the floor to prove it. And the lock of the door looks as though it had been oiled."

"Did you open it?"

"No. None of the keys on the ring fit it. Whoever has been using that door has kept the key."

"How do you know that it was ever on the ring?"

"I don't know for sure, but I asked Bill how many keys there were and he said seven. And now there are only six. He wasn't positive when I showed him the key-ring, but I am morally certain that there was one more—perhaps it was there until Saturday night. And whoever has that key knows the answers to a lot of my questions."

Suddenly I remembered that I had not delivered my message. It would give Jim one more question for his list. I told him as carefully as I could. "Rather to my surprise, he found it interesting."

"Water on the handrail—that's really queer. And yet, it fits into our theory that someone is using the back stairs for his getaway. This sounds as though it were someone who had been outdoors. It was pouring, of course, last night. You couldn't tell whether there was water on the stairs, I suppose?"

"No. It was darkish, you see. I didn't really notice this consciously. At the time, I must have noticed it vaguely, as one does a sudden unexpected sensation: that it was merely an unpleasant feeling. I may have wiped it off on my handkerchief. I don't remember. And I didn't even remember the incident until it woke me out of a sound sleep. Then it was as though someone had spoken to me. I can't explain it. I was out of the room and halfway across the hall before I realised that it was an idiotic thing to wake you up for. And then the draught. This morning, when I had to tell about it, I knew how insane it sounded. No one could have invented such a flimsy tale. I felt perfectly hopeless. And no one believed it."

"I did," said Jim succinctly. He hesitated a moment. "You know, Charl, I shouldn't be surprised if that turned out to be an important clue. It suggests all sorts of things to me. It fits in."

"Fits in to what?"

"Everything. And it makes an unpleasant picture." He sat staring at the gloomy drizzle outside. Apparently he came to a decision. "Charl, do something for me; ask Mrs. Sibellius to come in here, will you? I want to talk to her."

It was hard not to press questions at that point, but I did as I was told. Mrs. Sibellius looked up sharply when I spoke to her and the expression on her grim little face gave me a fleeting sensation that she had been waiting for the call. She went swiftly into the study and closed the door.

Soon after this it was time for lunch.

After lunch there were several thousand dishes to wash and by the time that was over I was too late to catch Jim again. He had retired into the study with Michael Ruby, and I did not dare to intrude. By tacit consent we all drifted into the living-room—in plain sight of each other—and tried wearily to occupy ourselves. After a few minutes Mrs. Sibellius went upstairs; whether or not she was immune to the terror that gripped the rest of us, I do not know. From the first she was willing to be alone in her room.

Just before it got dark someone suggested that, if we were going to wash before dinner, we had better go upstairs—all together—and attend to it, since the lighting situation was far too critical to allow any candles to be wasted for such matters. It seemed a good idea; I had not even powdered my nose since daybreak, and I must have been a depressing sight, judging from the way the other looked. We went up in a body, fortifying each other with the most obviously false courage, and as I turned my lock I could hear three other locks turning

in three other doors. I changed my dress, did my hair, repaired my countenance as well as I could, and actually felt somewhat better for it. Nothing raises a woman's morale so much as a fresh make-up.

I was about to leave the room and was rummaging in my dressing-case for a hanky when I felt a strange object on the bottom of the bag under my lingerie. Something large and hard; lifted it out and behold, with an indescribable sinking of the heart, a loose brown paper parcel which opened to disclose some dozen and a half white candles. How had they got there? Who had put them there? How long had they lain there? I couldn't guess. For a moment I was too overwhelmed to do or think anything; I sat down on the floor beside my bag and simply gasped.

Finally I pulled myself together and decided on a course of action. It would be foolish—perhaps disastrous—to produce them openly; to stalk downstairs with these incriminating candles in my hands and tell the general public that they had appeared mysteriously in my suitcase. Jim was the only person who need know, and I hoped that their discovery might help him. Grimly enough I packed them once more in the bag, arranged an ingenuous chiffon nightgown over them, closed the bag and went downstairs to find Jim. He was still in the study, alone now as Ruby had rejoined the group around the living-room fire. I went straight in and told my tale. When he heard it the set look on his face tightened a notch. He asked abruptly, "What have you done with them?"

"Left them there. I was afraid to tell the others."

Jim said, "Good," and thought a moment. "That was right. We don't want them to know that we know. Not yet, at least. They'd raise a riot if they found out before we catch the murderer. And he would have that additional warning. But we've got to catch him—pronto."

"Who is he?" I had refrained from asking that question as long as I humanly could.

Jim shook his head. "I'm not going to tell you yet. Because, actually, it's only a guess. I can't prove it. But I'll swear I'm right."

"What are you going to do?" I couldn't see that we were any better off, if what he said was true.

"I'm going to try something. To-night I'm going to try to make the killer strike once more. And I'm going to be ready for him."

"How?" I was miles from having a thought of my own.

"I'm going to plant an idea. Suggest that someone else is after the only clue that could betray him; I believe that there are some papers—or he thinks there are—which he wants to destroy. That would account for the searches in the study after the doctor was killed, and later in Gordy's pockets. I'm going to stage a scene of my own, and give the necessary information. After that I'll ambush the place indicated and catch him red-handed."

"O Heaven!" Another horror in prospect. I felt too jaded to endure anything more.

Jim came around the desk and took hold of me. "Look here, darling. I know how hellish you feel, but if you'll only hold out for one more night, perhaps we can solve the whole ghastly riddle and go home. Won't you help me?"

"We've got to do something. Do you understand?"

I didn't understand anything. "You know a lot of things you haven't told me

What did you find out from Mrs. Sibellius and Ruby? I haven't heard anything about that. Tell me."

Jim boggled a bit at this. "Really, I don't want to tell you what I think. It might make you too nervous so that you'd give me away. It's important that no one suspect. About Mrs. Sibellius and Ruby—I asked them two things; I asked her why she had listened outside the study door that time you saw her, and Ruby I asked about that conference in the game room."

Suddenly I was excited. "What did they say?"

"Well, it seemed to fit more together more or less. Or Ruby says it does. And it seemed to be rather off from our course. Ruby says that he was talking to Isobel, and that the subject of the conversation was spiritualism. He says he felt that his hold on her as a devotee was being weakened by the general atmosphere here—cynicism and all that, and particularly by the doctor's influence. And he says, frankly, that he was trying a little strong-arm stuff on her. Insisting that she go on with her seances.

That's the way he explained what you heard him say. And he says that the doctor, after he had accidentally overheard their talk, called Isobel into the study and gave her the devil about it. It was a sort of contest of wills to see who could win Isobel. It's her money, I suppose. Then I asked Mrs. Sibellius what she had heard, and she more or less confirmed his statement. That is, what she overheard might be translated an bearing on the spiritualism controversy."

"Was that all?" I was disappointed that this came from which I had hoped so much had yielded so little.

"Practically all. Mrs. Sibellius did tell me one other thing. I asked her if any of the doctor's drug supply would be accessible to a person in the house, and she said that, aside from the medicine actually in me, all drugs were kept in a locked cabinet in her bathroom. She swears that it has not been tampered with at any time."

We spent the rest of the time before dinner in making careful plans for the evening's performance.

And so it turned out, oddly enough, that I was the last one to light that horrible red lamp. Under Jim's management, the wicks slowly got under way. No one was very keen about it. Not even Ruby, who looked to put it crudely, as though he needed a rat. Not even Isobel, who really did believe in the Other Plane but who, to-night, eyed the ouija board with reluctance.

Actually, it was Mrs. Sibellius who won the day. She made the suggestion, herself, to the blank surprise of the whole party. We had assumed, because the doctor had scolded the psychic, that she must too. But to-night she said quietly that she wondered if we would mind helping her try to get into communication with her husband. At first everyone demurred. There was a sort of general recoil around the room when she broached the subject. Ruby, in fact, said that he was feeling ill and could not sit. Everyone looked relieved at this, but the strange, stony little woman persisted. Well then, would someone else help her? She might get nothing, but she felt she must try. There was an awkward pause, then Jim came forward.

"I'll do my best. Mrs. Sibellius, if you think it would be any use. I'm not psychic at all, so far as I know, but I'll be glad to hold my hand on the board."

We all looked expectantly at Ruby; it seemed certain that he would take back his refusal and help, but he only sat, looking more like a golem than ever, and said

nothing. Since Jim and Mrs. Sibellius had got up and were fetching the ouija board, I bestirred myself and lit, as I have said, that little red lamp which contained the last drop of oil in the house. With no very good grace, Lindy and Hal did help to arrange the chairs and after a time the sitting began. Jim and Mrs. Sibellius holding the board between them, each with a hand stiffly poised on the little pointer. No one else volunteered so I took paper and pencil and sat beside them to write the message—if any—from the doctor.

Then—nothing happened. Nothing at all. We sat in silence, watching the board for the faintest sign of life, but it refused to budge. Finally Ann burst out with, "I told you it wouldn't work without Mr. Ruby. This is all nonsense."

Mrs. Sibellius held out a hand, pitifully. "No—no. I must get something. Please let us try again. I know it will come if we wait."

Another pause. I wondered why Jim was making us suffer through this suspense. And then the pointer did move a little; not much just a few tentative jerks, but it did move. A sigh seemed to arise from all of us, and in the silence that followed we saw the indicator slide slowly to the first letter.

"C-H-A-R-L"

Ann cried out, "It is Charl. I told you it was. He says that Charl did it—"

Jim broke into her speech. "It hasn't said anything at all yet, except her name. Wait and hear the rest before you accuse anyone."

YOU would defend her, of course," Ann's voice was bitter. "She hasn't killed anyone you love."

Mrs. Sibellius said, "Please. Let us go on."

The board jerked about wildly for a time, then spelled slowly, "Help me. You must help me. Get what I left. The key is in—"

There it broke off once more and began circling madly over the board as though it had lost its way. I breathed again. "What does it want me to find? I don't know about any key."

Jim asked earnestly, "Haven't you had anything to do with any keys since you've been here?"

This question disconcerted me. I did not know whether Jim wanted me to divulge our secret meeting that night in the kitchen. For this reason I stumbled somewhat in my answer, and as a result I could feel suspicion rising around me once more like a fog. "No—that is—no. Nothing but the key to my own room. I have that with me."

Jim seemed not at all perturbed by my quandary. "It can't be that, I should think. It said, 'Get what I left!' and he certainly did not leave your key. We'll have to get some more information before we can interpret this."

We settled in silence again; a silence in which the house creaked wearily and perpetual rain beat on the sodden earth outside. A pause. Then, once more, the little pointer made its way across the board, reading out letter at a time with a sort of creeping clumsiness as though it were a blind thing.

"The key. I left the key. On the banks of Jordan. Ye shall stand still in Jordan." That was all, except, it repeated three times. "Charl, help me—help me—help me."

Here was my moment; I knew that I must act. But I was paralysed with fright. It seemed to me that I could never find enough courage to go on. While I was still trying to muster my strength, discussion was rag-

ing around me. Ann and Hal were solidly against ouija this time.

"It's just nonsense, as I said it would be. This thing is all a fake. The stuff to-night is as crazy as the others." This was from Hal.

Ann cried: "The other stuff was not crazy. It was true. But Mr. Ruby got it. He's a real medium. He knows how to do it. But Jim Steele doesn't know a thing about it. He admitted that he didn't, the very first time he tried. And now he claims to be able to get a real message."

She turned to her oracle. "You tell them it's a fake."

Ruby closed his eyes and then opened them suddenly. "How can I say? It may be real. One of you may be psychic without knowing it. Or this may be, as Mr. Steele once suggested, I believe, merely a form of magnetism." It is impossible to describe the insolence of his tone.

Jim shook his head. "I can't explain it. I don't know what causes it. The words certainly came. What they may mean I don't see." He turned to Mrs. Sibellius. "Have you any ideas about it?"

She had been sitting motionless in her chair, her hands clenched in her lap. She answered quietly, "I don't know, of course. I have been feeling all day that my husband wanted to say something to me. I don't know why I felt it—but I did. And then I thought of this thing—this board. You had all seemed to believe in it before. So that I hoped. I do not understand this message."

Ann said stubbornly, "No one understands it because it's gibberish. Why should he send a message to Charl, of all people?"

Jim paid no attention to her. "Mrs. Sibellius, tell me, did you know of anything that your husband might have hidden? Did you feel that this message must come to you about a certain subject—something to do with the murders, perhaps?"

Mrs. Sibellius bent her head. "I knew that my husband was excited about something—worried, perhaps—before he died. He did not tell me what it was. I felt that he might wish to tell me now."

"If this message was a real one, apparently he did. This certainly says that he left something behind which he now wishes to have found. He's trying to tell us where to look. Can you think what he might mean?"

With an effort I managed to speak. "Why should he think that I know? I talked with him only a few times. And I don't know anything about the River Jordan—outside of the Bible, that is."

Jim caught the suggestion. "Maybe that's what he means. Could he have hidden something in a Bible? Do you know if there is a Bible in the house? People do sometimes hide papers by slipping them inside books. He may not mean a real key at all, but the key to our problem." His voice was eager.

Mrs. Sibellius smiled wanly. "There is probably a Bible among the books in his study. You may look there, if you like."

The others ridiculed this suggestion. "You're wasting your time. That message was the bunk." Hal got up and moved off as if he were sick of the whole business, and the rest followed suit. Even Mrs. Sibellius appeared to have given up hope.

She asked Isobel if she was ready to go to bed, and Isobel agreed. As the party was breaking up, I said rather loudly:

"Well, it can't do any harm to look. I'm going to see if I can find a Bible. It may be right here in this book-case." I turned to the small bookshelf by the fireplace and began to look through the titles.

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Mrs. Sibeilius, from half-way upstairs, called down, "If there is one, it would probably be in the study."

Ann said something in a scornful tone as she went out towards the kitchen. From the tail of my eye, I could see Jim gathering Slats and Lindy into the game room. Their voices murmured for a short time, then faded away. Fran, after Lindy's departure, cast a rather frightened look at me, said something about seeing Jenny, and ran up the stairs.

Hal had disappeared immediately after the scene. Only Ruby remained with me in the living-room. As I bent towards the bookshelf, I was conscious of his gaze following me, watching every motion I made. Overwrought as I was, it seemed that his eyes, like a pair of burning glasses, were trained upon me. If only I could stop trembling, I thought desperately; he must not guess what frantic terror was upon me.

Ages seemed to pass. I looked at every book, then dared to turn away and meet Ruby's gaze. "No Bible there. I don't understand that message, anyway, but perhaps I ought to look everywhere."

Ruby did not answer. The time had come. I took up my candle and started for the study. My knees were trembling so that I could scarcely walk, but somehow I reached the study door and felt its latch rattling under my hand as I pushed it slowly open and looked about. The room was empty. I lifted my candle and light flickered uncertainly over the walls.

Suddenly I caught sight of the black leather binding of a Bible on one of the lower shelves. As I leaned over to draw it out, a sudden draft of air from the door behind me caught my candle flame. It leaped up once, then went out. In the paralysing blackness that followed I knew that I was not alone in the room. I had not heard the door open, but from behind me came a faint sound of movement, soft, indescribable, then a single long-drawn breath. Silence rang in my ears. Then—there was a sudden motion towards me. I could feel it coming. Something caught at my arm and at last I screamed, wildly, uncontrollably; screamed so that my own voice seemed to fill the whole world.

Time seemed to stop while my voice hung on the air and I waited for the end. Then—how long, it took I cannot even guess—everything began to happen at once. There was a loud pounding and scraping as the french window was forced inward, confused voices shouted wildly, then running footsteps entered the room, the grip on my arm relaxed, and a pistol shot, deafeningly loud in the small room, seemed to shatter the night. There ensued moments of sheer panic, pandemonium, during which I slid to the floor clutching wildly at the edge of a bookshelf, and tried not to faint. The room seemed to be full of people trampling about, shouting for a light, and near me a man's voice was crying over and over, "Geneva—Geneva."

When at last a candle flame flared above me my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see clearly until a strong hand drew me to my feet and I heard Jim's voice speaking to me, telling me that it was all right. Then I took my hands away from my eyes and looked about. Lindy and Hal were standing near the window, as white as ghosts, and beside the desk Slats and Bill Huyck were bending over someone who was kneeling on the floor. I looked down at him stupidly. It was Michael Ruby who was there with a small pistol in his hand. I bent forward to see him staring down at a

woman's figure stretched on the floor beside him. The woman was Isobel.

Suddenly I could not bear it; not endure another moment of pain and horror. I turned and buried my face against Jim's shoulder. "Take me away. Oh, please let me go. I can't stay here. I can't—"

Jim picked me up and carried me out. Presently, from the black depths in which I had been swimming, I realised that Fran was beside me, perhaps others. Someone touched my face with cold water and I could feel myself breathing in long shuddering breaths. I could not understand what had happened to me, how I came to be there. My mind slowly and painfully tried to remember. Fear, darkness, my own voice screaming; at first that was all that came back to me. Someone was chaffing my hands now and I heard Jim's voice say frantically, "She's got to come to," and a man's arm tightened around me.

I made another effort to throw off the dizzy weakness that held me. Memory was returning now. That last scene, in the instant before I fainted, rose like a nightmare before my eyes. Murder and sudden death. I must know what had happened. The darkness ceased to whirl, and I opened my eyes.

"Did they get him?"

Jim was holding me in his arms. As I spoke, he bent over me anxiously. "Are you all right?" His own face was haggard. I struggled to sit up. "Yes—all right now. But tell me, I've got to know."

Jim said heavily, "Isobel is dead."

I cried, "I knew she was," and a sob caught my throat. Then I remembered more. "Did they get Ruby?" There he had knelt with the pistol in his hand.

There was a queer look on Jim's face. "Yes. He's right here. But he didn't kill her. She killed herself."

"No—no. I heard the footsteps coming. He was already in the room. I felt his hands on me when she came in. Then he shot her. He had the gun in his hand when you lit the candle." I could never forget that moment.

At first no one answered me and I stared around the circle of white faces gathered near the sofa on which I lay.

Jim said, "I know. It seemed like that. But it was the other way. It was Isobel's hand you felt and Ruby tried to stop her. When he came, she shot herself."

I was completely lost now. "I don't understand. Why should she shoot herself?"

Jim pressed me gently back against the pillows. "Lie down and I'll explain; that is, if you think you're strong enough." I nodded. "This is what happened. After you had gone to the study, Isobel came in through the back-hall door. Slats and Lindy were watching at the window where I told you they're, and they saw her standing in the doorway looking in at you. Then—there was draught across the room—your candle went out. She must have come towards you. You heard her, probably, and screamed."

"No—no. Something moved in the darkness. I felt it. I only knew that someone was there. But there was no sound. Then—something touched my arm and I thought I was going to be stabbed. That was when I screamed. Until I felt that touch I couldn't even whisper. I was so terrified."

Jim's hand tightened over mine. "I'll never forgive myself. I was so sure I had you safely guarded, with two men there just beyond the open window. It never occurred to me the light would go out. I simply wanted them to witness her entrance and perhaps a threat—" He broke off, then

added hastily, "Thank Heaven nothing hurt you!"

"But what then? What was she trying to do?"

"She came down, I suppose, to get the papers before you could get them. That was what I wanted her to do. But then she saw you and realised that you must have got them first. So that there was only one thing left for her to do."

"You mean—" I could not frame the words.

"She could not have been certain either that you had not seen her or that you had not already found evidence against her. If either of those things was true, you were her enemy."

"But Isobel—she liked me, Jim. She was my friend." Tears were streaming down my face now.

Jim said gently, "She was—before the thing started. But she received a shock—several shocks. Maybe her husband's death was the first. It made her ill. Then when she was beginning to recover, she had another shock. And that did for her."

I tried to think. "You mean—Regret?"

Jim nodded. "It must have been that. Jealousy was what she simply couldn't bear, at that moment. It unhinged her. After that she was no one's friend."

I gave up arguing. "What happened after I screamed? There was a dreadful noise—a shot—and pounding at the window and people running and shouting."

"I know. Ruby was in the living-room. As soon as he heard you scream, he rushed to the study. When Isobel heard him coming, she shot herself. Then we all came in."

"But how do you know it was that way? How can you tell who came first or who fired the shot?"

"Because we were watching. Slats and Lindy were at the window and saw her come in. And I was watching Ruby from the living-room window. He was in plain sight when you began to scream. When he ran, I ran after him; the shot came just before he entered the study."

Who was the real criminal? It could not be Isobel. Mad or not, she could never have killed those three people. Jim must have read the amazement in my face. He nodded slowly.

"Yes. She was the one. She came to get the papers which she believed would bring her. When she heard people coming she shot herself rather than be taken . . . I'm sorry, during."

I had dissolved into tears.

All that remains to be told is Michael Ruby's confession. My first sight of him after Isobel's death was a real shock. He was looking unbelievably human. How he managed it, with that mask of a face, I cannot tell. But he did. He was in pain and he showed it. He sat in an armchair near the table and his figure, usually a lithe and sleek, rested limp against the back his long hands lying inert on the chair arms. Even his voice had lost its magnetism. Now it sounded exhausted; he spoke haltingly, dragging the words out and trailing them with an effort.

Jim had asked a question. Ruby moved his head back and forth once or twice wearily. "I don't care what comes out now. I'll tell you what you want to know. It's a long story." There was a pause in which no one spoke. He began again abruptly. "I used to be an actor—it doesn't matter what I was before that—and finally I got a job playing leads in your town. That was about ten years ago. My wife Geneva—Isobel, that is—was in the same company."

Ann cried eagerly. "Oh, I do remember. You must be John Hilary. I saw you lots of times."

Hilary nodded without looking at her. "That's right, I played there one season. The next year Isobel came back but I played with another company. We weren't getting on well—." He broke off and stared at the floor. "During that year I was in a theatre fire and got badly burned. Hence, my remodelled visage." He smiled bitterly, and for a moment there was a trace of the old Ruby. Then he went on as before. "Naturally, after that I was through with acting. As a matter of fact, the thought I was going to die. The papers announced once that I had died in the fire. No one must have believed that I did."

"When I finally got well, I was willing to let everyone think it was true. I went away and dropped out of sight. Took a new name and a new profession. I got rid of the idea of seances and it seemed that my appearance was an asset. Ghostly effects and so on. Several years later I heard that Isobel had married again, but I didn't care. She was better off without me and I had another life. Well, last summer I heard—casually—that her husband had died, leaving her a lot of money."

"I was pretty flat, so I thought that something might be done about it. She wouldn't exactly like to have it known that I was still in the flesh. So I came to Etruria and decided to prospect a little. I gave names as I could get them and picked up local information. Just in case it should be needed some time. Isobel was sick, I heard, and away somewhere in the woods."

He paused again, and we sat waiting like an audience in a theatre. "I decided to try her with the spirit message business. I wrote her—here—and told her a lot of stuff, some of it pretty intimate, to impress her with my authenticity, and said that it had come from Beyond." He smiled bleakly. "She fell for it. Wrote back and wanted more. We corresponded for quite a while until she got the idea that I must come to her and get a full communication from her husband. That brings us to the present occasion." He looked around the room. "Someone—Jim, I suppose—had suddenly got out the hidden candles. The music-room was brighter than I had seen in for days."

"At first I didn't try to let her know who I was. It was amusing—to see if she could guess. But she didn't; not even when I talked about Geneva in that first seance. Her real name was Geneva. Isobel was just a stage name. She took that point for granted as evidence that the spirits were really talking to her."

Again his grim smile. "I didn't know then that she was really almost off her head or I shouldn't have said what I did: about Resina O'Brien and that scene in the shack. I had looked in the window, of course, when I went back up the trail after them, and since I had heard gossip—both about Isobel and about Mrs. O'Brien with Lindstrom—" I could see poor Lindy flinch—"I thought it would be a good plan to tip her off about what was happening in case she hadn't sensed it. Apparently that was dangerous, in her condition. She thought she had a command to take what she wanted. I had said some such thing during the seance."

"When Regine was killed, I knew beyond a doubt who had done it. I didn't know how she had done it, but there was a queer look in Isobel's eye that made me certain. Naturally, I didn't mention the fact."

Jim said coldly, "I don't see why not. You admit that you were here for the purpose of blackmailing her."

Ruby turned to him with a look that was almost wistful. "I probably can't make you understand how I felt about that. I don't even understand very well myself. As a—well, a crook you would probably say—I ought not to have felt anything. Ought to have been glad, possibly, that now I had another hold on the person I was trying to blackmail. But for some reason—call it sentiment or anything you like—I was appalled. My wife—still my wife, although I hadn't seen her for ten years—had gone mad and killed someone. I can't hope to explain let it go. But I decided to help her escape if I could." He paused, frowning, and no one else said a word.

"There was another thing. When I first talked with Isobel—before she knew me—even when she first wrote me about the spirit messages—I sensed some queer change in her. She seemed, oh, strange, not balanced, almost crazy. I thought at first it was just a sort of mania about spiritualism. Some women do act perfectly insane about it. But after I had been here a while I felt that there was more in it than just this supernatural stuff. Something was wrong; I knew her too well to miss that."

Often she'd seem fairly normal, then a change would come over her, and I began to realize that she was at least partly off her head. No one else seemed to notice and, of course, I had no reason to call attention to it. But, as I say, after the first murder, although I had no notion how she'd done it, I would have sworn that Isobel was the person you were looking for.

"But that is where I turned soft. I suppose I was trying to protect her. Not from chivalry, probably. You wouldn't accuse me of that. But you might say that she couldn't help me if she was arrested for murder or shut up in a madhouse. At any rate, I began to take a hand. In the course of the next seances I threw in a few suggestions that might lead towards other people—Steele and Miss Costello, at first, and later, of course, Slats and Ann Loveland. It was perfectly simple."

The pause was longer this time, and Jim prompted him. "Did you also suggest to her that she kill Dr. Sibellus and Gordy Loveland?"

Ruby raised his head and stared at Jim blankly. "No. That was different. By that time—before that—she knew who I was."

"Please explain." I looked over and saw that Jim was taking rapid notes.

"There seemed no point in further concealment. I really wanted to help her escape and I thought I might do it better if she knew who I was. Besides, at that time, I still had my own axe to grind." He hesitated. "You know what that was, of course. I had figured out that I had Isobel where I wanted her. Her second husband, Loveland, was dead. She had inherited a lot of money from him. She was in clover. And I was practically broke."

"But if I were to tell anyone that her second marriage was really bigamous, then it would be known that she was not really his wife and she would lose the money. Therefore, it was to her advantage not to have me tell. I figured that she ought to pay me for my silence. That was as far as I had got when I decided to come here. Later, when I had seen her again, I decided that she had better marry me. That would have solved everything. And the Lord knows, she needed a man to protect her—from grafters like me, for example."

He smiled crookedly. "That's what I told her when we had our

little talk. She refused, at first. Said that I couldn't prove my identity. But I showed her that I could. Then, before she could make up her mind, something happened to change the whole situation. We were talking in the game room—like fools—and suddenly we heard someone speak behind those screens. Why we had not thought of that before . . . But it was too late then. The voice we heard was the doctor's: he was talking to Charl. From what he said to her, we thought she had just come in but we couldn't be sure. And he had probably been there all the time, listening to everything we said."

He lit a cigarette carefully, took a few breaths of smoke and continued. "We didn't know what to do. It all depended on how the doctor took it. If he was going to be friendly and discreet, we were all right. But he disliked me and was obviously jealous of my influence over Isobel, so he might be nasty. We agreed to wait and see how he acted before we decided anything. And that afternoon Isobel talked to him and he acted just as I thought he would."

I could see Mrs. Sibellus' face, pale and stony in the candlelight, but she never spoke.

Ruby said thoughtfully, "Naturally, he threatened her. He wanted the money, too. They argued for quite a while, and Isobel said that she must think about it and would give him her answer that night after dinner. We talked it over once more and decided that the best thing was to stall him until we could get back to town, get what money was available before he spotted it, and get away. That was the way we left it."

After dinner, you remember that the doctor and I had words about the seance. He didn't want Isobel to attend, but she wanted to and did. Evidently he took that for her answer, so he made the next move, which was to call in Gordon Loveland, who would be his brother's heir if Isobel was disinherited, and tell him the story.

That was the subject of their conference. I knew that Isobel was frightened: she looked pale, and half-way through the sitting she excused herself and went upstairs. I thought she was feeling faint. But I knew what Mrs. Sibellus was in the next room, so I didn't worry. That was the last I saw of her until the doctor's murder was discovered.

"Later, upstairs, I saw her for just a second, and asked if there was anything I could do. She said no. Apparently, she went to her room again and went to bed. You see, after Saturday night I knew that my job was to be watching Isobel as much as possible. I couldn't forget that she had killed—once. I was the only one to guess that. But now, although she hadn't said a single word to me about it, I was afraid. Afraid that in her excited state the situation would drive her to do it again. And since I was the only one to know it, I was the only one to guard against future accidents. So I tried to stay near her."

"When the doctor was found dead, I was bewildered. I didn't understand how it could have happened. So far as I could see, Isobel could not have done it. And yet I knew that she must have. She had a reason, and no one else did. As soon as I could, I followed Isobel upstairs, and listened outside her door to make sure she was there. I could hear her talking with Mrs. Sibellus.

After that, I went to my room and stayed there, but I didn't sleep. I left my door open a crack and kept watch all the rest

FIVE FATAL LETTERS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

of the night. Isobel never left her room again until morning. At least, not by the hall. I can swear to that. But just the same, there was another murder that night. The other one that I had been trying to prevent. The doctor had told Gordon Loveland what he knew about Isobel. After the doctor was killed, I knew that Loveland was in danger."

"Why didn't she attack you?" Jim asked. "That would have solved everything, I should think."

The grotesque face smiled for a moment. "An—but I knew that she might. And she knew that I knew. I was ready for her. She knew that, and chose something easier. Also, after the first murder, she knew that I was doing my best to protect her."

Jim conceded the point. "All right. Now go back to the last morning."

Ruby took up his tale once more. He looked increasingly haggard as the recital went on, but he had steeled himself to it, and spoke with less hesitation than at first. "Right. Well, in the morning I talked with her for a few minutes, but I didn't ask her anything—directly. She was terribly upset, frantic, distraught. I simply told her that I would help in any way I could. She was crazy to know whether the doctor had left any notes or evidence of any kind about what he had heard. All day long she was waiting for a chance to search his study, but there was someone in there all the time. She decided to wait until to-night after the others had gone to bed. She thought he might have left something. She hoped to find it and she kept begging me to get her across to the mainland."

We all looked surprised at this. Ruby said scornfully, "The ice has been soft enough all day to-day to get a boat through if anyone had the nerve to try. Steele knew it, but no one else bothered to look."

I bothered to look reproachfully at Jim, who only smiled guiltily. The story went on. "We hoped that the party might go to bed early, after such a bad night, but Mrs. Sibellus insisted on that seance in spite of all I could do, and we had to wait. It worried me, rather. There was something fishy about it. I knew that Steele didn't believe in the stuff, and I was pretty sure about Mrs. Sibellus, yet they would have that sitting."

"When the messages began to come through, I was certain that it was fishy. But I didn't have a chance to tell Geneva—Isobel—so. She has always been really convinced by psychical phenomena. I could see from her face that she was being taken in by it, and it worried me. But what could I do? Nothing. Later, when she went upstairs, I was relieved and stayed down here to wait until the others had turned in. I was supposed to give her a signal when the coast was clear. But when I heard that scream coming from the study I knew I was too late."

He touched his face with his handkerchief. "I ran, but it was all over. The shot was fired as I got to the door and I heard someone fall. Then the light came—and you know the rest." He sighed and was silent.

No one spoke for a moment. What we had heard was beyond words. Finally Jim asked, "Where did she get that gun? I didn't know there was one in the house. I'd have given a million dollars to have had one myself, once or twice."

Ruby answered indifferently. "It was hers. She told me she had one when she was trying to make me escape from the island. I refused to go, of course. It would have given her away completely."

Jim looked surprised. "I see." He went on finishing his notes, while the rest of us still stared at Ruby. It all sounded wildly impossible; the sort of thing that simply doesn't happen to people one knows. And yet, we had to believe him because he had supplied the only logical explanation of our nightmare. Now that it was all over, I had to ask some questions.

"How did you discover the right answer?" That was, of course, an omnibus question.

Jim lay back in his chair and sighed. "In this case, the important bits were small points that didn't seem to mean anything."

"What were they?" Ann was never too tired to be curious.

Jim grinned. "One of them was the message Charl was trying to tell me in the night. The message you wanted to hang her for." Ann had the grace to look abashed. Gradually we got the whole story.

"The main facts were all clear. But in each case there were several small features that puzzled me. One, of course, was the fact that two of the victims had been bound. Why should they be bound first if they were going to be killed later? And then, apparently, not one of the three persons put up any struggle against the assault, which didn't seem natural. Other small clues pointed to the fact that all three had been drugged first, then bound—in the doctor's case—and killed afterward. I thought about that and remembered that one person had provided all three drinks. But why the binding? To suggest a struggle perhaps, overcoming a strong person by superior strength. Why would anyone wish to make that impression? Possibly because they did not have superior force."

In other words, a woman, and possibly a frail one. One or two things pointed to a woman's being the killer. It seemed more logical that a woman should wish Regina's death, and later I felt that only a woman would have thought of dropping the bobby pin in Regina's room to throw suspicion on another woman. There was something—feminine—about using the belt of her own costume as a weapon. A man would have used his hands."

"What other points?" Slat's voice sounded appalled.

Jim considered. "The method of entry puzzled me. I felt sure that no one would be foolish enough to use the upper hall—it was too public. To-day I found what I should have found long ago. A door from the O'Brien's bathroom into the linen room. You may not know it, but the linen room opens into the servants' quarters through an upstairs sitting room—empty now—that also opens into the upper back hall. As soon as I found that I knew that I had the method of entry. I was also certain that the two back halls and the back stairs had been used as a runway in all three murders. After that, I had only to find out how the murderer got there."

"How?" This was something I didn't know.

"By way of the servants' bathroom and the roof outside. If you will remember, Isobel's room was the only one on that side of the house that did not open with French windows on the verandah. For that reason we automatically excluded her from everything because we thought that when she was once in her room she could not get out except by the main corridor. But you see, she could."

And when Carl remembered feeling dampness on the back stairs handrail, that clinched matters. I was certain that Isobel

had climbed through the window. It was raining, of course, and her hands were damp. That was the last point I needed to be sure."

Hal asked suddenly, "Do you believe that Isobel really had the courage—and the strength—to strangle Regina?" It was decent of him not to be more bitter about it.

"She must have. It wouldn't have been so—difficult—if she was drugged and insensible."

Hal shook his head. "I'm glad to know that she wasn't conscious. Do you know I never have believed that she was strangled."

Jim looked surprised. "What do you mean?"

"She didn't look like it. And there was that crumpled spot on the underside of my pillow. I think Isobel simply held the pillow over her face and smothered her." He voice died out.

Jim said, "Perhaps," and we all sat silent for a time.

I asked, "What did Mrs. Sibellus hear Isobel and the doctor saying in the study?"

She answered me herself. "Only fragments. They were speaking very low, but I was worried about what she might do. You see—we knew that Isobel had been on the verge of insanity for months. Really dangerous. And I knew there was some trouble brewing between her and the doctor. Mr. Ruby had quarrelled with him, too. I asked my husband what it was. But he would not tell me . . . yet. He said that it was risky. And so I listened. I couldn't make out anything definite except that he was threatening her about something and that she was terribly angry."

"That was all I knew. When he was killed, I thought of her—narcotic addicts are likely to be treacherous—but I couldn't see how she had got out. I still don't see how she dared to climb out on that slippery roof, time after time. I thought she was in her room right next me all the evening."

"Narcotic addicts—" I had never suspected that.

She nodded. "Yes, after her illness. That was one reason why we came up here. The doctor was trying to cure her."

I thought about this. "Then that we how she happened to have a drug to dope those drinks?"

"Yes. I knew she had that. It was a powerful sleeping draught that she used when the craving got bad. I suppose that she administered huge doses in order to have it take effect so quickly."

Slat asked naively, "Did you suspect all of us at first?"

Jim laughed and stood up. "Every one of you. But the trouble was that no one answered all my requirements, so I had to give you up." He came over and laid his hand on my arm. "Are you feeling all right now?"

Something in his manner must have been a dead giveaway. Before I could speak, Ann said with heavy sarcasm, "Charl seems to be answering quite a few requirements now, it seems to me."

Jim only laughed again and settled his arm around my shoulder. "She does all that. You know, perhaps I'd better not let her go at all. I think I'll take her into permanent custody."

And that is what he did.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 165-175 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.